This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 411103

1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

BR
45
.H22

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS:

READINGS FROM

THE BEST DIVINES,

WITH NOTICES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

BY

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
M.DCCC.LVII.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

JOHN OWEN, ... 1
The Fulness of Scripture, ... 20
Christ and His Brethren, ... 23
Enter not into Temptation, ... 25

JOHN MILTON, ... 33
Prose—
The Burden of the Lord, ... 41
Literary Longings and Aspirations, . . . 45
On Books and their Behaviour, ... 51
For Liberty of Printing, ... 52
Poetry—
Hymn on the Nativity, ... 54
At a Solemn Music, ... 61
On the Massacre at Piedmont, ... 62
To Cyriac Skinner, ... 62
On his Blindness, ... 62
On his Deceased Wife, ... 63
The Morning Hymn in Paradise, . . . 63
Adam and Michael, ... 65
The Queen of Paradise, ... 67
The Penitent, ... 68
The Exile from Eden, ... 70
The Storm in the Wilderness, ... 71

JOHN BUNYAN, ... 73
The Jerusalem Sinner, ... 113

PAGE

Mr Badman's Courtship, ... 118
Mr Badman's Bankruptcy, ... 121
The Home-going of the Pilgrims, . . . 123
The Town of Mansoul, ... 133
The Siege, ... 135
The Trial of the Traitors, ... 138
Emblems—
Upon a Penny Loaf, ... 143
Of the Boy and Butterfly, ... 143
Upon the Frog, ... 144

JOHN FLAVEL, ... 145
Man's Extremity God's Opportunity, . . . 149
Unlikely Instruments, ... 150
Providence in Conversion, ... 151
The Suicide Saved, ... 157
The Venice Glass, ... 160
Upon the Harvest Season, ... 160
The Small Birds Chirping about the Dead Hawk, . 168
The Blackbird taking Sanctuary, . . . 169
Linnets and Sparrows, ... 170
The Redbreast and Worm, ... 171
Finches Fighting, ... 172
Birds in the Gin, ... 173
Upon the Clogging a Straying Beast, . . . 174
An Ecstasy, ... 175
A Wheel within a Wheel, ... 178

JOHN HOWE, ... 179
Early Death, ... 184
Following Jesus in the Dark, ... 186
The Delightful Certainty of Dying, . . . 187
A Plurality of Worlds, ... 190
Hope for England, ... 194

PAGE

A Temple in Ruins, ... 197
The Redeemer's Tears, ... 199

EDWARD POLHILL, ESQ. OF BURWASH, . . . 204
The Great Sacrifice, ... 205
The Hope Full of Immortality, ... 210

JOSEPH ALLEINE, ... 219
His Manner of Life, ... 219
Letter to his Parishioners from Prison, . . . 226
Letter to his Friends in Luppit, . . . 233

DR WILLIAM BATES, ... 235
Trust in God, ... 236
Love to God, ... 240

WILLIAM BRIDGE, ... 242
Faith Confronting Impossibilities, . . . 243
Reason and Faith, ... 245
Doubting, ... 247

THOMAS BROOKS, ... 248
Twelve Arguments against Murmuring, . . . 249

STEPHEN CHARNOCK, B.D., ... 259
The Wisdom of God, ... 260

BENJAMIN KEACH, ... 264
True Godliness at the Door of Old Age, . . . 270

SAMUEL SHAW, ... 274
A Welcome to the Plague, ... 277

GEORGE SWINNOCK, ... 282
Prayer, ... 283
The Market of Free Grace, ... 284
Sloth, ... 285
Be Diligent, ... 285
Epilogue, ... 287

PAGE

JEREMY TAYLOR: THE POET OF THE PULPIT, . . . 289
Christ's Advent to Judgment, ... 299
The House of Feasting, ... 303
Helps to Matrimonial Happiness, . . . 310
Rules for Employing Time, ... 314
A Plea for Toleration, ... 322
Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper, . . . 327
Friendship, ... 327
Prayer without Wrath, ... 332
Prayer without Doubting, ... 333
Signs of Humility, ... 335
Letter to John Evelyn, Esq., ... 336
Festival Hymns—
For Christmas-Day, ... 338
Christ's Coming to Jerusalem, . . . 339
A Meditation on Death, ... 339
Heaven, ... 340
A Prayer for Charity, ... 341
Similes and Memorable Sentences, . . . 342

DR THOMAS FULLER, ... 361
Specimens, ... 363

DR ISAAC BARROW, ... 382
Glorying in the Cross, ... 404
On Love to our Neighbour, ... 406
The Universal Industry, ... 408
Innocent Facetiousness, ... 410

BISHOP PEARSON, ... 414
"I Believe in the Holy Ghost," . . . 415

BISHOP PATRICK, ... 418
The Pilgrim's Desire to Reach Jerusalem, . . 418

OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

JOHN OWEN.

It is Oxford two hundred years ago—Oxford in the days of the Roundheads—and we ask leave to introduce the reader to the resident chief of the University. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadles and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarcely surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for "no Latiner," and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and watch the progress of the fig-trees and other rarities which he long since fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered

and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham, he meets the upbreaking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a Dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage Thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician, Dr Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to shew them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honourable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbour, Dr Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound, calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the Doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of royalty. But—

> "That place that doth contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels."

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial—but there are grateful memories and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, this volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbour introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr Wilkins' lunar journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that his evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. As yet there exist no Critici Sacri nor Poli Synopsis, nor has Brian Walton yet carried through the press his mighty undertaking; but these stately

tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris. The colossal theologians who flank them are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behaviour. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, the cherished collections of the late King's librarian, Patrick Young; and those spruce fashionables are Spenser, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the latest *brochures* of Mr Jeremy Taylor and Mr Richard Baxter.*

* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr Owen," Mr Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "Considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a footnote, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Nonconformist libraries, viz., Dr Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr Jacomb's, which sold for £1300; Dr Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "It is probable Dr Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian is the "Bibliotheca Oweniana: sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperrime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in Vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641

collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "All which considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2889. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, we are indebted to a distinguished friend, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigour of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in remodelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalise the event by a vain-glorious ovation or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the elevation of a God-fearing magnanimity and a Christian patriotism, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well-qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and, although the law gave him ample powers to

disperse them, such were his respect for the rights of conscience, and his love of all good men, that he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbours. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry, John Howe, and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham, taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognise the Nonconformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronised the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.*

* In his notice of Henry Stubb, the second keeper of the Bodleian, who took his degree in the days of Owen, Anthony à Wood, a very unexceptionable witness, records—"While he continued under-graduate, it was usual with him to discourse in the public schools very fluently in the Greek tongue. But since the King's restoration, we have had no such matter, which shews that education and discipline were more severe then than after, when scholars were given more to liberty and frivolous studies."

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and, after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shewn at once its patience and its piety by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience further tried and rewarded in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognise among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies and animation to his public addresses. Besides, during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others,

folio by folio, came forth that "Exposition of the Hebrews," which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August 1683, he dictated a note to his like-minded friend, Charles Fleetwood: "I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible, that He will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew-day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the 4th of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with work-

shops, barracks, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Nonconformist.*

Some of our readers may remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish, ... and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr Owen was a great contrast to his studious contemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of re-organising the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, shewed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendency, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with the latest of his biographers † in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or

* A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." ("Memoirs," p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split by lightning, has never been repaired.

† Dr A. Thomson in his "Life of Owen," p. cvi.

public speaking, can bring all their faculties forward for the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "shew himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behaviour in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallised form of heads and particulars became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed for modern use by any congenial Fawcett,* they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervour of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan passed away to the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us

* The "Exposition of the Hebrews" was reduced from four folios to four octavos by Dr Edward Williams, himself a master-spirit in the field of theological literature; but there is much of the life of the original which the admirers of Owen miss in the abridgement.

along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with gospel blessedness. And, like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant, and every step is rewarded by its several gem. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises sentence follows sentence like a file of Ironsides, in buff and rusty steel—a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there, where a son of Anak outpeers his comrades, that you are arrested by a thought of uncommon vigour or grandeur. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more correct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written, "Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True; gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvas; and although it is not in such caskets that people

usually keep their gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in the last collective edition of his works, and we read—"It carrieth in it a great condecency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through Him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its interesting speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and a complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward *for* the doing it, *in* the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections"? And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognise in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—

Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel" whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy," would not have numbered many more readers although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr Owen was too busy to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.* In the same way as the effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant incumbrances.

* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr Chalmers, Mr J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and yet fine enough for untwisting the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions towards a systematic Christology than the "Exposition of the Hebrews," with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known enterprising students who made entrance on such a book as the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, after struggling for hours through the preface or the general considerations, in despair of reaching the promised land, they were glad to retrace their steps and seek some other region which offered an easier landing-place amidst its less luxuriant vegetation.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born to be chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated that Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, should become dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalisation and subtile distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendency. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of free inquiry as well as the gate of spiritual wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside of the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith—he is apt to patronise that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where taste and reason alternate with revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority; and a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded

religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts" became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenses; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his Parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book in the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life reappear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves, they will be astonished at the mass of scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we

greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to spiritual improvement and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the life of a Christian philosopher* lately departed, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind, that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned: to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time, it adds, in some respects, to their value. Dr Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the sceptical and pragmatical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the common-places of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are each of them a virtual system of doctrino-practical divinity.

To the intrinsic value of these works there can be no testi-

* See "Memoir of Rev. Dr Welsh," by A. Murray Dunlop, Esq. M.P.

mony more striking than the fact that they have been twice republished in our living day;* and the demand for large impressions is a hopeful sign for the theology of the modern ministry. To hold fellowship with a master-mind is one of the best methods for strengthening our own; and there are no better securities against feeble repetitions and dishonest plagiarisms than a genuine scholarship. At the same time, few students are so mighty in the Scriptures as not to feel thankful for a guide at once learned, devout, and lofty-minded; and the more independent and original a man's turn of thinking is, if he be wise and humble, the more thankful will he be to the systematist who recals him to the analogy of faith, and restrains his speculation within the bounds of truth and soberness. And still more precious and more helpful than profound expositions or suggestive aphorisms, are that habitual elevation of feeling and that abiding fellowship with the Saviour which constitute the power of any pastorate, as well as the life of individual Christianity. In this "spiritual-mindedness" no works are richer than those of Dr Owen; and with all susceptible readers this gives them their indescribable charm. There may be a prevailing feeling of prolixity, and there may be a general lack of eloquent expression, but there is never absent for a moment the evidence of the author's seriousness and personal sanctity. As on an elevated table-land, the air is everywhere fresh, ethereal, and bracing; and wherever we catch a glimpse of the writer, we perceive an aspect calm, gentle, grave, and recollected,—the countenance of a pilgrim who in his path through the world is walking in communion with God.

* The edition of 1826 extended to twenty-eight volumes octavo, the first volume containing Mr Orme's careful and minute biography. The more complete edition of 1850–55 is compressed into twenty-four volumes, and has been edited by Dr Goold with vast industry and rare critical exactitude. It contains a short but eloquent Memoir from the pen of Dr Andrew Thomson. It was on the occasion of the appearance of this last edition that most of the above remarks were originally published in "The North British Review."

SPECIMENS.

The Fulness of Scripture.

[THE last sixteen years of Dr Owen's life were mainly devoted to his "Exposition of the Hebrews." It is not only its author's masterpiece, but it is one of the noblest productions of English theology. The most cursory view of its pages is enough to impress any one with some notion of its learning and industry; but, like a pyramid—like London—like a forest or a mountain-range—it needs to be long frequented—it needs to be lived in—in order to get a full conception of its magnitude. The memory, the grasp of mind, the piety, the greatness of soul required for such a work were all colossal; but on this very account it is difficult to give an idea of it by means of extracts. After all, our specimen can only be a chip from Mont Blanc, a brick from the Pyramid. The two following quotations are from passages (ii. 11–13, iii. 15–19) where the commentary expands and glows into something of sermonic warmth and fulness.]

God hath filled the Scripture with truth. Hence one said well, "Adoro plenitudinem Scripturarum," "I reverence the fulness of the Scriptures." Ps. cxxxviii. 2, "He hath magnified his word above all his name;" or made it more instructive than any other way or means whereby He hath revealed himself. For not only doth the whole Scripture contain the whole counsel of God concerning His own glory and worship, our faith, obedience, and salvation, but also every parcel of it hath in it such a depth of truth as cannot by us be perfectly searched out. Ps. cxix. 18, "Open thou mine eyes," saith the Psalmist, "that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." There are wonderful things in the Word if God be pleased to

give us light to see it. It is like a cabinet of jewels, that when you pull out one box or drawer and search into it, you find it full; pull out another, it is full; and when you think you have pulled out all, yet still there are some secret recesses in the cabinet, so that if you search further you will find more. Our apostle seems to have drawn out all the boxes of this cabinet, but making a second search into the words, he finds all these things treasured up which he had not before intimated nor touched upon. It was said by some of old, that the "Scripture hath fords where a lamb may wade, and depths where an elephant may swim." And it is true in respect of the perspicuity of some places and the difficulty of others. But the truth is also, that God hath, in His grace and wisdom, so ordered its concernments that—1. What from the nature of the things themselves, which are suited unto the various states, conditions, and apprehensions of the minds of men; 2. What from the manner of their expression, on which a character of Divine wisdom is impressed; 3. What from the authority of God putting itself forth in the whole and every particular; 4. What from its being not only "propositio veritatis," but "vehiculum gratiæ,"—many, most, yea, all the particular places of it, and passages in it, are such as through which a lamb may wade safely, and an elephant swim without danger of striking against the bottom. Let any lamb of Christ come in that order, with that reverence unto the reading or hearing the Word of God (the Scripture itself I mean) which is required, and he will find no place so dark or difficult but that it will yield him that refreshment which is suited unto him and safe for him, and something of God he will obtain; for either he will find his graces excited, or his mind enlightened, or his conscience peculiarly brought into a reverence of God. And let the wisest, the most learned and experienced person, that seems like an elephant in spiritual skill and strength amongst the flock, come to the plainest place, to search out the mind

and will of God in it, if he be humble as well as learned—which if he be not he is not wise—he will scarce boast that he hath been at the bottom of it, and hath perfectly comprehended all that is in it, seeing whatever we have "we know but in part." And they may all of them, elephants and lambs, meet at the same passages of this river that makes glad the city of God, these waters of rest and quietness (Ps. xxiii. 2), where the lambs may wade safely, and the elephants swim together. The poorest of the flock, in the right use of means, may take enough for themselves; even suitable direction and refreshment from those very places of Scripture, whose depths the learnedest guides of the Church are not able to sound or fathom. Not only in several places, but in the same place, text, or testimony of Scripture, there is food meet for the several ages of Christians, whether babes and children or strong men; with light and direction for all sorts of believers, according to the degrees of their own inward light and grace. It is like manna, which, though men gathered variously according to their strength and appetite, yet every one had that proportion which suited his own eating. When a learned man, and one mighty in the Scriptures, undertakes the consideration of a place of Scripture, and finds, it may be, in the issue, that with all his skill and industry, all his helps and advantages, though attended in the use of them with fervent prayer and holy meditation, he is not able to search it out unto perfection, let him not suppose that such a place will be of no advantage unto them who are not sharers in his advantages, but rather are mean and unlearned; for they may obtain a useful portion for themselves where he cannot take down all. If any one look on this river of God as behemoth on Jordan, "trusting that he can draw it up into his mouth," or take up the whole sense of God in it, he of all others seems to know nothing of its worth and excellency. And this ariseth, as was observed, principally from the things themselves treated of in the Scripture. For divine

and spiritual truths having God not only as their immediate fountain and spring, but also as their proper and adequate object, there is still somewhat in them that cannot be searched out unto perfection. As he said, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" This neither the nature of God nor our condition will admit of. We do at best but "follow after," that we may in our measure "apprehend that for which we also are apprehended of Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 12). And these things are so tempered by Divine wisdom unto the faith and light of believers, and therein unto the uses of their consolation and obedience, that something hereof is plainly exhibited to every spiritual eye; always provided that their search and inquiry be regulated according to the will of God, in a due use of the means; for to this purpose not only the private endeavours of men are required, but the use also of the public ministry, which is ordained of God to lead men gradually into continual further acquaintance with the will of God in the Scriptures.

Christ and his Brethren.

This is a ground of unspeakable consolation unto believers, with supportment in every condition. No unworthiness in them, no misery upon them, shall ever hinder the Lord Christ from owning them, and openly avowing them to be His brethren. He is a brother born for the day of trouble, a Redeemer for the friendless and fatherless. Let their miseries be what they will, He will be ashamed of none but of them who are ashamed of Him and His ways, when persecuted and reproached. A little while will clear up great mistakes. All the world shall see at the last day whom Christ will own; and it will be a great surprisal when men shall hear Him call them brethren whom they hated, and esteemed as the offscouring of all things. He doth it, indeed, already by His word; but they will not

attend thereunto. But at the last day, they shall both see and hear whether they will or no. And herein, I say, lies the great consolation of believers. The world rejects them, it may be their own relations despise them—they are persecuted, hated, reproached; but the Lord Christ is not ashamed of them. He will not pass by them because they are poor and in rags—it may be reckoned (as He himself was for them) among malefactors. They may see also the wisdom, grace, and love of God in this matter. His great design in the incarnation of His Son was to bring Him into that condition wherein He might naturally care for them as their brother; that He might not be ashamed of them, but be sensible of their wants, their state and condition in all things, and so be always ready and meet to relieve them. Let the world now take its course, and the men thereof do their worst; let Satan rage, and the powers of hell be stirred up against them; let them load them with reproach and scorn, and cover them all over with the filth and dirt of their false imputations; let them bring them into rags, into dungeons, unto death—Christ comes in the midst of all this confusion and says, "Surely these are my brethren, the children of my Father," and He becomes their Saviour. And this is a stable foundation of comfort and supportment in every condition. And are we not taught our duty also herein, namely, not to be ashamed of Him or of His gospel, or of any one that bears His image? The Lord Christ is now himself in that condition that even the worst of men esteem it an honour to own Him; but, indeed, they are no less ashamed of Him than they would have been when He was carrying His cross upon His shoulders, or hanging upon the tree; for of everything that He hath in this world they are ashamed—His gospel, His ways, His worship, His Spirit, His saints, they are all of them the objects of their scorn; and in these things it is the Lord Christ may be truly honoured or be despised.

Enter not into Temptation.

[Of Owen's more practical writings, a few paragraphs from the treatise "Of Temptation" may furnish some idea. It was published in 1658, and was no doubt originally prepared and preached at Oxford. For fervour and solemnity the closing exhortation is worthy of Baxter.]

First, Let him that would not enter into temptation, labour to know his own heart, to be acquainted with his own spirit, his natural frame and temper, his lusts and corruptions, his natural sinful or spiritual weakness, that finding where his weakness lies, he may be careful to keep at a distance from all occasions of sin. Our Saviour tells the disciples, "that they knew not what spirit they were of," which under a pretence of zeal betrayed them into ambition and desire of revenge. Had they known it, they would have watched over themselves. David tells us, Ps. xviii. 23, that he considered his ways, and "kept himself from his iniquity," which he was particularly prone unto.

There are advantages for temptations lying oftentimes in men's natural tempers and constitutions. Some are naturally gentle, facile, easy to be entreated, pliable, which though it be the noblest temper of nature, and the best and choicest ground, when well brôken up and fallowed, for grace to grow in, yet, if not watched over, will be a means of innumerable surprisals and entanglements in temptation. Others are earthly, froward, morose, so that envy, malice, selfishness, peevishness, harsh thoughts of others, repinings, lie at the very door of their natures, and they can scarce step out but they are in the snare of one or other of them. Others are passionate and the like. Now, he that would watch that he enter not into temptation, had need be acquainted with his own natural temper, that he may watch over the treacheries that lie in it continually. Take

heed lest you have a Jehu in you, that shall make you drive furiously; or a Jonah in you, that will make you ready to repine; or a David, that will make you hasty in your determinations, as he was often in the warmth and goodness of his natural temper. He who watches not this thoroughly, who is not exactly skilled in the knowledge of himself, will never be disentangled from one temptation or another all his days.

Again, as men have peculiar natural tempers, which, according as they are attended or managed, prove a great *fomes* of sin, or advantage to the exercise of grace; so men may have peculiar lusts or corruptions, which either by their natural constitution, or education, and other prejudices, have got deep rooting and strength in them. This also is to be found out by him who would not enter into temptation. Unless he know it, unless his eyes be always on it, unless he observe its actings, motions, advantages, it will be continually entangling and ensnaring of him. Labour, then, to know thine own frame and temper, what spirit thou art of; what associates in thine heart Satan hath, where corruption is strong, where grace is weak; what stronghold lust hath in thy natural constitution and the like. How many have all their comforts blasted and peace disturbed by their natural passion and peevishness! How many are rendered useless in the world by their frowardness and discontent! How many are disquieted even by their own gentleness and facility! Be acquainted then with thine own heart; though it be deep, search it; though it be dark, inquire into it; though it give all its distempers other names than what are their due, believe it not. Were not men utter strangers to themselves, did they not give flattering titles to their natural distempers, did they not strive rather to justify, palliate, or excuse the evils of their hearts, that are suited to their natural tempers and constitutions, than to destroy them, and by these means keep themselves off from taking a clear and distinct view of them, it were impossible that they should

all their days hang in the same briers without attempt for deliverance. Uselessness and scandal in professors are branches growing constantly on this root of unacquaintedness with their own frame and temper; and how few are there who will either study them themselves, or bear with those who would acquaint them with them.

Secondly, When thou knowest the state and condition of thy heart as to the particulars mentioned, watch against all such occasions, opportunities, employments, societies, retirements, businesses, as are apt to entangle thy natural temper or provoke thy corruption. It may be there are some ways, some societies, some businesses, that thou never in thy life escapedst them, but sufferedst by them more or less, through their suitableness to entice or provoke thy corruption. It may be thou art in a state and condition of life that ensnares thee day by day, on the account of thy ambition, passion, discontent, or the like; if thou hast any love to thy soul, it is time for thee to awake, and to deliver thyself as a bird from the evil snare. Peter would not come again in haste to the high priest's hall, nor would David walk again on the top of his house, when he should have been in the high places of the field. But the particulars of this instance are so various, and of such several natures in respect of several persons, that it is impossible to enumerate them. (Prov. iv. 14, 15.) Herein lies no small part of that wisdom which consists in our ordering our conversation aright. Seeing we have so little power over our hearts, when once they meet with suitable provocations, we are to keep them asunder, as a man would do fire and the combustible parts of the house wherein he dwells.

Thirdly, Be sure to lay in provision in store against the approaching of any temptation. This also belongs to our watchfulness over our hearts. You will say, What provision is intended, and where is it to be laid up? Our hearts, as our Saviour speaks, are our treasury. There we lay up whatever

we have, good or bad; and thence do we draw it, for our use (Matt. xii. 35). It is the heart, then, wherein provision is to be laid up against temptation. When an enemy draws nigh to a fort or castle to besiege and take it, oftentimes, if he find it well manned, and furnished with provision for a siege, and so able to hold out, he withdraws and assaults it not. If Satan, the prince of this world, come and find our hearts fortified against his batteries, and provided to hold out, he not only departs, but, as James says, he "flies." For the provision to be laid up, it is that which is provided in the gospel for us. Gospel provisions will do this work; that is, keep the heart full of a sense of the love of God in Christ; this is the greatest preservative against the power of temptation in the world. Joseph had this, and, therefore, on the first appearance of a temptation, he cries out, "How can I do this great evil, and sin against God?" And there is an end of the temptation as to him—it lays no hold on him, but departs. He was furnished with such a ready sense of the love of God as temptation could not stand before (Gen. xxxix. 9). "The love of Christ constrains us," saith the apostle, "to live to him" (2 Cor. v. 14), and so consequently to withstand temptation. A man may, nay, he ought to lay in provisions of the law also; fear of death, hell, punishment, with the terror of the Lord in them. But these are far more easily conquered than the other; nay, they will never stand alone against a vigorous assault. They are conquered in convinced persons every day; hearts stored with them only will struggle for a while, but quickly give over. But store the heart with a sense of the love of God in Christ, with the eternal design of His grace, with a remembrance of the blood of Christ, and His love in the shedding of it; get a relish of the privileges we have thereby, our adoption, justification, acceptation with God; fill the heart with thoughts of the beauty of holiness, as it is designed by Christ for the end, issue, and effect of His death,—and thou wilt, in

an ordinary course of walking with God, have great peace and security as to the disturbance of temptations.

Having thus passed through the considerations of the duty of watching that we enter not into temptation, I suppose I need not add motives to the observance of it. Those who are not moved by their own sad experiences, nor the importance of the duty, as laid down in the entrance of this discourse, must be left by me to the further patience of God. I shall only shut up the whole with a general exhortation to them who are in any measure prepared for it, by the consideration of what hath been spoken. Should you go into an hospital, and see many persons lying sick and weak, sore and wounded, with many filthy diseases and distempers, and should inquire of them how they fell into this condition, and they should all agree to tell you, Such or such a thing was the occasion of it:—"By that I got my wound," says one; "And my disease," says another:—would it not make you a little careful how or what you had to do with that thing or place? Surely, it would. Should you go to a dungeon, and see many miserable creatures bound in chains for an approaching day of execution, and inquire the way and means whereby they were brought into that condition, and they should all fix on one and the same thing, would you not take care to avoid it? The case is so with entering into temptation. Ah! how many poor, miserable, spiritually-wounded souls have we everywhere! one wounded by one sin, another by another; one falling into filthiness of the flesh, another of the spirit: ask them now how they came into this state and condition, they must all answer, "Alas! we entered into temptation, we fell into cursed snares and entanglements, and that hath brought us into the woful condition you see." Nay, if a man could look into the dungeons of hell, and see the poor damned souls that lie bound in chains of darkness, and hear their cries; what would he be

taught? What do they say? are they not cursing their tempters, and the temptations that they entered into? and shall we be negligent in this thing? Solomon tells us that the "simple one that follows the strange woman knows not that the dead are there, that her house inclineth to death, and her paths to the dead" (which he repeats three times); and that is the reason that he ventures on her snares. If you knew what hath been done by entering into temptation, perhaps you would be more watchful and careful. Men may think that they shall do well enough notwithstanding; but can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt? (Prov. vii. 27, 28.) No such thing. Men come not out of their temptations without wounds, burnings, and fears. I know not any place in the world where there is more need of pressing this exhortation than in this place. Go to our several colleges, inquire for such or such young men; what is the answer in respect of many? Ah! such an one was very hopeful for a season, but he fell into ill company and he is quite lost. Such an one had some good beginning of religion, and we were in great expectation of him, but he is fallen into temptation. And so in other places. Such an one was useful and humble, adorned the gospel, but now he is so wofully entangled with the world that he is grown all self, hath no sap nor savour; such an one was humble and zealous, but he is advanced and hath lost his first love and ways. Oh! how full is the world, how full is this place, of these woful examples; to say nothing of those innumerable poor creatures who are fallen into temptation by delusions in religion. And is it not time for us to awake, before it be too late; to watch against the first risings of sin, the first attempts of Satan, and all ways whereby he hath made his approaches to us, be they never so harmless in themselves?

Have we not experience of our weakness, our folly, the

invincible power of temptation, when once it is gotten within us? As for this duty that I have insisted on, take these considerations:—

1. If you neglect it, it being the only means prescribed by our Saviour, you will certainly enter into temptation, and as certainly fall into sin. Flatter not yourselves: some of you are old disciples, have a great abhorrency of sin; you think it impossible you should ever be seduced so and so; but, let him (whoever he be) that standeth take heed lest he fall. It is not any grace received, it is not any experience obtained, it is not any resolution improved, that will preserve you from any evil, unless you stand upon your watch. "What I say to you," says Christ, "I say to all, Watch." Perhaps you may have had some good success for a time, in your careless frame; but awake, admire God's tenderness and patience, or evil lies at the door. If you will not perform this duty, whoever you are, one way or other, in one thing or other, spiritual or carnal wickedness, you will be tempted, you will be defiled, and what will be the end thereof? *Remember Peter.*

2. Consider that you are always under the eye of Christ, the great Captain of our salvation, who hath enjoined us to watch thus, and pray that we enter not into temptation. What think you are the thoughts, and what the heart of Christ, when He sees a temptation hastening towards us, a storm arising about us, and we are fast asleep? Doth it not grieve Him to see us expose ourselves so to danger, after He hath given us warning upon warning? Whilst He was in the days of His flesh, He considered His temptation whilst it was yet coming, and armed himself against it. "The prince of this world cometh," says He, "but hath no part in me." And shall we be negligent under His eye? Do but think that thou seest Him coming to thee, as He did to Peter, when he was asleep in the garden, with the same reproof, "What! canst thou not watch one hour?" Would it not be a grief to thee

to be so reproved, or to hear Him thundering against thy neglect from heaven, as against the Church of Sardis? (Rev. iii. 2.)

3. Consider that if thou neglect this duty, and so fall into temptation, which assuredly thou wilt do, that when thou art entangled, God may withal bring some heavy affliction or judgment upon thee, which, by reason of thy entanglement, thou shalt not be able to look on any otherwise than as an evidence of His anger and hatred; and then what wilt thou do with thy temptation and affliction together? All thy bones will be broken, and thy peace and strength will be gone in a moment. This may seem but as a noise of words for the present, but if ever it be thy condition, thou wilt find it to be full of woe and bitterness. Oh! then, let us strive to keep our spirits unentangled, avoiding all appearance of evil and all ways leading thereunto; especially all ways, businesses, societies, and employments that we have already found disadvantageous to us.

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born December 9, 1608, at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, London — where his father, a disinherited son of an ancient Oxfordshire family, supported himself as a scrivener, and beguiled his leisure with music, in which he was not only a great enthusiast, but a distinguished composer.

Young Milton received his education first in St Paul's School, and afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge. In the composition of Latin verse he exhibited a mastery rarely attained by modern scholars, and his noble "Hymn on the Nativity," written at one-and-twenty, shews how soon his poetical faculty developed.

At the age of thirty he enjoyed the great advantage of an extended continental tour—making the acquaintance of Hugo Grotius at Paris, of Spanheim and Diiodati at Geneva, and of Galileo, whom he visited in the prison of the Inquisition at Rome. To a mind like Milton's, the materials were invaluable which he amassed during these fifteen months in the library of the Vatican, among the galleries of Florence, and amidst scenes where the events of history and the beauties of nature impart so much interest to one another.

He came back revolving high projects; but, as often happens to men of ardent aspirations, dull realities demanded his immediate care. He was obliged to do something for a maintenance; and, being neither clergyman nor lawyer, but only a scholar, there was not much choice: and so John Milton commenced a school. But we have no reason to

suppose that he felt it a hardship; for, as one of his biographers truly observes, he was now engaged in "the noblest employment of mankind, that of instructing others in knowledge and virtue;" * and in the pains which he took with his pupils, as well as the wide range of subjects over which his teaching extended, there is abundant evidence that he found in his calling neither degradation nor drudgery.

For ten years, including all the dismal period of the Civil War, Milton taught successive scholars in his various London residences—St Bride's Churchyard, Aldersgate, and Holborn; and the following ten years he was employed as Latin Secretary to the Council of State, at a salary of fifteen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny per diem. As respects his worldly circumstances, this last was the happiest decade of his history; but it was by no means exempt from trial, and it was during this period that he sustained a bereavement wellnigh the sorest that can befall a scholar, for it was then that the calamity which had long threatened was consummated, and he found himself doomed to spend his remaining years in total blindness.

But long before this visitation—apparently as early as the time of his continental tour—he had conceived the project of some immortal work; and although at first his mind oscillated between various lofty themes, it would appear that before the Restoration he had fixed his choice, and had begun to paint on the mental canvas, and in vast cartoons, the creation and the fall of man. It was in troublous times that "Paradise Lost" was carried on and completed. It had hardly been begun when the King's arrival not only deprived the author of his maintenance, but placed his life in jeopardy; and although a pardon again released him from the penalties of treason,

* The "Life of Milton," by the Rev. J. H. Todd, M.A., 1826—a work in which was first given to the light a large mass of information, principally derived from documents in the State-Paper Office.

other dangers intervened from which even kings can give no protection; and it was in the village of Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, to which he was driven by the Plague of London, that we have the first intimation of its being brought to a conclusion. But although it was finished in 1665, it did not appear till 1667; and it is rather remarkable that the masterpiece of English poetry should be the ripe result of fifty years and upwards.

The residue of his dark but industrious days was given to the "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," a "Treatise on Logic," a "History of England," and other works of minor moment. Latterly he suffered much from gout, and betwixt sickness and blindness was confined almost entirely to his house in Artillery Walk; and it was there that, on Sunday, the 8th of November 1674, his spirit passed so gently and peacefully away that the moment of his departure was unknown. He was buried beside his father, in the chancel of St Giles, Cripplegate, and his remains were followed to the grave by "all his learned and great friends then in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

"Milton has the reputation of having been in his youth eminently beautiful, so as to have been called the lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown, parted at the foretop, and hung down upon his shoulders, according to the picture which he has given of Adam. He was, however, not of the heroic stature, but rather below the middle size, according to Mr Richardson, who mentions him as having narrowly escaped from being short and thick. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exercise of the sword, in which he is related to have been eminently skilful. His eyes are said never to have been bright; but if he was a dexterous fencer, they must have been once quick. His domestic habits, so far as they are known, were those of a severe student. He drank little strong drink of any kind, and fed without excess in quantity, and in

his earlier years without delicacy of choice. In his youth he studied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed from nine to four in the summer, and five in winter. The course of his day was best known after he was blind. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ, and sung, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped; and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed. He composed much in the morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm."*

Every one knows that Milton was a republican, and an eager opponent of Episcopacy; and, thirty years ago, a Latin treatise was discovered and published, with a translation by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, which shews that, latterly at least, on the subject of the Saviour's Godhead, his views were essentially Arian. In this treatise, however, as in "Paradise Lost," the vicarious and atoning character of the Saviour's sacrifice is asserted fully and unequivocally; and, considering how frequently he had committed himself to Trinitarian sentiments in his earlier works, and how constantly he was reappearing in print down to the last year of his life, it is rather remarkable that he himself should never have published any retractation of his well-known early sentiments.

Music, opulence, and sublimity strike us as the three grand characteristics of Milton's poetry. Inheriting an exquisite ear, and cradled in the midst of melody, it seemed as if his whole soul had from the first been set to "a solemn music." There are poets like Coleridge, Southey, Edgar Allan Poe, who have shewn a mechanical mastery over English vocables not inferior to Milton's own; but with Milton there is more than verbal harmony. It is the hidden man of the heart who sings,

* Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."—*Art.* Milton.

and the verse, with its majestic cadence, is a mere accompaniment to the minstrelsy within. Hence,

> "Chief of organic numbers!
> Old scholar of the spheres!
> Thy spirit never slumbers,
> But rolls about our ears
> For ever and for ever!" *

There is a spell in this sphery music which holds us like an immortal mystery, and will not let us go; and after it the greatest feats of artificial rhythm are a mere sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

It may be doubted whether any other poet knew so much. Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian were all familiar languages; and in some of them we know how great was his mastery. Latin he wrote as it is seldom written since there ceased to be Romans; and, lured into the Tuscan by its own beauty and his lover-like enthusiasm for its literature, he became such an adept that he was consulted regarding the niceties of their tongue by the Academy Della Crusca. And with all the treasures which these languages unlocked, and with those which he had amassed in foreign travel and in subsequent intercourse with superior minds, not only stored in his memory but dissolved in his imagination, he poured forth a stream of thought which charms the reader by its beauty, whilst it startles him by its magical allusions to all that he has ever known, and to much that he had long forgotten. As has been observed by Mr Macaulay—and it is one of the acutest remarks in his glowing eulogy—"The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He

* Keats.

electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the 'Iliad.' Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects the hearer to make out the melody.... His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead."*

The ultimate key, however, to Milton's poetic mastery is the one thus indicated by the most profound and affectionate of Milton's critics:—"Poetry seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by those mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlii. (1825), p. 313.

seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the foundations and sources of poetry. . . . . In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences in the worlds of matter and mind, but it combines and blends these into new forms, and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bonds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and, in the objects which it describes or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness for which it was created." *

Here, assuredly, is where Milton's great strength lies—he is strong in the sense-surmounting, time-transcending faculty. We are entranced by his music; we are startled by the flashes of self-revealing intuition which his universal knowledge enables him ever and anon to dart into our minds; but we become his unresisting captives whenever he spreads his immortal pinions,

* Dr Channing "On the Character and Writings of Milton."

and bears us up to regions where we ourselves could not have risen, but where in such a grasp we feel it an awful joy to hover.

Yes, Milton is perhaps the sublimest among the sons of men; but it is quite possible that, had his sublimity been somewhat relieved by homely and everyday attributes, he would have passed through the house of his pilgrimage more cheerfully, and in after times might have numbered—if not more worshippers of his genius—more readers of his peerless work. Less soaring, less seraphic, we could not wish to see him; but we sometimes wish to see him fold his wings, and come walking towards our tent, if he should not even sit under the oak and rest a while. We would like sometimes to forget the angel in the man. Perhaps, could he have so far forgotten himself, Mary Powell would not have been seized, a few weeks after their marriage, with such a longing for the home of her girlhood as actually to run away; and the daughters, to whom he dictated the tale of "Paradise," might not have shewn such an undutiful impatience to hurry through the task and get back to their embroidery. At all events, a few softer moments and kindlier outbursts would have gratified many a reader. Shakspeare is occasionally as sublime as Milton; but in virtue of his genial humour he is every one's acquaintance, and he is always thought of with a large amount of human fondness. To many the Shakspearian genius looks like Etna, a fiery mountain, with flowery skirts and a merry vintage at its feet; whilst the genius of Milton, sequestered from his kind, and flaming upwards towards heaven, might rather be imaged by the great Antarctic volcano, which, tall as Etna, is destined never to be trodden by man—an altar ever burning on an Alp of virgin snow.

MILTON'S PROSE.

The Burden of the Lord.

[MILTON'S prose is too poetical, and in the spacious sweep and manifold windings and regurgitations of its tidal current, a feeble pinnace is apt to be helplessly borne away, till the navigator loses sight of land and loses himself. Still it is very magnificent; and in a work of this nature, we perhaps render a greater service by quoting from the less known prose than from the familiar poetry.

The great drawback is, that the prose writings are all polemical. The second of the following extracts possesses uncommon literary interest, from indicating, as early as 1642, his lofty aspirations in authorship; but, like our first extract, it occurs in a treatise against Episcopacy, and some of its language is abundantly bitter. If, however, such a passage is to be given at all, there is no alternative but to present it entire.]

How happy were it for this frail and, as it may be called, mortal life of man, since all earthly things which have the name of good and convenient in our daily use are withal so cumbersome and full of trouble, if knowledge, yet which is the best and lightsomest possession of the mind, were, as the common saying is, no burden; and that what it wanted of being a load to any part of the body, it did not with a heavy advantage overlay upon the spirit! For not to speak of that knowledge that rests in the contemplation of natural causes and dimensions, which must needs be a lower wisdom, as the object is low, certain it is, that he who hath obtained in more than the scantiest measure to know anything distinctly of God and of His true worship, and what is infallibly good and happy in the state of man's life, what in itself evil and miserable, though vulgarly not so esteemed; he that hath obtained to

know this, the only high valuable wisdom indeed, remembering also that God, even to a strictness, requires the improvement of these His intrusted gifts, cannot but sustain a sorer burden of mind and more pressing than any supportable toil or weight which the body can labour under, how and in what manner he shall dispose and employ those sums of knowledge and illumination which God hath sent him into this world to trade with. And that which aggravates the burden more is, that, having received amongst his allotted parcels certain precious truths, of such an orient lustre as no diamond can equal—which, nevertheless, he has in charge to put off at any cheap rate, yea, for nothing to them that will—the great merchants of this world, fearing that this course would soon discover and disgrace the false glitter of their deceitful wares, wherewith they abuse the people, like poor Indians with beads and glasses, practise by all means how they may suppress the vending of such rarities, and at such a cheapness as would undo them, and turn their trash upon their hands. Therefore, by gratifying the corrupt desires of men in fleshly doctrines, they stir them up to persecute with hatred and contempt all those that seek to bear themselves uprightly in this their spiritual factory; which they foreseeing, though they cannot but testify of truth, and the excellency of that heavenly traffic which they bring, against what opposition or danger soever, yet needs must it sit heavily upon their spirits, that, being in God's prime intention, and their own, selected heralds of peace, and dispensers of treasure inestimable, without price to them that have no peace, they find in the discharge of their commission that they are made the greatest variance and offence—a very sword and fire both in house and city over the whole earth. This is that which the sad prophet Jeremiah laments: "Wo is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of strife and contention!" And although Divine inspiration must certainly have been sweet to those ancient prophets,

yet the irksomeness of that truth which they brought was so unpleasant unto them that everywhere they call it a burden. Yea, that mysterious book of Revelation, which the great evangelist was bid to eat, as it had been some eyebrightening electuary of knowledge and foresight, though it were sweet in his mouth and in the learning, it was bitter in his belly, bitter in the denouncing. Nor was this hid from the wise poet Sophocles, who in that place of his tragedy where Tiresias is called to resolve king Œdipus in a matter which he knew would be grievous, brings him in bemoaning his lot that he knew more than other men. For surely to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; much better would it like him doubtless to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own true happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal. If he shall think to be silent, as Jeremiah did, because of the reproach and derision he met with daily, "and all his familiar friends watched for his halting," to be revenged on him for speaking the truth, he would be forced to confess as he confessed: "His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay." Which might teach these times not suddenly to condemn all things that are sharply spoken or vehemently written as proceeding out of stomach, virulence, and ill-nature; but to consider rather, that if the prelates have leave to say the worst that can be said, or do the worst that can be done, while they strive to keep to themselves, to their great pleasure and commodity, those things which they ought to render up, no man can be justly offended with him that shall endeavour to impart and bestow, without any gain to himself, those sharp but

saving words which would be a terror and a torment in him to keep back. For me, I have determined to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it me, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth, where I shall think it available in so dear a concernment as the Church's good. For if I be, either by disposition or what other cause, too inquisitive, or suspicious of myself and mine own doings, who can help it? But this I foresee, that should the Church be brought under heavy oppression, and God have given me ability the while to reason against that man that should be the author of so foul a deed; or should she, by blessing from above on the industry and courage of faithful men, change this her distracted estate into better days, without the least furtherance or contribution of those few talents which God at that present had lent me; I foresee what stories I should hear within myself, all my life after, of discourage and reproach. 'Timorous and ungrateful, the Church of God is now again at the foot of her insulting enemies, and thou bewailest; what matters it for thee, or thy bewailing? When time was, thou couldst not find a syllable of all that thou hast read or studied to utter in her behalf. Yet ease and leisure was given thee for thy retired thoughts, out of the sweat of other men. Thou hast the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned or beautified; but when the cause of God and His Church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was given thee which thou hast, God listened if He could hear thy voice among His zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast. From henceforward be that which thine own brutish silence hath made thee.' Or else I should have heard on the other ear—'Slothful, and ever to be set light by, the Church hath now overcome her late distresses after the unwearied labours of many her true servants that stood up in her defence; thou also wouldst take upon thee to share amongst them of their

joy: but wherefore thou? Where canst thou shew any word or deed of thine which might have hastened her peace? Whatever thou dost now talk, or write, or look, is the alms of other men's active prudence and zeal. Dare not now to say or do anything better than thy former sloth and infancy; or, if thou darest, thou dost impudently to make a thrifty purchase of boldness to thyself out of the painful merits of other men. What before was thy sin is now thy duty, to be abject and worthless.' These, and such like lessons as these, I know would have been my matins duly and my even song. But now by this little diligence, mark what a privilege I have gained with good men and saints, to claim my right of lamenting the tribulations of the Church, if she should suffer, when others, that have ventured nothing for her sake, have not the honour to be admitted mourners. But if she lift up her drooping head and prosper, among those that have something more than wished her welfare, I have my charter and freehold of rejoicing to me and my heirs.

Literary Longings and Aspirations.

Lastly, I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. And though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet, since it will be such a folly as wisest men go about to commit, having only confessed and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual

things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found, that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaking to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end

(that were a toilsome vanity), but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect;—that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment is no transgression, but an enriching of art; and lastly, what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal

and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies: and this my opinion the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or, if occasion should lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the Law and Prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within—all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of

sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight, to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed, that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who, having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body, without some recreating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised a while since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies by martial exercises to all warlike skill and performance, and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere; as Solomon saith, "She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of

high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates." Whether this may not be, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn panegyrics, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and foredated discovery; and the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise. But that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which, in some measure, be compassed at mine peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them; although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus

much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings, who, when they have, like good sumpters, laid ye down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, ye may take off their packsaddles, their day's work is done, and Episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension, that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries.

On Books and their Behaviour.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—

kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life.

For Liberty of Printing.

On the other side, that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by any papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy; and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch, not to be "understood without a guide." But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists, and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot, since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft, which at first he took in hand to confute. Seeing, therefore, that those

books, and those in great abundance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation, and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned (from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed), and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting; I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed, could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books, and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hinderance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon, and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books; as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

MILTON'S POETRY.

[In our specimens we shall follow, as nearly as we can, chronological order. The hymn on the Nativity was written when the author was one-and-twenty, and the lines, "At a Solemn Music," probably date about the same period. Of this piece, three draughts in his own handwriting still exist, containing many alterations, and the printed edition is ten lines shorter than the original.]

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet;

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had d ff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light
Of Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep,

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd;
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With inexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While thé Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;

And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing:
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged earth aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is;

But now begins: for from this happy day
Th' old dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No mighty trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lares and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen,
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to shew His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin bless'd
Hath laid her Babe to rest;

Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable,
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

At a Solemn Music.

Blest pair of syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure content,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

On the late Massacre at Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
  Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
  Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans,
  Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
  Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
  The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
  O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
  A hundredfold, who, having learn'd Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, though clear,
  To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
  Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,
Or sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
  Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
  Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate one jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
  Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overplied
  In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.
  This thought might lead me through this world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no other guide.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint;
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in th' old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked—she fled—and day brought back my night.

The Morning Hymn in Paradise.

[To extract the beauties of "Paradise Lost" would be to reprint the little three-shilling quarto which, under that title, Samuel Simmons first published in 1667. And every reader will have his own favourite passages. Mr Macaulay points out, and, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," has successfully imitated, those passages in which Milton shews his musical mastery of rugged names; and, like a patrician and a French-

man, Chateaubriand admires the delicate and pointed expression and the occasional paradox.* We must content ourselves with giving two or three which have received the universal suffrage.]

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;

* "Milton a surtout le mérite de l'expression. On connaît 'les ténèbres visibles,' 'le silence ravi,' &c. Ces hardiesses, lorsqu'elles sont bien sauvées, comme les dissonances en musique, font un effet très-brillant." "La manière dont le poëte Anglais a conduit la chute de nos premiers pères mérite d'être examinée. Un esprit ordinaire n'aurait pas manqué de renverser le monde au moment où Eve porte à sa bouche le fruit fatal; Milton s'est contenté de faire pousser un soupir à la terre qui vient d'enfanter la mort: on est beaucoup plus surpris, parce que cela est beaucoup moins surprenant. Quelles calamités cette tranquillité présente de la nature ne fait-elle point entrevoir dans l'avenir!"—*Génie du Christianisme.*

And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

Adam and Michael.

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes! gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides

Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known; and, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to His great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from His face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent
With worship place by place where He vouchsafed
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,
'On this mount He appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines His voice
I heard: here with Him at this fountain talk'd:'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled Him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off His steps adore."
To whom thus Michael with regard benign:
"Adam, thou know'st heaven His, and all the earth;
Not this rock only; His omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by His virtual power, and warm'd:
All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then

His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden; this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had hither come
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here, and will be found alike
Present; and of His presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, His face
Express, and of His steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future days
To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes."

The Queen of Paradise.

[Among the most beautiful portions of the great poem are the descriptions of "the mother of all living." Their tenderness is a welcome relief amidst the prevailing stateliness and grandeur.]

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse: which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,

And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress:
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. (O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?)
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended! for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still;
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.

The Penitent.

He added not, and from her turn'd.—But Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heaven
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees:—bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me,—where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace! both joining

(As join'd in injuries) one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent!—On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen;
On me, already lost! me, than thyself
More miserable! Both have sinn'd! but thou
Against God only: I, against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe:
Me! me only! just object of His ire!"
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
Immovable, till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged, and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress!
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel (whom she had displeased), his aid!
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost;
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
"Unwary! and too desirous (as before,
So now) of what thou knowest not, thou desirest
The punishment all on thyself! Alas!
Bear thine own first; ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited:
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But, rise!—let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other; blamed enough elsewhere! but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe:
Since this day's death denounced (if ought I see)
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil;
A long day's dying, to augment our pain:
And to our seed (oh hapless seed!) derived."

The Exile from Eden.

He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before; but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise;
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now, lead on!
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard,
Well-pleased, but answered not: for now, too nigh
Th' arch-angel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist,
Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapours as the Lybian air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate

With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps, and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

The Storm in the Wilderness.

(*From* "Paradise Regained.")

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired), and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left Him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in low'ring night,
Her shad'wy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook Him to His rest,
Wherever under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night His shelter'd head;
But shelter'd slept in vain; for at His head
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd His sleep: and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven. The clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken. Nor yet stay'd the terror there;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round

Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN OWEN, JOHN MILTON, and JOHN BUNYAN;—with three such arrows in its quiver, English Nonconformity need not be ashamed, but may speak with all comers in the gate. And now that sectarian rivalry and rancour, as we fondly trust, are softening down, a certain measure of complacency may surely be forgiven to the party which claims such illustrious names; nor will the magnanimous Churchman entirely grudge to Puritanism reputations which, after all, are Christian and British still more truly than they are Baptist or Congregational. At the same time it says something for the generosity of English piety, and it says still more for the permanence of genius and goodness, as contrasted with denominational peculiarities, that now-a-days no theological collection is complete without Owen "On the Hebrews;" and "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are as much at home in the library of an Episcopal palace as in the study of a Dissenting minister.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. His father was a brazier or tinker, and brought up his son as a craftsman of like occupation. There is no evidence for the gipsy origin of the house of Bunyan; and though extremely poor, John's father gave his son such an education as poor men could then obtain for their children. He was sent to school and taught to read and write.

There has been some needless controversy regarding Bunyan's early days. Some have too readily taken for granted that he was in all respects a reprobate; and others—the chief of whom is Dr Southey—have laboured to shew that there was little in the lad which any would censure, save the righteous

over much. The truth is, that, considering his rank of life, his conduct was not flagitious; for he never was a drunkard, a libertine, or a lover of sanguinary sports; and the profanity and Sabbath-breaking and heart-atheism which afterwards preyed on his awakened conscience are unhappily too frequent to make their perpetrator conspicuous. The thing which gave Bunyan any notoriety in the days of his ungodliness, and which made him afterwards appear to himself such a monster of iniquity, was the energy which he put into all his doings. He had a zeal for idle play, and an enthusiasm in mischief, which were the perverse manifestations of a forcible character, and which may have well entitled him to Southey's epithet—"a blackguard." The reader need not go far to see young Bunyan. Perhaps there is near your dwelling an Elstow—a quiet hamlet of some fifty houses sprinkled about in the picturesque confusion, and with the easy amplitude of space, which give to an old English village its look of leisure and longevity. And it is now verging to the close of the summer's day. The daws are taking short excursions from the steeple, and tamer fowls have gone home from the darkening and dewy green. But old Bunyan's donkey is still browsing there, and yonder is old Bunyan's self—the brawny tramper dispread on the settle, retailing to the more clownish residents tap-room wit and roadside news. However, it is young Bunyan you wish to see. Yonder he is, the noisiest of the party, playing pitch-and-toss—that one with the shaggy eyebrows, whose entire soul is ascending in the twirling penny—grim enough to be the blacksmith's apprentice, but his singed garments hanging round him with a lank and idle freedom which scorns indentures; his energetic movements and authoritative vociferations at once bespeaking the ragamuffin ringleader. The penny has come down with the wrong side uppermost, and the loud execration at once bewrays young "Badman." You have only to remember that it is Sabbath evening, and you

witness a scene often enacted on Elstow Green two hundred years ago.

The strong depraving element in Bunyan's character was *ungodliness*. He walked according to the course of this world, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and conscious of his own rebellion, he said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." The only restraining influence of which he then felt the power was terror. His days were often gloomy through forebodings of the wrath to come; and his nights were scared with visions, which the boisterous diversions and adventures of his waking day could not always dispel. He would dream that the last day had arrived, and that the quaking earth was opening its mouth to let him down to hell; or he would find himself in the grasp of fiends who were dragging him powerless away. And musing over these terrors of the night, yet feeling that he could not abandon his sins, in his despair of heaven his anxious fancy would suggest to him all sorts of strange desires. He would wish that there had been no hell at all; or that, if he must needs go thither, he might be a devil, "supposing they were only tormentors, and I would rather be a tormentor than tormented myself."

These were the fears of his childhood. As he grew older he grew harder. He experienced some remarkable providences, but they neither startled nor melted him. He once fell into the sea, and another time out of a boat into Bedford river, and either time had a narrow escape from drowning. One day in the field with a companion, an adder glided across their path. Bunyan's ready switch stunned it in a moment; but with characteristic daring, he forced open the creature's mouth, and plucked out the fangs—a foolhardiness which, as he himself observes, might, but for God's mercy, have brought him to his end. In the civil war he was "drawn" as a soldier to go to the siege of Leicester; but when ready to set out, a comrade

sought leave to take his place. Bunyan consented. His companion went to Leicester, and, standing sentry, was shot through the head, and died. These interpositions made no impression on him at the time.

He married very early: "And my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be—not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us, yet this she had for her portion, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her; wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me. She also would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deeds. Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my soul and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times—to wit, to go to church twice a-day, and that, too, with the foremost; and there should very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life. But, withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things—the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the Church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the temple to do His work therein."

So strong was this superstitious feeling, that "had he but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, his spirit would fall under him; and he could have lain down at his feet and been trampled upon by him—his name, his

garb, and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch him." It little matters what form superstition takes—image-worship, priest-worship, or temple-worship; nothing is transforming except Christ in the heart, a Saviour realised, accepted, and enthroned. Whilst adoring the altar, worshipping the surplice, and idolising its wearer, Bunyan continued to curse and blaspheme, and spend his Sabbaths in the same riot as before.

One day, however, he heard a sermon on the sin of Sabbath-breaking. It fell heavy on his conscience; for it seemed all intended for him. It haunted him throughout the day, and when he went to his usual diversion in the afternoon, its cadence was still knelling in his troubled ear. He was busy at a game called "Cat," and had already struck the ball one blow, and was about to deal another, when "a voice darted from heaven into his soul, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" His arm was arrested, and looking up to heaven, it seemed as if the Lord Jesus was looking down upon him in remonstrance and severe displeasure; and, at the same instant, the conviction flashed across him, that he had sinned so long that repentance was now too late. "My state is surely miserable—miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as few." In the desperation of this awful conclusion he resumed the game; and so persuaded was he that heaven was for ever forfeited, that for some time after he made it his deliberate policy to enjoy the pleasures of sin as rapidly and intensely as possible.

To understand the foregoing incident, and some which may follow, the reader must remember that Bunyan was made up of vivid fancy and vehement emotion. In no case was his belief a mere assent; he always felt and saw. And he could do nothing by halves. He threw a whole heart into his love and

his hatred; and when he rejoiced or trembled, the entire man and every movement were converted into ecstasy or horror. Many have experienced the dim counterpart of such processes as we are now describing; but will scarcely recognise their own equivalent history in the bright realisations and agonising vicissitudes of a mind so fervent and ideal.

For a month or more he went on in resolute sinning, only grudging that he could not get such scope as the madness of despair solicited, when one day, standing at a neighbour's window, cursing and swearing, and "playing the madman after his wonted manner," the woman of the house protested that he made her tremble, and that truly he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life, and quite enough to ruin the youth of the whole town. The woman was herself a notoriously worthless character; and so severe a reproof, from so strange a quarter, had a singular effect on Bunyan's mind. He was in a moment silenced. He blushed before the God of heaven; and as he there stood with hanging head, he wished with all his heart that he were a little child again, that his father might teach him to speak without profanity; for he thought it so inveterate now, that reformation was out of the question. Nevertheless, so it was, from that instant onward he was cured of his wicked habit, and people wondered at the change.

"Quickly after this I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matter of religion. Wherefore, falling into some love and liking of what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, but especially with the historical part thereof; for as for Paul's Epistles, and such like Scripture, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant either of the corruption of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save me. Wherefore I fell into some outward reformation, both in my

words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven, which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England. Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly man—a new and religious man—and did marvel much to see such great and famous alteration in my life and manners; and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have well since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life; and so they well might, for this my conversion was as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man. Now, therefore, they began to speak well of me, both before my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly—now I was become a right honest man. But, oh, when I understood these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. . . . And thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more."

Though not acting from enlightened *motives*, Bunyan was now under the guidance of new *influences*. For just as the Spirit of God puts forth a restraining influence on many during the days of their carnality, which makes the change at their conversion less conspicuous than if they had been lifted from the depths of a flagitious reprobacy; so others He long subjects to a preparatory process, during which some of the old and most offensive things of their ungodliness pass away; and

when the revolution, effected by the entrance of the evangelic motive, at last takes place, it is to personal consciousness rather than to outward observation that the change is perceptible. The real and final transformation is more within the man than upon him. So was it with John Bunyan. One by one he abandoned his besetting sins, and made many concessions to conscience, while as yet he had not yielded his heart to the Saviour. It was slowly and regretfully, however, that he severed the "right hand." One of his principal amusements was one which he could not comfortably continue. It was *bell-ringing*, or the merry peals with which the villagers used to divert themselves on the Sunday afternoons. It was only by degrees that he was able to abandon this favourite pastime. "What if one of the bells should fall?" To provide against this contingency, he took his stand under a beam fastened across the tower. "But what if the falling bell should rebound from one of the side walls, and hit me after all?" This thought sent him down stairs, and made him take his station, rope in hand, at the steeple door. "But what if the steeple itself should come down?" This thought banished him altogether, and he bade adieu to bell-ringing. And by a similar series of concessions, eventually, but with longer delay, he gave up another practice, for which his conscience checked him —dancing. All these improvements in his conduct were a source of much complacency to himself, though all this while he wanted the soul-emancipating and sin-subduing knowledge of Jesus Christ. The Son had not made him free.

There is such a thing as cant. It is possible for flippant pretenders to acquire a peculiar phraseology, and use it with a painful dexterity; and it is also possible for genuine Christians to subside into a state of mind so listless or secular, that their talk on religious topics will have the inane and heartless sound of the tinkling cymbal. But as there is an experimental religion, so is it possible for those who have felt religion in its

vitality to exchange their thoughts regarding it, and to relate what it—or rather, God in it—has done for them. It was a specimen of such communings which impressed on the mind of Bunyan the need of something beyond an outside reformation. He had gone to Bedford in prosecution of his calling, when, passing along the street, he noticed a few poor women sitting in a doorway, and talking together. He drew near to listen to their discourse. It surprised him; for though he had by this time become a great talker on religious subjects, their themes were far beyond his reach. God's work in their souls, the views they had obtained of their natural misery, and of God's love in Christ Jesus, what words and promises had particularly refreshed them and strengthened them against the temptations of Satan; it was of matters so personal and vital that they spoke to one another. "And methought they spake as if you had made them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world—as if they were 'people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours!'"

The conversation of these poor people made a deep impression on Bunyan's mind. He saw that there was something in real religion into which he had not yet penetrated. He sought the society of these humble instructors, and learned from them much that he had not known before. He began to read the Bible with new avidity; and that portion which had formerly been most distasteful, the Epistles of Paul, now became the subject of his special study. A sect of Antinomians, who boasted that they could do whatsoever they pleased without sinning, now fell in his way. Professors of religion were rapidly embracing their opinions, and there was something in their wild fervour and apparent raptures prepossessing to the ardent mind of Bunyan. He read their books, and pondered

their principles; but prefaced his examination with the simple prayer,—"O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error. Lord, leave me not to my own blindness. If this doctrine be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, in this matter I lay my soul only at Thy foot: let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech Thee." His prayer was heard, and he was saved from this snare of the devil.

Then he had a sort of waking vision, suggested by what he had seen in his pious friends at Bedford. "I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying, as I went, to see if I could find some gap or passage to enter therein. But none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now, the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was wellnigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sidelong striving, my shoulders and my whole body.* Then was I exceedingly glad; went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now, this mountain and wall were thus made out to me: The mountain signified the

* Those who are interested in the historic parallels supplied by Christian biography will find a similar instructive dream in the "Life of General Burn," vol. i. pp. 127–130.

Church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of His merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the world that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not, but with great difficulty, enter in thereat, it shewed me that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin." The dream did him good, for, though it brought him no absolute assurance, it inspirited his efforts after it.

There is scarcely a fear which can assail an inquiring spirit which did not at some stage of his progress arrest the mind of Bunyan. At one time he was afflicted by an erroneous view of the doctrine of election. Looking at them from the exterior side, those purposes of everlasting love which secure the safety of such as are "in Christ," appeared ominous and awful —a *chevaux de frise* frowning on all effort, and to those outside threatening everlasting exclusion, rather than a fence of protection and preservation to such as were already within. And when somewhat relieved from this perplexity, he fell into another. He feared that the day of grace was gone; and so impressed on his mind was this mournful conviction, that he could do little else than upbraid his own infatuation for allowing the one propitious season to pass for ever away. But the words, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled;" and those others, "And yet there is room," brought him relief. Then, again, he saw that the call of Christ was needful to make a man a disciple; and he feared that he should never get that call. "But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to one, Follow Me; and to another, Come after Me: and

oh! thought I, that He would say so to me too: how gladly would I run after Him! How lovely now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted, whether man or woman! They shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of heaven upon them. Oh! I saw the lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage. But that which made me sick, was that of Christ,—'He went up into a mountain, and called to Him whom He would, and they came unto Him.' This Scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear was this: lest Christ should have no liking to me, for He called whom He would. But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition did still so engage my heart, that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call but I presently wished, 'Would I had been in their clothes! would I had been born Peter! would I had been born John! or, would I had been by, and had heard Him when He called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also.' But oh! I feared He would not call me."

There was at that time a minister in Bedford whose history was almost as remarkable as Bunyan's own. His name was Gifford. He had been a stanch royalist, and concerned in the rising in Kent. He was arrested, and, with eleven of his comrades, was doomed to die. The night before the day fixed for his execution his sister came to visit him. She found the guard asleep, and, with her assistance, the prisoner effected his escape. For three days he was hid in a field, in the bottom of a deep ditch; but at last he contrived to get away to a place of safety in the neighbourhood of Bedford. Being there a perfect stranger, he ventured on the practice of physic; but he was still abandoned to reckless habits and outrageous vice. One evening he lost a large sum of money at the gaming-table, and in the fierceness of his chagrin his mind was filled with the most desperate thoughts of the providence of God. In his

vexation he snatched up a book, which proved to be a volume of Bolton.* A sentence of this solemn and forcible writer went like a shaft into his conscience, and for many weeks he could get no rest in his spirit. When at last he found forgiveness through the blood of Christ, his joy was extreme, and, except for two days before his death, he never lost the comfortable persuasion of God's love. For some time the few pious individuals in that neighbourhood would not believe that such a reprobate was really converted; but, nothing daunted by their distrust, like his prototype of Tarsus, he began to preach the Word with boldness, and, endowed with a vigorous mind and a fervid spirit, remarkable success attended his ministry. A little church was formed, and he was invited to become its pastor; and there he continued till he died.† It was to Mr Gifford that Bunyan was at this time introduced; and though the conversations of this "Evangelist" brought him no immediate comfort, it was well for him to enjoy the friendship and sympathy of one whose views were so clear and happy.

It is instructive to find, that, amid all the depression of these anxious days, it was not any one sin, nor any particular class of sins, which made him so fearful and unhappy. He felt that he was a sinner, and as a sinner he wanted a perfect righteousness to present him faultless before God. This righteousness, he also knew, was nowhere to be found except in the person of Jesus Christ. "My original and inward pollution—that was my plague and affliction. *That* I saw at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me—that I had the guilt of to amazement; by reason of that I was more loathsome in mine own eyes than a toad; and I thought I was so in God's eyes too. Sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart as water would out of a fountain. I

* See "Christian Classics," vol i. p. 170.

† "Ivimey's Life of Bunyan," pp. 51–53.

thought now that every one had a better heart than I had. I could have changed hearts with anybody. I thought none but the devil himself could equalise me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness, deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure I am given up to the devil and a reprobate mind. And thus I continued a long while, even for some years together."

During these painful apprehensions regarding his own state, it is no marvel that he looked on secular things with an apathetic eye. "While thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder: the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down when they met with outward losses, as of husband, wife, child, &c. Lord, thought I, what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labour after, and shed so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! how rich would I esteem myself, though blessed but with bread and water! I should count those but small afflictions, and bear them as little burdens. A wounded spirit, who can bear?"

This long interval of gloom was at last relieved by a brief sunburst of joy. He heard a sermon on the text, "Behold, thou art fair, my love;" in which the preacher said, that a ransomed soul is precious to the Saviour, even when it appears very worthless to itself—that Christ loves it when tempted, assaulted, afflicted, and mourning under the hiding of God's countenance. Bunyan went home musing on the words, till

the truth of what the preacher said began to force itself upon his mind; and half incredulous at first, a hesitating hope dawned in upon his spirit. "Then I began to give place to the Word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul—'Thou art My love, thou art My love; and nothing shall separate thee from My love.' And with that my heart was filled full of comfort and hope; and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me: yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love, and have told of His mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me. Wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, Well, I would I had pen and ink here. I would write this down before I go any further; for surely I will not forget this forty years hence."

However, as he himself remarks, in less than forty days he had forgotten it all. A flood of new and fierce temptations broke over him, and had it not been for a strong sustaining arm which unseen upheld him, his soul must have sunk in the deep waters. At one time he was almost overwhelmed in a hurricane of blasphemous suggestions, and at another time his faith had wellnigh made shipwreck on the shoals of infidelity or deliberate atheism. But the very reluctance and dismay of his spirit shewed that a new nature was in him. "I often, when these temptations have been with force upon me, did compare myself to the case of such a child whom some gipsy hath by force took up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country; kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away." It was all that he could do to refrain from articulating such words as he imagined would amount to the sin against the Holy Ghost; and for a year

together he was haunted with such diabolical suggestions that he was weary of his life, and fain would have changed condition with a horse or a dog. During this dreary term it is no wonder that his heart felt hard. "Though he should have given a thousand pounds for a tear, he could not shed one; and often he had not even the desire to shed one." Every ordinance was an affliction. He could not listen to a sermon, or take up a religious book, but a crowd of wild and horrid fancies rushed in betwixt the subject and his bewildered mind. He could not assume the attitude of prayer but he felt impelled to break off, almost as if some one had been pulling him away; or, to mar his devotion, some ridiculous object was sure to be presented to his fancy. It is not surprising that he should have concluded that he was possessed by the devil; and it is scarcely possible to peruse his own and similar recitals without the forcible conviction that they are more than the mere workings of the mind, either in its sane or its disordered state.

Only relieved by some glimpses of comfort, "which, like Peter's sheet, were of a sudden caught up from him into heaven again," this horrible darkness lasted no less than a year. The light which first stole in upon it, and in which it finally melted away, was a clear discovery of the person of Christ, more especially a distinct perception of the dispositions which He manifested while here on earth. And one thing greatly helped him. He alighted on a congenial mind, and an experience almost identical with his own. From the emancipation which this new acquaintance gave to his spirit, as well as the tone which he imparted to Bunyan's theology, we had best relate the incident in his own words. "Before I had got thus far out of my temptations, I did greatly long to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had writ some hundreds of years before I was born; for those who had writ in our days I thought (but I desire them now to pardon me) that they

had writ only that which others felt; or else had, through the strength of their wits and parts, studied to answer such objections as they perceived others perplexed with, without going down themselves into the deep. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hands one day a book of Martin Luther's: it was his 'Comment on the Galatians;' it also was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now, I was pleased much that such an old book had fallen into my hands; the which, when I had but a little way perused, I found my condition in his experience so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart. This made me marvel: for thus, thought I, this man could not know anything of the state of Christians now, but must needs write and speak the experience of former days. Besides, he doth most gravely also, in that book, debate of the sin of these temptations, namely, blasphemy, desperation, and the like; shewing that the law of Moses, as well as the devil, death, and hell, hath a very great hand therein: the which, at first, was very strange to me; but considering and watching, I found it so indeed. But of particulars here I intend nothing; only this, methinks, I must let fall before all men, I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians—excepting the Holy Bible—before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience."

There was one thing of which Bunyan was very conscious—that his extrication from the fearful pit was the work of an Almighty hand. The transition was very blissful; but just because his present views were so bright and assuring, he knew that flesh and blood had not revealed them. "Now I had an evidence, as I thought, of my salvation from heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight. Now could I remember this manifestation and the other discovery of grace with comfort, and should often long and desire that the

last day were come, that I might be for ever inflamed with the sight and joy and communion with Him, whose head was crowned with thorns, whose face was spit on, and body broken, and soul made an offering for my sins: for, whereas before I lay continually trembling at the mouth of hell, now methought I was got so far therefrom, that I could not, when I looked back, scarce discern it. And oh! thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, that my soul might be gone to rest. . . . And now I found, as I thought, that I loved Christ dearly. Oh! methought that my soul cleaved unto Him, my affections cleaved unto Him. I felt love to Him as hot as fire; and now, as Job said, I thought I should die in my nest."

Another period of fearful agony, however, awaited him, and, like the last, it continued for a year. In perusing his own recital of these terrible conflicts, the first relief to our tortured sympathy is in the recollection that it is all over now, and that the sufferer, escaped from his great tribulation, is long ago before the throne. But in the calmer, because remoter, contemplation of this fiery trial, it is easy to see "the end of the Lord." When He permitted Satan to tempt His servant Job, it was not for Job's sake merely, nor for the sake of the blessed contrast which surprised his latter days, that He allowed such thick-coming woes to gather round the patriarch; but it was to provide in his parallel experience a storehouse of encouragement and hope for the future children of sorrow. And when the Lord permitted the adversary so violently to assail our worthy, and when He caused so many of His own waves and billows to pass over him, it was not merely for the sake of Bunyan; it was for the sake of Bunyan's readers down to the end of time. By selecting this strong spirit as the subject of these trials, the Lord provided, in his intense feelings and vivid realisations, a normal type—a glaring instance of those experiences which, in their fainter

modifications, are common to most Christians; and, through his graphic pen, secured a guide-book for Zion's pilgrims in ages yet to come. In the temptation we are now called to record, there is something so peculiar, that we do not know if Christian biography supplies any exact counterpart; but the time and manner of its occurrence have many and painful parallels. It was after he had entered into "rest"—when he had received joyful assurance of his admission into God's family, and was desiring to depart and be with Christ—it was then that this assault was made on his constancy, and it was a fiercer assault than any. If we do not greatly err, it is not uncommon for believers to be visited after conversion with temptations from which they were exempt in the days of their ignorance; as well as temptations which, but for their conversion, could not have existed.

The temptation to which we have alluded, took this strange and dreadful form—to sell and part with his Saviour, to exchange Him for the things of this life—for anything. This horrid thought he could not shake out of his mind, day nor night, for many months together. It intermixed itself with every occupation, however sacred, or however trivial. He "could not eat his food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, nor cast his eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, 'Sell Christ for this, sell Christ for that, sell Him, sell Him.' Sometimes it would run in my thoughts not so little as a hundred times together, Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him: against which, I may say, for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it; lest haply, before I was aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart that might consent thereto: and sometimes the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it; but then should I be as tortured on a rack for whole days together."—"But, to be brief, one morning as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely

assaulted with this temptation to sell and part with Christ—the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him, sell Him, as fast as a man could speak, against which I also, as at other times, answered, No, no; not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together. But at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, Let Him go, if he will; and I thought also that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh, the diligence of Satan! Oh, the desperateness of man's heart! Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field, but, God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear: where, for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery, and bound over to eternal punishment. And withal, that Scripture did seize upon my soul, 'O profane person, as Esau, who, for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright; for you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' These words were to my soul like fetters of brass, in the continual sound of which I went for several months together."

The anxious casuistry in which he sought relief, and the alternation of wistful hope and blank despair, in which for many a dismal day he was tossed to and fro, none but himself can properly describe. They are deeply affecting, and to some may prove instructive.

"Then began I, with sad and careful heart, to consider of the nature and largeness of my sin, and to search into the Word of God, if in any place I could espy a word of promise, or any encouraging sentence by which I might take relief. Wherefore I began to consider that of Mark iii., 'All manner

of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, wherewith soever they shall blaspheme :' which place, methought, at a blush, did contain a large and glorious promise for the pardon of high offences. But considering the place more fully, I thought it was rather to be understood as relating more chiefly to those who had, while in a natural state, committed such things as there are mentioned; but not to me, who had not only received light and mercy, but that had, both after and also contrary to that, so slighted Christ as I had done. I feared, therefore, that this wicked sin of mine might be that sin unpardonable, of which he there thus speaketh, 'But he that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.'

"And now was I both a burden and a terror to myself; nor did I ever so know as now what it was to be weary of my life and yet afraid to die. Oh, how gladly would I have been anybody but myself! anything but a man! and in any condition but my own! for there was nothing did pass more frequently over my mind, than that it was impossible for me to be forgiven my transgression, and to be saved from wrath to come."

He set himself to compare his sin with that of David and Peter, but saw that there were specialties in his guilt which made it far greater. The only case which he could compare to his own was that of Judas.

"About this time I did light on the dreadful story of that miserable mortal, Francis Spira. Every sentence in that book, every groan of that man, with all the rest of his actions in his dolors, as his tears, his prayers, his gnashing of teeth, his wringing of hands, his twisting, and languishing, and pining away, under the mighty hand of God that was upon him, was as knives and daggers to my soul; especially that sentence of his was frightful to me, 'Man knows the beginning of sin, but who bounds the issues thereof?' Then would the former sentence, as the conclusion of all, fall like a hot thunderbolt again

upon my conscience, 'For you know how, that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' Then should I be struck into a very great trembling, insomuch that at sometimes I could, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of this dreadful judgment of God.

"Now I should find my mind to flee from God as from the face of a dreadful judge; yet this was my torment, I could not escape His hand. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' But blessed be His grace, that scripture in these flying fits would call as running after me—'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' This, I say, would come in upon my mind when I was fleeing from the face of God; for I did flee from His face, that is, my mind and spirit fled before Him: by reason of His highness I could not endure. Then would that text cry, Return unto me; it would cry aloud, with a very great voice, Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee. Indeed this would make me make a little stop, and, as it were, look over my shoulder behind me, to see if I could discern that the God of grace did follow me with a pardon in His hand.

"Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting also this hard hap of mine, for that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing I should not be pardoned; praying also in my heart, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would shew it me; and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking,—'Didst ever refuse to be justified by the

blood of Christ?' And withal my whole life of profession past was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not; so my heart answered groaningly, No. Then fell with power that word of God upon me, See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did rise, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make a hideous noise within me. It shewed me also that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me; that He had not, as I feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul. Yea, this was a kind of check for my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me if I did not, notwithstanding my sins and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was, I know not. I have not yet in twenty years' time been able to make a judgment of it. I thought then what here I should be loth to speak. But verily that sudden rushing wind was as if an angel had come upon me; but both it and the salvation I will leave until the day of judgment. Only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul. It persuaded me there might be hope; it shewed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But I say concerning this dispensation, I know not what yet to say unto it. I leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus in the promise; yet seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also shew itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as then I did experience it. This lasted in the savour thereof about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust and despair again.

"Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep panic about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses did bend themselves against me: methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world; I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Then breaking out in the bitterness of my soul, I said to my soul, with a grievous sigh, 'How can God comfort such a wretch as I am?' I had no sooner said it, but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice, 'This sin is not unto death.' At which I was as if raised out of the grave, and cried out again, 'Lord, how couldst thou find out such a word as this?' for I was filled with admiration at the fitness and at the unexpectedness of the sentence. The fitness of the word; the rightness of the timing of it; the power, and sweetness, and light, and glory, that came with it also, were marvellous to me to find. I was now for the time out of doubt as to that about which I was so much in doubt before. I seemed now to stand upon the same ground with other sinners, and to have as good right to the word and prayer as any of them."

In coming to this conclusion, he had made a great step in advance. His misery had hitherto been occasioned by a device of the devil, which keeps many anxious souls from comfort. He regarded his own case as a special exception to which a gospel, otherwise general, did not apply; but this snare was now broken, and, though with halting pace, he was on the way to settled rest and joy. Frequently he would feel that his transgressions had cut him off from Christ, and left him "neither foot-hold nor hand-hold among all the props and

stays in the precious word of life;" but presently he would find some gracious assurance—he knew not how—sustaining him. At one time he would appear to himself like a child fallen into a mill-pond, "who, though it could make some shift to sprawl and scramble in the water," yet, as it could find nothing to which to cling, must sink at last; but by and by he would perceive that an unseen power was buoying him up, and encouraging him to cry from the depths. At another time he would be so discouraged and daunted that he scarcely dared to pray, and yet in a sort of desperation beginning, he found it true that "men ought always to pray and not to faint." On one occasion, whilst endeavouring to draw near the throne of grace, the tempter suggested "that neither the mercy of God, nor yet the blood of Christ, at all concerned him, nor could they help him by reason of his sin; therefore it was vain to pray." Yet he thought with himself, "I will pray." "But," said the tempter, "your sin is unpardonable." "Well," said he, "I will pray." "It is to no boot," said the adversary. And still he answered, "I will pray." And so he began his prayer, "Lord, Satan tells me that neither Thy mercy, nor Christ's blood is sufficient to save my soul. Lord, shall I honour Thee most by believing Thou wilt and canst? or him, by believing Thou neither wilt nor canst? Lord, I would fain honour Thee by believing Thou canst and Thou willest." And whilst he was thus speaking, "as if some one had clapped him on the back," that Scripture fastened on his mind, "O man, great is thy faith."

Relief came slowly but steadily, and was the more abiding, because he had learned by experience to distrust any comfort which did not come from the Word of God. Such passages as these, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," greatly lightened his burden; but he derived still stronger encouragement from considering that the gospel, with its benignity, is much more

expressive of the mind and disposition of God than the law with its severity. "Mercy rejoiceth over judgment. How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? For if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For even that which was made glorious, had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth." Or, as the same truth presented itself to his mind in an aspect more arresting to a mind like his, "And Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let as make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. For he wist not what to say, for he was sore afraid. And there was a cloud overshadowed them, and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, hear him." "Then I saw that Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and His saints alone."

We have now arrived at the happy time when these doubts and distractions were exchanged for songs of deliverance. We relate it in the words of Bunyan's own narrative:—"One day as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, 'He wants my righteousness,' for that was just before Him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions and my irons; my temptations also fled away; so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me. Now went I

also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God; so when I came home I looked to see if I could find that sentence, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven,' but could not find such a saying; wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance, 'He is made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;' by this word I saw the other sentence true. For, by this Scripture, I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as He is distinct from us as touching his bodily presence, so He is our righteousness and sanctification before God. Here, therefore, I lived for some time very sweetly at peace with God through Christ. Oh! methought, Christ, Christ! There was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes. I was not now for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of His blood, burial, or resurrection, but considering Him as a whole Christ, as He is when all these, and all other His virtues, relations, offices, and operations met together, and that He sat on the right hand of God in heaven. 'T was glorious to me to see His exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all His benefits; and that because now I could look from myself to Him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence-halfpennies that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunks at home: Oh! I saw my gold was in my trunk at home: in Christ my Lord and Saviour. Now Christ was all; all my *righteousness*, all my *sanctification*, and all my *redemption*.

"Further, the Lord did also lead me into the mystery of union with the Son of God; that I was joined to Him, that I was 'flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone' (Eph v. 30); and now was that word of St Paul sweet to me. By this also was my faith in Him as my righteousness the more confirmed in me; for if He and I were one, then His righteousness was mine, His merits mine, His victory also mine. Now could I

see myself in heaven and earth at once: in heaven by my Christ, by my Head, by my righteousness and life; though on earth by my body or person. Now I saw Christ Jesus was looked upon of God, and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public person, in whom all the whole body of His elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the law by Him, rose from the dead by Him, got the victory over sin, death, the devil, and hell by Him; when He died, we died; and so of His resurrection. 'Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise,' saith He: and again, 'After two days He will revive us, and the third day we shall live in His sight:' which is now fulfilled by the sitting down of the Son of man on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens, according to that to the Ephesians, 'He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' Ah! these blessed considerations and Scriptures, with many others of like nature, were in those days made to spangle in mine eye, so that I have cause to say, 'Praise ye the Lord God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.'"

Extricated from the Slough of Despond, Bunyan went on his way rejoicing; and though sometimes interrupted by disquieting thoughts and strong temptations, his subsequent career was a path of growing comfort and prevailing peace. At the age of twenty-six he was admitted a member of that Baptist church of which Mr Gifford was the faithful pastor—a rare man, who, in angry times, and in a small communion, preserved his catholicity. Holding that "union with Christ," and not agreement concerning any ordinances or things external, is the foundation of Christian fellowship, with his dying hand he addressed a letter to his beloved people, in which the following sentence occurs, the utterance of a heart enlarged by Christian magnanimity, and bent on those objects which alone look important

when the believer is waiting on the top of Pisgah:—"Concerning separation from the Church about baptism, laying on of hands, anointing with oil, psalms, or any other externals, I charge every one of you respectively, as you will give an account of it to our Lord Jesus Christ, who will judge both quick and dead at His coming, that none of you be found guilty of this great evil, which some have committed, and that through a zeal for God, yet not according to knowledge. They have erred from the law of the love of Christ, and have made a rent in the true Church, which is but one." If our Baptist brethren are justly proud that the burning and shining light of Bunyan was set upon their candlestick, they have equal reason to boast of the torch at which his bland and diffusive flame was kindled. John Bunyan doubtless owed to John Gifford the peculiar type of his Christianity, its comprehensiveness, and its sect-forgetting zeal for the things of Jesus Christ.

He had not long been a member of the church when he was called to exercise its actual ministry. Gifford was gone to his everlasting rest; and as a substitute for his labours, it was put upon a few of the brethren to speak the word of exhortation to the rest. Of these Bunyan was one. At first he did not venture further than to address his friends in their more private meetings, or to follow up, with a brief application, the sermons delivered by others in their village-preaching. But these exercises having afforded the utmost satisfaction to his judicious though warm-hearted hearers, he was urged forward to more public services. These he was too humble to covet, and too earnest to refuse. Though his education was sufficiently rude, God had given him from the first a strong athletic mind and a glowing heart—that downright logic and teeming fancy, whose bold strokes and burning images heat the Saxon temper to the welding point, and make the popular orator of our English multitude. Then his low origin and rough wild history, however much they might have subjected him to scorn had

he exchanged the leathern apron for a silken one, or scrambled from the hedge-side into the high places of the Church, entailed no suspicion, and awakened much surprise, when the Bedford townsmen saw their blaspheming neighbour a new man, and in a way so disinterested preaching the faith which he once destroyed. The town turned out to hear, and though there was some mockery, many were deeply moved. His own account of it is:—"At first I could not believe that God should speak by me to the heart of any man, still counting myself unworthy; yet those who were thus touched, would love me, and have a particular respect for me; and though I did put it from me, that they should be awakened by me, still they would confess it and affirm it before the saints of God. . . . . Wherefore, seeing them in both their words and deeds to be so constant, and also in their hearts so earnestly pressing after the knowledge of Jesus Christ, rejoicing that ever God did send me where they were, then I began to conclude it might be so, that God had owned in His work such a foolish one as I; and then came that word of God to my heart with such sweet refreshment: 'The blessing of them that were ready to perish is come upon me; yea, I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' At this, therefore, I rejoiced; yea, the tears of those whom God had awakened by my preaching would be both solace and encouragement to me. I thought on those sayings, 'Who is he that maketh me glad, but the same that is made sorry by me?' And again, 'Though I be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless I am unto you: for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord.'"

There was a solemnising and subduing power in Bunyan's ministry, because it was heartfelt. So far as the truths he uttered were capable of becoming subjects of personal consciousness, he had experienced them; and so far as they were subjects of intellectual conviction, he was not only fully persuaded of them, but saw them so clear and evident, that his

realisations were continually quickening into sensations. He thus began with a John-Baptist ministry, to which succeeded a Pentecostal evangel; and at last it grew into the Pauline amplitude and completeness, "the whole counsel of God." "In my preaching of the Word, I took special notice of this one thing, namely, that the Lord did lead me to begin where the Word begins with sinners; that is, to condemn all flesh, and to open and allege that the curse of God by the law doth belong to and lay hold on all men as they come into the world, because of sin. Now this part of my work I fulfilled with great sense; for the terrors of the law, and guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy on my conscience. I preached what I felt, what I smartingly did feel; even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed I have been as one sent to them from the dead; I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to be aware of. . . . Thus I went on for the space of two years, crying out against men's sins, and their fearful state because of them. After which the Lord came in upon my own soul with some sure peace and comfort through Christ; for He did give me many sweet discoveries of His blessed grace through Him. Wherefore now I altered in my preaching (for still I preached what I saw and felt). Now, therefore, I did much labour to hold forth Jesus Christ in all his offices, relations, and benefits, unto the world, and did strive also to discover, to condemn, and remove those false supports and props on which the world doth both lean, and by them fall and perish. On these things also I stayed as long as on the other. After this, God led me into something of the mystery of union with Christ; wherefore, that I discovered and shewed to them also. And when I had travelled through these three chief points of the Word of God, I was caught in my present practice, and cast into prison, where I have lain alone as long again to confirm the truth by way of

suffering, as I was before in testifying of it, according to the Scriptures, in a way of preaching."

Bunyan's preaching was no incoherent rant. Words of truth and soberness formed the staple of each sermon; and his burning apostrophes and startling images were only the electric scintillations along the chain of his Scriptural eloquence. Though the common people heard him most gladly, he had occasional hearers of a higher class. Once on a week-day he was expected to preach in a parish church near Cambridge, and a concourse of people had already collected in the churchyard. A gay student was riding past, when he noticed the crowd, and asked what had brought them together. He was told that the people had come out to hear one Bunyan, a tinker, preach. He instantly dismounted, and gave a boy twopence to hold his horse, for he declared he was determined to hear the tinker *prate*. So he went into the church, and heard the tinker; but so deep was the impression which that sermon made on the scholar, that he took every subsequent opportunity to attend Bunyan's ministry, and himself became a renowned preacher of the gospel in Cambridgeshire. Still he felt that his errand was to the multitude, and his great anxiety was to penetrate the darkest places of the land, and preach to the most abandoned people. In these labours of unostentatious heroism, he sometimes excited the jealousy of the regular parish ministers, and even under the tolerant rule of the Protector, was in some danger of imprisonment. However, it was not till the Restoration that he was in serious jeopardy; but thereafter he was among the first victims of the grand combination betwixt priests and rulers to exterminate the gospel in England.

On the 12th of November 1660, he had promised to meet a little congregation in a private house at Samsell in Bedfordshire. Before the hour of meeting he was apprised that a warrant was out to seize him; but he felt that he owed it to the

gospel not to run away at such a time. Accordingly, when the people were assembled with no weapons but their Bibles, the constable entered and arrested the preacher. He had only time to speak a few words of counsel and encouragement to his hearers: "You see we are prevented of our opportunity to speak and hear the Word of God, and are likely to suffer for the same. But be not discouraged. It is a mercy to suffer for so good a cause. We might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness; but, blessed be God, it is not so. We suffer as Christians for welldoing; and better be the persecuted than the persecutors." After being taken before a justice, he was committed to jail till the ensuing sessions should be held at Bedford. There an indictment was served—"That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, being a person of such and such conditions, he hath since such a time devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service; and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the King," &c. Of course he was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, with certification, that if he did not conform within a given period, he would be banished out of the kingdom.

After Bunyan ceases to be his own biographer, our materials become exceedingly scanty. This is the less to be lamented when we reflect that the history of his "hidden life" is already told. The processes have now been related which formed and developed the inner man; and the few external events that befel him, and the few important things that he did, during the remaining eight-and-twenty years of his mortal pilgrimage, may be recorded in a single page.

His imprisonment was protracted from sessions to sessions, till he had measured out twelve weary years in Bedford jail. Perhaps we should not call them *weary*. They had their

alleviations. His wife and children were allowed to visit him. His blind and most beloved daughter was permitted to cheer his solitude and her own. He had his Bible, and his "Book of Martyrs." He had his imagination, and his pen. Above all, he had a good conscience. He felt it a blessed exchange to quit the "iron cage" of despair for a "den" oft visited by a celestial comforter; and which, however cheerless, did not lack a door to heaven.

Whether it was the man's own humanity, or whether it was that God who assuaged Joseph's captivity gave Bunyan special favour in the eyes of the keeper of his prison, the fact is certain, that he met with singlar indulgence at the least likely hands. Not only was he allowed many a little indulgence in his cell, but he was suffered to go and come with a freedom which could hardly have been exceeded had the county jail been his own hired house. For months together he was a constant attender of the church-meetings of his brethren in Bedford, and was actually chosen pastor during the period of his incarceration. On one occasion, some of the bishops who had heard a rumour of the unusual liberty conceded to him, sent a messenger from London to Bedford to ascertain the truth. The officer was instructed to call at the prison during the night. It was a night when Bunyan had received permission to stay at home with his family; but so uneasy did he feel, that he told his wife he must go back to his old quarters. So late was it, that the jailer blamed him for coming at such an untimely hour; but a little afterwards the messenger arrived. "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." Bunyan was called, and the messenger went his way; and when he was gone the jailer told him, "Well, you may go out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

Among the best alleviations of his captivity were the works

which he there projected or composed. One of these was his own life, under the title of "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners."

In 1672 he obtained his liberty, and his friends immediately built for him a large meeting-house, where he continued to preach with little interruption till his death. Once a-year he visited London, and was there so popular, that twelve hundred people would gather together at seven in the morning of a winter's working-day to hear him. Amongst the admiring listeners, Dr Owen was frequently found; and once when Charles the Second asked how a learned man like him could sit down to hear a tinker prate, the great theologian is said to have answered, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess the tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." But popular as he was, he was not fond of praise. One day after he had concluded an impressive discourse, his friends pressed round to thank him for his "sweet sermon." "Ay," he bluntly answered, "you need not remind me of that; for the devil told me as much before I left the pulpit."

He had numbered sixty years, and written as many books, when he was released from his abundant labours. A young gentleman, his neighbour, had fallen under his father's displeasure, and was much concerned at his father's estrangement as well as at the prospect of being disinherited. He begged Mr Bunyan's friendly interposition to propitiate his father, and prepare the way for his return to parental favour and affection. The kind-hearted man undertook the task, and having successfully achieved it, was returning from Reading to London on horseback, when he was thoroughly drenched with excessive rains. He arrived cold and wet at the house of Mr Strudwick, a grocer on Snow Hill. Here he was seized with fits of shivering, which passed off in violent fever, and after ten days' sickness, on the 31st of

August 1688, his pilgrimage ended, and he went in by the gate into the city.

Bunyan's theological merits we rank very high. No one can turn over his pages without noticing the abundance of his Scriptural quotations; and these quotations no one can examine without perceiving how minutely he had studied, and how deeply he had pondered, the Word of God. But it is possible to be very *textual* and yet by no means very *Scriptural*. A man may have an exact acquaintance with the literal Bible, and yet entirely miss the great Bible message. He may possess a dexterous command of detached passages and insulated sentences, and yet be strangely ignorant of that peculiar scheme which forms the great gospel revelation. But this was Bunyan's peculiar excellence. He was even better acquainted with the gospel as the scheme of God, than he was familiar with the Bible-text; and the consequence is, that though he is sometimes irrelevant in his references, and fanciful in interpreting particular passages, his doctrine is almost always according to the analogy of faith. The doctrine of a justification, free, instant, and entire, by the imputed righteousness of Christ, none, even of the Puritans, could state with more Luther-like boldness, nor defend with an affection more worthy of Paul. In his last and best days, Coleridge wrote, "I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is in my conviction the best *Summa Theologiæ Evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired."*

Invaluable as a theologian, Bunyan stands alone as a contributor to theological literature. In recent times no man has done so much to draw the world's delighted attention to the

* "Remains," vol. iii. p. 391.

subjects of supreme solicitude. No production of a mortal pen has found so many readers as that one work of his; and none has awakened so frequently the sighing behest, "Let me die the death of the righteous." No writer uninspired has painted the beauty of holiness in tints more lovely, nor spoken in tones more thrilling to the heart of universal humanity. At first the favourite of the vulgar, he is now the wonder of the learned; and from the obscurity, not inglorious, of smoky cupboards and cottage chimneys, he has been escorted up to the highest places of classical renown, and duly canonised by the pontiffs of taste and literature. The man whom Cowper praised anonymously,

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer,"

has at last extorted emulous plaudits from a larger host of writers than ever conspired to praise a man of genius, who was also a man of God. Johnson and Franklin, Scott, Coleridge, and Southey, Byron and Montgomery, Macintosh and Macaulay, have exerted their philosophical acumen and poetic feeling to analyse his various spell, and account for his unequalled fame; and though the round-cornered copies, with their diverting woodcuts, have not disappeared from the poor man's ingle, illustrated editions blaze from the shelves of every sumptuous library; new pictures, from the exhaustless theme, light up the walls of each annual exhibition; and amidst the graceful litter of the drawing-room table, you are sure to take up designs from the "Pilgrim's Progress." So universal is the ascendency of the tinker-teacher, so world-wide the diocese of him whom Whitefield used to call Bishop Bunyan, that probably half the ideas which the outside-world entertains regarding experimental piety, have, in some form or other, been derived from him. One of the most popular preachers in his day, in his little treatises, as well as in his longer allegories, he preaches to countless thousands still.—The cause of this unexampled popularity is a question of great practical moment.

And, first of all, Bunyan speaks to the whole of man—to his imagination, his intellect, his heart. He embodied in his person, though greatly magnified, the average mind of England—playful, affectionate, downright. His intellectual power comes chiefly out in that homely, self-commending sense—the brief, business-like reasoning, which might be termed Saxon logic, and of which Swift in one century, and Cobbett in another, are obvious instances. His premises are not always sound, nor his inferences always legitimate; but there is such evident absence of sophistry, and even of that refining and hair-splitting which usually beget the suspicion of sophistry—his statements are so sincere, and his conclusions so direct—the language is so perspicuous, and the appeal is made so honestly to each reader's understanding, that his popularity as a reasoner is inevitable. We need not say that the author of the "Pilgrim" possessed imagination; but it is important to note the service it rendered to his preaching, and the charm which it still imparts to his miscellaneous works. The pictorial power he possessed in a rare degree. His mental eye perceived the truth most vividly. Some minds are moving in a constant mystery. They see men like trees walking. The different doctrines of the Bible all wear dim outlines to them, jostling and jumbling; and after a perplexing morrice of bewildering hints and half-discoveries, they vanish into the misty back-ground of nonentity. To Bunyan's bright and broad-waking eye all things were clear. The men walked, and the trees stood still. Everything was seen in sharp relief and definite outline—a *reality*. And besides the pictorial, he possessed in highest perfection the illustrative faculty. Not only did his own mind perceive the truth most vividly, but he saw the very way to give others a clear perception of it also. This is the great secret of successful teaching. Like a man who has clambered his difficult way to the top of a rocky eminence, but who, once he has reached the summit, per-

ceives an easier path, and directs his companions along its gentler slopes, and gives them a helping-hand to lift them over the final obstacles; it was by giant struggles over the debris of crumbling hopes, and through jungles of despair, and up the cliffs of apparent impossibility, that Bunyan forced his way to the pinnacle of his eventual joy; but no sooner was he standing there, than his exulting eye detected the easier path, and he made it the business of his benevolent ministry to guide others into it. Though not the truth, an illustration is a stepping-stone towards it—an indentation in the rock which makes it easier to climb. No man had a happier knack in hewing out these notches in the cliff, and no one knew better where to place them, than this pilgrim's pioneer. Besides, he rightly judged that the value of these suggestive similes—these illustrative stepping-stones—depends very much on their breadth and frequency. But Bunyan appeals not only to the intellect and imagination, but to the hearts of men. There was no bitterness in Bunyan. He was a man of kindness and compassion. How sorry he is for Mr Badman's wife! and how he makes you sympathise with Christian, and Mr Ready-to-halt, and Mr Feeble-mind, and all the other interesting companions of that eventful journey! And in his sermons how piteously he pleads with sinners for their own souls, and how impressive is the undisguised vehemency of his yearning affections! In the same sentence, Bunyan has a word for the man of sense, and another for the man of fancy, and a third for the man of feeling; and by thus blending the intellectual, the imaginative, and the affectionate, he speaks home to the whole of man, and has made his works a lesson-book for all mankind.

Another secret of Bunyan's popularity is the felicity of his style. His English is vernacular, idiomatic, universal; varying with the subject; homely in the continuous narrative; racy and pungent in his lively and often rapid discourse; and, when

occasion requires, "a model of unaffected dignity and rhythmical flow;" but always plain, strong, and natural. However, in speaking of his style, we do not so much intend his words as his entire mode of expression. A thought is like a gem; but like a gem it may be spoiled in the setting. A careless artist may chip it and grievously curtail its dimensions; a clumsy craftsman, in his fear of destroying it, may not sufficiently polish it; or in his solicitude to shew off its beauty, may overdo the accompanying ornaments. Bunyan was too skilful a workman so to mismanage the matter. His expression neither curtails nor encumbers the thought, but makes the most of it; that is, presents it to the reader as it is seen by the writer. Though there is a great appearance of amplitude about his compositions, few of his words could be wanted. Some styles are an ill-spun thread, full of inequalities, and shaggy, from beginning to end, with projecting fibres which spoil its beauty, and add nothing to its strength; but in its easy continuousness and trim compactness, the thread of Bunyan's discourse flows firm and smooth from first to last. Its fulness regales the ear, and its felicity aids the understanding.

Bunyan's works have been several times reprinted; but by far the most complete and accurate collection of his various publications is contained in three royal octavos, recently edited by George Offor, Esq. of Hackney. A good selection of his minor pieces is contained in Messrs Nelsons' "Works of the Puritan Divines." The reprints of "The Pilgrim," in our own and other languages, are almost innumerable; but of the earlier editions of that, and some of his other works, the copies are now exceedingly rare. The most successful collectors, we believe, are Mr Offor of London, and Mr Lenox of New York.

SPECIMENS.

The Jerusalem Sinner.

[" THE Jerusalem Sinner Saved" was published in the last year of Bunyan's life. Like his "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ," it glows with the goodwill of the gospel. Its vivid, almost dramatic, exhibitions of truth, shew how admirably its author was fitted for the work of a preacher, and it goes far to account for the thousands who flocked to hear him when he came to London.]

Would Jesus Christ have mercy offered in the first place to the biggest sinners? then here is encouragement for you that think, for wicked hearts and lives, you have not your fellows in the world, yet to come to Him.

There is a people that therefore fear lest they should be rejected of Jesus Christ, because of the greatness of their sins; when, as you see here, such are sent to by Jesus Christ to come to Him for mercy, "Begin at Jerusalem." Never did one thing answer another more fitly in this world than this text fitteth such kind of sinners. As face answereth face in a glass, so this text answereth the necessities of such sinners. What can a man say more, but that he stands in the rank of the biggest sinners? Let him stretch himself whither he can, and think of himself to the utmost, he can but conclude himself to be one of the biggest sinners. And what then? Why, the text meets him in the very face, and saith, Christ offereth mercy to the biggest sinners, to the very Jerusalem sinners. What more can be objected? Nay, He doth not only offer to such His mercy, but to them it is commanded to be offered in the first place; "Begin at Jerusalem." Preach repentance and

remission of sins among all nations. "Begin at Jerusalem." Is not here encouragement for those that think, for wicked hearts and lives, they have not their fellows in the world?

Object. But I have a heart as hard as a rock.

Answ. Well, but this doth but prove thee a bigger sinner.

Object. But my heart continually frets against the Lord.

Answ. Well, this doth but prove thee a bigger sinner.

Object. But I have been desperate in sinful courses.

Answ. Well, stand thou with the number of the biggest sinners.

Object. But my gray head is found in the way of wickedness.

Answ. Well, thou art in the rank of the biggest sinners.

Object. But I have not only a base heart, but I have lived a debauched life.

Answ. Stand thou also among those that are called the biggest sinners. And what then? Why the text swoops you all; you cannot object yourselves beyond the text. It has a particular message to the biggest sinners. I say, it swoops you all.

Object. But I am a reprobate.

Answ. Now thou talkest like a fool, and of that thou understandest not: no sin, but the sin of final impenitence, can prove a man a reprobate; and I am sure thou hast not arrived as yet unto that; therefore thou understandest not what thou sayest, and makest groundless conclusions against thyself. Say thou art a sinner, and I will hold with thee; say thou art a great sinner, and I will say so too; yea, say thou art one of the biggest sinners, and spare not; for the text yet is beyond thee, is yet betwixt hell and thee; "Begin at Jerusalem," has yet a smile upon thee; and thou talkest as if thou wast a reprobate, and that the greatness of thy sins do prove thee so to be, when yet they of Jerusalem were not such, whose sins, I daresay, were such, both for bigness and heinousness, as thou art incapable of committing beyond them; unless now, after

thou hast received conviction that the Lord Jesus is the only Saviour of the world, thou shouldst wickedly and despitefully turn thyself from Him, and conclude He is not to be trusted to for life, and so crucify Him for a cheat afresh. This, I must confess, will bring a man under the black rod, and set him in danger of eternal damnation (Heb vi. 6; chap. x. 29). This is trampling under foot the Son of God, and counting His blood an unholy thing. This did they of Jerusalem; but they did it ignorantly in unbelief, and so were yet capable of mercy; but to do this against professed light, and to stand to it, puts a man beyond the text indeed (Acts iii. 14–17; 1 Tim. i. 13).

But I say, what is this to him that would fain be saved by Christ? His sins did, as to greatness, never yet reach to the nature of the sins that the sinners intended by the text had made themselves guilty of. He that would be saved by Christ has an honourable esteem of Him; but they of Jerusalem preferred a murderer before Him; but as for Him, they cried, Away, away with Him, it is not fit that He should live. Perhaps thou wilt object, That thyself hast a thousand times preferred a stinking lust before Him: I answer, Be it so; it is but what is common to men to do; nor doth the Lord Jesus make such a foolish life a bar to thee, to forbid thy coming to Him, or a bond to His grace, that it might be kept from thee; but admits of thy repentance, and offereth Himself unto thee freely, as thou standest among the Jerusalem sinners.

Take therefore encouragement, man; mercy is, by the text, held forth to the biggest sinners; yea, put thyself into the number of the worst, by reckoning that thou mayest be one of the first, and mayest not be put off till the biggest sinners are served; for the biggest sinners are first invited; consequently, if they come, they are like to be the first that shall be served. It was so with Jerusalem; Jerusalem sinners were they that were first invited, and those of them that came first (and there came three thousand of them the first day they were invited;

how many came afterwards none can tell), they were first served.

Put in thy name, man, among the biggest, lest thou art made to wait till they are served. You have some men that think themselves very cunning, because they put up their names in their prayers among them that feign it, saying, God, I thank thee I am not so bad as the worst. But believe it, if they be saved at all, they shall be saved in the last place. The first in their own eyes shall be served last; and the last or worst shall be first. The text insinuates it, "Begin at Jerusalem;" and reason backs it, for they have most need. Behold ye, therefore, how God's ways are above ours; we are for serving the worst last, God is for serving the worst first. The man at the pool, that to my thinking was longest in his disease, and most helpless as to his cure, was first healed; yea, he only was healed; for we read that Christ healed him, but we read not then that He healed one more there! (John v. 1–10.)

Wherefore, if thou wouldest soonest be served, put in thy name among the very worst of sinners. Say, when thou art upon thy knees, Lord, here is a Jerusalem sinner! a sinner of the biggest size! and whose burden is of the greatest bulk and heaviest weight! one that cannot stand long without sinking into hell, without Thy supporting hand! "Be not thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste thou to help me!"

Wherefore, I say, be ruled by me in this matter; feign not thyself another man, if thou hast been a filthy sinner, but go in thy colours to Jesus Christ, and put thyself among the most vile, and let Him alone to put thee among the children (Jer. iii. 19). Confess all that thou knowest of thyself; I know thou wilt find it hard work to do thus; especially if thy mind be legal; but do it, lest thou stay and be deferred with the little sinners, until the great ones have had their alms. What do you think David intended when he said, his wounds stunk and were corrupted, but to hasten God to have mercy upon

him, and not to defer his cure? "Lord," says he, "I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long. . . . . I am feeble and sore broken, by reason of the disquietness of my heart" (Psalm xxxviii. 6–8).

David knew what he did by all this: he knew that his making the worst of his case, was the way to speedy help; and that a feigning and dissembling the matter with God, was the next way to a demur as to his forgiveness.

I have one thing more to offer for thy encouragement, who deemest thyself one of the biggest sinners; and that is, thou art as it were called by thy name, in the first place, to come in for mercy. Thou man of Jerusalem, hearken to thy call; men do so in courts of judicature, and presently cry out, Here, sir; and then they shoulder and crowd, and say, Pray give way, I am called into court. Why, this is thy case, thou great, thou Jerusalem sinner; be of good cheer, He calleth thee (Mark x. 46–49). Why sittest thou still? arise: why standest thou still? come, man, thy call should give thee authority to come. "Begin at Jerusalem," is thy call and authority to come; wherefore up and shoulder it, man; say, Stand away, devil, Christ calls me; stand away, unbelief, Christ calls me; stand away, all ye my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to Him to receive of His mercy. Men will do thus, as I said, in courts below; and why shouldst not thou approach thus to the court above? The Jerusalem sinner is first in thought, first in commission, first in the record of names; and therefore should give attendance with expectation, that he is first to receive mercy of God.

Is not this an encouragement to the biggest sinners to make their application to Christ for mercy? "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," doth also confirm this thing; that is, that the biggest sinner, and he that has the biggest burden, is he who is first invited. Christ pointeth over the heads of thousands, as He sits on the throne of grace, directly

to such a man; and says, Bring in hither the maimed, the halt, and the blind; let the Jerusalem sinner that stands there behind come to Me. Wherefore, since Christ says, "Come," to thee, let the angels make a lane, and let all men give place, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Jesus Christ for mercy.

Mr Badman's Courtship.

[Rough and homely as it is, "The Life and Death of Mr Badman" is both an entertaining and an affecting book. The picture is from the life. This degenerate son of pious parents had too many counterparts in the licentious days which followed the downfall of the Protectorate and Puritanism; and no book gives us a better notion of the ways of the world at that unprincipled and riotous period. But at the same time that the lively description and the satirical touches make us smile, the terrible reality of the downward career is more fitted to make us stand in awe; and in the broken-hearted life and early death of Mr Badman's wife, the writer finds an outlet for all the tenderness of his gentle nature.]

As I said, he wanted money, and that must be got by a wife, or no way: nor could he so easily get a wife neither, except he became an artist at the way of dissembling; nor would dissembling do among that people that could dissemble as well as he. But there dwelt a maid not far from him, that was both godly and one that had a good portion; but how to get her, there lay all the craft. Well, he calls a council of some of his trusty and cunning companions, and breaks his mind to them; to wit, that he had a mind to marry; and he also told them to whom. But, said he, how shall I accomplish my end? she is religious, and I am not. Then one of them made reply, saying, Since she is religious, you must pretend to be so likewise, and that for some time before you go to

her. Mark, therefore, whither she goes daily to hear, and do you go thither also; but there you must be sure to behave yourself soberly, and make as if you liked the Word wonderful well; stand also where she may see you: and when you come home, be sure that you walk the street very soberly, and go within sight of her. This done for a while, then go to her, and first talk of how sorry you are for your sins, and shew great love to the religion that she is of, still speaking well of her preachers, and of her godly acquaintance, bewailing your hard hap, that it was not your lot to be acquainted with her and her fellow-professors sooner; and this is the way to get her. Also you must write down sermons, talk of scriptures, and protest that you came a-wooing to her, only because she is godly, and because you should count it your greatest happiness if you might have but such a one. As for her money, slight it: it will be never the further off; that is the way to come soonest at it: for she will be jealous at first that you come for her money: you know what she has, but make not a word about it. Do this, and you shall see if you do not entangle the lass.

Thus was the snare laid for this poor honest maid, and she was quickly catched in his pit.

Attentive. Why, did he take this counsel?

Wiseman. Did he! yes, and after a while, went as boldly to her, and that under a vizard of religion, as if he had been for honesty and godliness one of the most sincere and upright-hearted in England. He observed all his points, and followed the advice of his counsellors, and quickly obtained her too; for natural parts he had. He was tall and fair, and had plain, but very good clothes on his back; and his religion was the more easily obtained, for he had seen something in the house of his father and first master, and so could the more readily put himself into the form and show thereof.

So he appointed his day, and went to her, as that he might

easily do, for she had neither father nor mother to oppose. Well, when he was come, and had given her a civil compliment, to let her understand why he was come, then he began and told her, That he had found in his heart a great deal of love to her person; and that of all the damsels in the world he had pitched upon her, if she thought fit to make her his beloved wife. The reasons, as he told her, why he had pitched upon her were her religious and personal excellences; and therefore entreated her to take his condition into her tender and loving consideration. As for the world, quoth he, I have a very good trade, and can maintain myself and family well, while my wife sits still on her seat; I have got thus and thus much already, and feel money come in every day; but that is not the thing that I aim at; it is an honest and godly wife. Then he would present her with a good book or two, pretending how much good he had got by them himself. He would also often be speaking well of godly ministers, especially of those that he perceived she liked and loved most. Besides, he would be often telling of her what a godly father he had, and what a new man he was also become himself; and thus did this treacherous dealer deal with this honest and good girl, to her great grief and sorrow, as afterwards you shall hear.

Atten. But had the maid no friend to look after her?

Wise. Her father and mother were dead, and that he knew well enough, and so she was the more easily overcome by his naughty, lying tongue. But if she had never so many friends, she might have been beguiled by him. It is too much the custom of young people now to think themselves wise enough to make their own choice, and that they need not ask counsel of those that are elder, and also wiser than they; but this is a great fault in them, and many of them have paid dear for it. Well, to be short, in little time Mr Badman obtains his desire; gets this honest girl and her money; is married to her; brings

her home; makes a feast; entertains her royally: but her portion must pay for all.

Mr Badman's Bankruptcy.

Atten. But what do you mean by Mr Badman's breaking? You speak mystically, do you not?

Wise. No, no; I speak plainly: or, if you will have it in plainer language, it is this: when Mr Badman had swaggered and rioted away most of his wife's portion, he began to feel that he could not much longer stand upon his legs in this course of life, and keep up his trade and repute (such as he had) in the world, but by the new engine of breaking. Wherefore, upon a time, he gives a great and sudden rush into several men's debts, to the value of about four or five thousand pounds, driving at the same time a very great trade, by selling many things for less than they cost him, to get him custom, therewith to blind his creditors' eyes. His creditors therefore, seeing that he had a great employ, and dreaming that it must needs at length turn to a very good account to them, trusted him freely without mistrust, and so did others too, to the value of what was mentioned before. Well, when Mr Badman had well feathered his nest with other men's goods and money, after a little time he breaks. And by and by it is noised abroad that Mr Badman had shut up his shop, was gone, and could trade no longer. Now, by that time his breaking had come to his creditors' ears, he had by craft and knavery made so sure of what he had, that his creditors could not touch a penny. Well, when he had done, he sends his mournful sugared letters to his creditors, to let them understand what had happened unto him, and desired them not to be severe with him; for he bore towards all men an honest mind, and would pay so far as he was able. Now, he sends his letters by a man confederate with him, who could make both the

worst and best of Mr Badman's case—the best for Mr Badman, and the worst for his creditors: so when he comes to them, he both bemoans them, and condoles Mr Badman's condition; telling of them, that, without a speedy bringing of things to a conclusion, Mr Badman would be able to make them no satisfaction; but at present he both could and would, and that to the utmost of his power; and to that end he desired that they would come over to him. Well, his creditors appoint him a time, and come over; and he, meanwhile, authorises another to treat with them, but will not be seen himself, unless it was on a Sunday, lest they should snap him with a writ. So his deputed friend treats with them about their concern with Mr Badman, first telling them of the great care that Mr Badman took to satisfy them and all men for whatsoever he owed, as far as in him lay, and how little he thought a while since to be in this low condition. He pleaded also the greatness of his charge, the greatness of taxes, the badness of the times, and the great losses that he had by many of his customers, some of which died in his debt, others were run away, and for many that were alive, he never expected a farthing from them. Yet nevertheless he would shew himself an honest man, and would pay as far as he was able; and if they were willing to come to terms, he would make a composition with them; for he was not able to pay them all. The creditors asked what he would give? It was replied, Half-a-crown in the pound. At this they began to huff, and he to renew his complaint and entreaty; but the creditors would not hear; and so for that time their meeting without success broke up. But after his creditors were in cool blood, and admitting of second thoughts, and fearing lest delays should make them lose all, they admit of a second debate, come together again, and by many words, and a great ado, they obtain five shillings in the pound. So the money was produced, releases and discharges drawn, signed, and sealed, books crossed, and all things confirmed: and then

Mr Badman can put his head out a-doors again, and be a better man than when he shut up his shop by several thousands of pounds.

Atten. And did he do thus indeed?

Wise. Yes, once and again. I think he broke twice or thrice.

Atten. And did he do it before he had need to do it?

Wise. Need! What do you mean by need? There is no need at any time for a man to play the knave. He did it of a wicked mind, to defraud and beguile his creditors; he had wherewithal of his father, and also by his wife, to have lived upon with lawful labour, like an honest man. He had also when he made this wicked break (though he had been a profuse and prodigal spender) to have paid his creditors their own to a farthing. But had he done so, he had not done like himself, like Mr Badman; had he, I say, dealt like an honest man, he had then gone out of Mr Badman's road.

The Home-going of the Pilgrims.

[It is almost superfluous to quote from a book of which more copies exist than of any other, the Bible excepted. But no bouquet is complete without the rose, and no one ever wearies of the queen of flowers. Our specimens would be sadly imperfect without an extract from "The Pilgrim;" and we cannot imagine any reader tired of perusing its touching conclusion.

As shewing that the experience of the pilgrims is no figment of fancy, but that it is renewed from time to time in the case of those who have kept the narrow way, we may be allowed to quote a few sentences from one of the last letters written by the heavenly-minded Payson:—

"Dear Sister,—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of

which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm.

"But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? Why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and of these I can tell you very little. Oh, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian —could you know only so much as I know—you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labours, trials, troubles would be nothing. You would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations, and, like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith and elevate your hope."]

After this I beheld, and they came unto the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and the orchards and

vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sounded so melodiously, that they could not sleep; and yet they received as much refreshment as if they had slept soundly. Here also all the talk of them that walked in the streets, was, "More pilgrims are come to town," and another would answer, saying, "And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day." They would cry again, "There is now a legion of shining ones just come; by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road:" for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after their sorrow. Then the pilgrims got up, and walked to and fro. Their eyes were now filled with celestial visions. In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing, that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river, over which they were to go, they thought it tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but it proved sweet when it was down.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of those who had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed how the river to some has its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with affection. Here also grew camphor, and spikenard, saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here; and with these their bodies were anointed, to prepare them to go over the river, when the time appointed was come.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City with matters of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was; so the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, "Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects that thou shouldst stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days."

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, "An arrow sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone."

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr Great-heart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and would have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bade that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey.

So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. And she commanded them to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide, and to her children, she called to Mr Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places shewed yourself true-hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of

glory. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children, and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my son's wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr Standfast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr Honest, and said of him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Then said he, I wish you a fair day, when you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me, and dry me.

Then came in that good man, Mr Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, Thy travel hitherto has been with difficulty, but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready; for at an hour when you think not the messenger may come.

After him came Mr Despondency and his daughter, Much-afraid; to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hand of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be yet watchful, and cast away fear; be sober, and hope to the end.

Then she said to Mr Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living for ever, and see the King with comfort: only I advise thee to repent thee of thy aptness to fear and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldst, when he comes, be forced to stand before him for that fault with blushing.

Now, the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and

chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. The last words that she was heard to say, were, I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place; for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate, with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her.

In process of time there came a post to the town again, and his business was with Mr Ready-to-halt. So he inquired him out, and said, I am come to thee in the name of Him whom thou hast loved and followed, though upon crutches; and my message is to tell thee that he expects thee at his table, to sup with him in his kingdom, the next day after Easter: wherefore prepare thyself for thy journey.

Then he also gave him a token that he was a true messenger, saying, I have broken the golden bowl, and loosed the silver cord (Ecc. xii. 6).

After this Mr Ready-to-halt called for his fellow pilgrims, and told them, saying, I am sent for, and God shall surely visit you also. So he desired Mr Valiant to make his will. And because he had nothing to bequeath to them that would survive him, but his crutches and his good wishes, therefore thus he said: These crutches I bequeath to my son, that shall tread in my steps, with a hundred warm wishes that he may prove better than I have been.

Then he thanked Mr Great-heart for his conduct and kindness, and so addressed himself to his journey. When he came to the brink of the river, he said, Now I shall have no more need of these crutches, since yonder are chariots and horses for me to ride on. The last words he was heard to say, were, Welcome, life. So he went his way.

After this, Mr Feeble-mind had tidings brought him that the post had sounded his horn at his chamber door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee; and that in a very little time thou must behold his face in brightness. And take this as a token of the truth of my message: Those that look out of the windows shall be darkened (Ecc. xii. 3).

Then Mr Feeble-mind called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my feeble mind, that I will leave behind, for I shall have no need of it in the place whither I go; nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest pilgrim: wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr Valiant, would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the river as the rest. His last words were, Hold out, Faith and Patience. So he went over to the other side.

When many days had passed away, Mr Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with the King by the next Lord's day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings. And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof; so he gave him a grasshopper to be a burden unto him (Ecc. xii. 5).

Now, Mr Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr Despondency said to his friends, Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesome we have behaved ourselves in every company: my will and my daughter's is, that our desponding and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever; for I know that, after my death, they will offer

themselves to others; for, to be plain with you, they are guests which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after: and they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but for our sakes shut the doors against them.

When the time was come for them to depart, they went up to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr Despondency were, Farewell night, welcome day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass a while after, that there was a post in the town that inquired for Mr Honest. So he came to the house where he was, and delivered to his hands these lines: Thou art commanded to be ready against this day se'nnight, to present thyself before thy Lord at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, All the daughters of music shall be brought low (Ecc. xii. 4). Then Mr Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this. When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places; but Mr Honest in his life-time had spoken to one Good-Conscience to meet him there; which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr Honest were, Grace reigns! So he left the world.

After this, it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth had a summons by the same post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, That his pitcher was broken at the fountain (Ecc. xii. 6). When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, I am going to my Father's, and although with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I

give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said, O Death, where is thy sting? And as he went down deeper, he said, O Grave, where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Then there came a summons for Mr Standfast. This Mr Standfast was he that the pilgrims found upon his knees in the Enchanted Ground, and the post brought it him open in his hands. The contents whereof were, that he must prepare for a change of life; for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer. At this Mr Standfast was put into a muse: nay, saith the messenger, you need not doubt my message; for here is a token of the truth thereof: Thy wheel is broken at the cistern (Ecc. xii. 6). Then Mr Standfast called to him Mr Great-heart, who was their guide, and said unto him, Sir, although it was not my hap to be much in your good company in the days of my pilgrimage, yet, since the time I knew you, you have been profitable to me. When I came from home, I left behind me a wife and five small children; let me entreat you, at your return (for I know that you will go and return to your Master's house, that you may be a conducter to more of the holy pilgrims), that you may send to my family, and let them be acquainted with all that hath and shall happen unto me. Tell them, moreover, of my happy arrival at this place, and of the blessed condition that I am in. Tell them also of Christian, and Christiana his wife; and how she and her children came after her husband. Tell them also of what a happy end she made, and whither she is gone. I have little or nothing to send to my family, except it be my prayers and tears for them; of which it will

suffice that you acquaint them, if peradventure they may prevail.

When Mr Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now, there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr Standfast, when he was about half-way in, stood a while and talked to his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it also have often frighted me; now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests who bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan (Josh. iii. 17). The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and of what awaits me on the other side, lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the close of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was buffeted and spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his foot in the earth, there I have desired to set my foot too. His name has been sweeter to me than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most longed for the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me, and has kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps have been strengthened in his way.

Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, Take me, for I come unto Thee, he ceased to be seen of men.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in, at the beautiful gate of the city!

The Town of Mansoul.

[Although it has never been so popular as "The Pilgrim's Progress," a still more ingenious and elaborate allegory is "The Holy War," from which the following extracts are taken. Perhaps Bunyan's contemporaries were more accustomed than ourselves to associate religious experience with military metaphors; at least, such books as Downame's "Christian Warfare," and Gurnall's "Christian's Complete Armour," have few modern representatives; the only one at this moment recurring to our memory, being "The Contest and the Armour," by the late excellent Dr Abercrombie. But for depth of insight, range of experience, and fertility of illustration, it must be allowed that the little epic of "Mansoul" excelleth them all.

The first of the following quotations has suggested a title to "The Five Gateways of Knowledge," by Dr George Wilson, perhaps the most charming specimen of "the poetry of science" which has appeared in our day.]

Now, there is in this gallant country of Universe a fair and delicate town, a corporation, called Mansoul. A town for its building so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous—I mean with reference to its original—that I may say of it, as was said before of the continent in which it is placed, there is not its equal under the whole heaven.

The situation of this town is just between the two worlds,

and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he made, even the top-piece beyond anything else that he did in that country; yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul, when first built, that it is said by some, the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sang for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also mighty to have dominion over all the country round about; yea, all was commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all was enjoined to do homage to it; ay, the town itself had positive commission and power from her king, to demand service of all, and also to subdue any that anywise denied to do it.

There was reared up in the midst of this town a most famous and stately palace: for strength, it might be called a castle; for pleasantness, a paradise; for largeness, a place so copious as to contain all the world. This place the King Shaddai intended but for himself alone, and not another with him; partly because of his own delights, and partly because he would not that the terror of strangers should be upon the town. This place Shaddai made also a garrison of, but committed the keeping of it only to the men of the town.

The wall of the town was well built; yea, so fast and firm was it knit and compact together, that, had it not been for the townsmen themselves, they could not have been shaken or broken for ever.

For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentates, unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.

This famous town of Mansoul had five gates in at which to come, out at which to go; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls—to wit, impregnable, and such as could

never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these—Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.

Other things there were that belonged to the town of Mansoul, which, if you adjoin to these, will yet give further demonstration to all of the glory and strength of the place. It had always a sufficiency of provision within its walls; it had the best, most wholesome, and excellent law that then was extant in the world. There was not a rascal, rogue, or traitorous person then within its walls; they were all true men, and fast joined together; and this you know is a great matter. And to all these, it had always (so long as it had the goodness to keep true to Shaddai the king) his countenance, his protection, and it was his delight.

The Siege.

When the captains saw the answer of the great ones, and that they could not get a hearing from the old natives of the town, and that Mansoul was resolved to give the king's army battle; they prepared themselves to receive them, and to try it out by the power of the arm. And first they made their force more formidable against Ear-gate. For they knew that unless they could penetrate that, no good could be done upon the town. This done, they put the rest of their men in their places. After which they gave out the word, which was, "Ye must be born again." Then they sounded the trumpet; then they in the town made them answer, with shout against shout, charge against charge, and so the battle began. Now, they in the town had planted upon the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind, and the other Heady. Unto these two guns they trusted much: they were cast in the castle by Diabolus's founder, whose name was Mr Puff-up; and mischievous pieces they were. But so vigilant and watchful,

when the captains saw them, were they, that though sometimes their shot would go by their ears with a whizz, yet they did them no harm. By these two guns the townsfolk made no question, but greatly to annoy the camp of Shaddai, and well enough to secure the gate; but they had not much cause to boast of what execution they did, as by what follows will be gathered.

They from the camp did as stoutly, and with as much of that as may (in truth) be called valour, let fly as fast at the town and at Ear-gate: for they saw, that unless they could break open Ear-gate, it would be but in vain to batter the wall. Now, the king's captains had brought with them several slings, and two or three battering rams with their slings; therefore they battered the houses and people of the town, and with their rams they sought to break Ear-gate open.

The camp and the town had several skirmishes and brisk encounters; while the captains with their engines made many brave attempts to break open or beat down the tower that was over Ear-gate, and at the said gate to make their entrance. But Mansoul stood it out so lustily, through the rage of Diabolus, the valour of the Lord Will-be-will, and the conduct of old Incredulity the mayor, and Mr Forget-good the recorder, that the charge and expense of that summer's wars (on the King's side) seemed to be almost quite lost, and the advantage to return to Mansoul. But when the captains saw how it was, they made a fair retreat, and intrenched themselves in their winter quarters.

They of the camp did also some execution upon the town; for they beat down the roof of the old mayor's house, and so laid him more open than he was before. They had almost (with a sling) slain my Lord Will-be-will outright; but he made a shift to recover again. But they made a notable slaughter among the aldermen, for with only one shot they cut off six of them; to wit, Mr Swearing, Mr Whoring, Mr Fury, Mr Stand-to-lies, Mr Drunkenness, and Mr Cheating.

They also dismounted the two guns that stood upon the tower over Ear-gate, and laid them flat in the dirt. I told you before, that the King's noble captains had drawn off to their winter quarters, and had there intrenched themselves and their carriages, so as, with the best advantage to their King, and the greatest annoyance to the enemy, they might give seasonable and warm alarms to the town of Mansoul. And this design of them did so hit, that I may say they did almost what they would to the molestation of the corporation.

For now could not Mansoul keep securely as before, nor could they now go to their debaucheries with that quietness as in times past. For they had from the camp of Shaddai such frequent, warm, and terrifying alarms; yea, alarms upon alarms, first at one gate, and then at another, and again at all the gates at once, that they were broken as to former peace. Yea, they had their alarms so frequently, and that when the nights were at longest, the weather coldest, and so, consequently, the season most unseasonable, that that winter was to the town of Mansoul a winter by itself. Sometimes the trumpet would sound, and sometimes the slings would whirl the stones into the town. Sometimes ten thousand of the King's soldiers would be running round the walls of Mansoul at midnight, shouting, and lifting up the voice for the battle. Sometimes, again, some of those in the town would be wounded, and their cry and lamentable voice would be heard, to the great molestation of the now languishing town of Mansoul. Yea, so distressed with those that laid siege against them were they, that I dare say Diabolus, their king, had in these days his rest much broken.

In these days, as I was informed, new thoughts, and thoughts that began to run counter one to another, began to possess the minds of the men of the town of Mansoul. Some would say, "There is no living thus." Others would then reply, "This will be over shortly." Then would a third stand up and an-

swer, "Let us turn to the King Shaddai, and so put an end to these troubles." And a fourth would come in with a fear, saying, "I doubt he will not receive us." The old gentleman, too, the recorder,* that was so before Diabolus took Mansoul, he also began to talk aloud, and his words were now to the town of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder. No noise now so terrible to Mansoul as was his, with the noise of the soldiers, and shoutings of the captains.

Also things began to grow scarce in Mansoul, now the things that her soul lusted after were departing from her. Upon all her pleasant things there was a blast, and burning instead of beauty. Wrinkles now, and some shows of the shadow of death, were upon the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, oh! how glad would Mansoul have been to have enjoyed quietness and satisfaction of mind, though joined with the meanest condition in the world.

The Trial of the Traitors.

So the prisoners were set to the bar. Then said Mr Do-right (for he was the town-clerk), Set Atheism to the bar, jailer. So he was set to the bar. Then said the clerk, Atheism, hold up thy hand. Thou art here indicted by the name of Atheism (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul), for that thou hast perniciously and devilishly taught and maintained that there is no God, and so no heed to be taken to religion. This hast thou done, against the being, honour, and glory of the King, and against the peace and safety of the town of Mansoul. What sayest thou; art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?"

Atheism. Not guilty.

Cryer. Call Mr Know-all, Mr Tell-true, and Mr Hate-lies into the court.

So they were called, and they appeared.

* The recorder: *i.e.*, conscience.

Clerk. Then said the clerk, You, the witnesses for the King, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?

Know. Then said Mr Know-all, Yes, my Lord, we know him; his name is Atheism; he has been a very pestilent fellow for many years in the miserable town of Mansoul.

Clerk. You are sure you know him.

Know. Know him? Yes, my Lord: I have heretofore too often been in his company, to be at this time ignorant of him. He is a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabolonian; I knew his grandfather and his father.

Clerk. Well said. He standeth here indicted by the name of Atheism, &c., and is charged, that he hath maintained and taught that there is no God, and so no heed need be taken to any religion. What say you, the King's witnesses, to this? Is he guilty, or not?

Know. My Lord, I and he were once in Villain's Lane together, and he at that time did briskly talk of divers opinions, and then and there I heard him say, that for his part he did believe that there was no God; but, said he, I can profess one, and be as religious too, if the company I am in, and the circumstances of other things, said he, shall put me upon it.

Clerk. You are sure you heard him say thus?

Know. Upon mine oath I heard him say thus.

Then said the clerk, Mr Tell-true, what say you to the King's judges, touching the prisoner at the bar?

Tell. My Lord, I formerly was a great companion of his (for the which I now repent me), and I have often heard him say, and that with very great stomachfulness, that he believed there was neither God, angel, nor spirit.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say so?

Tell. In Blackmouth Lane, and in Blasphemers' Row, and in many other places besides.

Clerk. Have you much knowledge of him?

Tell. I know him to be a Diabolonian, the son of a Diabo-

lonian, and an horrible man to deny a Deity; his father's name was Never-be-good, and he had more children than this Atheism. I have no more to say.

Clerk. Mr Hate-lies, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?

Hate. My Lord, this Atheism is one of the vilest wretches that ever I came near, or had to do with in my life. I have heard him say, that there is no God; I have heard him say, that there is no world to come, no sin, nor punishment hereafter; and, moreover, I have heard him say, that it was as good to go to a tavern as to hear a sermon.

Clerk. Where did you hear him say these things?

Hate. In Drunkard's Row, just at Rascal Lane's end, at a house in which Mr Impiety lived.

Clerk. Set him by, jailer, and set Mr Lustings to the bar.

Mr Lustings, thou art here indicted by the name of Lustings (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul), for that thou hast devilishly and traitorously taught, by practice and filthy words, that it is lawful and profitable to man to give way to his carnal desires; and that thou, for thy part, hast not, nor never will, deny thyself of thy sinful delight, as long as thy name is Lustings. How sayest thou; art thou guilty of this indictment, or not?

Lust. Then said Mr Lustings, My Lord, I am a man of high birth, and have been used to pleasures and pastimes of greatness. I have not been wont to be snubbed for my doings, but have been left to follow my will as if it were law. And it seems strange to me, that I should this day be called into question for that, that not only I, but also all men, do either secretly or openly countenance, love, and approve of.

Clerk. Sir, we concern not ourselves with your greatness (though the higher the better you should have been), but we are concerned, and so are you now, about an indictment preferred against you. How say you; are you guilty of it, or not?

Lust. Not guilty.

Clerk. Crier, call upon the witnesses to stand forth and give their evidence.

Cry. Gentlemen, you the witnesses for the King come in, and give in your evidence for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar.

Clerk. Come, Mr Know-all, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Do you know him?

Know. Yes, my Lord, I know him.

Clerk. What is his name?

Know. His name is Lustings: he was the son of one Beastly, and his mother bare him in Flesh Street; she was one Evil-concupiscence's daughter. I knew all the generation of them.

Clerk. Well said. You have here heard his indictment, what say you to it, Is he guilty of the things charged against him, or not?

Know. My Lord, he has, as he saith, been a great man indeed; and greater in wickedness than by pedigree, more than a thousandfold.

Clerk. But what do you know of his particular actions, and especially with reference to his indictment.

Know. I know him to be a swearer, a liar, a Sabbath-breaker; I know him to be a fornicator and an unclean person; I know him to be guilty of abundance of evils. He has been to my knowledge a very filthy man.

Clerk. But where did he use to commit his wickednesses? in some private corners, or more open and shamelessly?

Know. All the town over, my Lord.

Clerk. Come, Mr Tell-true, what have you to say for our Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar?

Tell. My Lord, all that the first witness has said I know to be true, and a great deal more besides.

Clerk. Mr Lustings, do you hear what these gentlemen say?

Lust. I was ever of opinion, that the happiest life that a

man could live on earth, was to keep himself back from nothing that he desired in the world; nor have I been false at any time to this opinion of mine, but have lived in the love of my notions all my days. Nor was I ever so churlish, having found such sweetness in them myself, as to keep the commendations of them from others.

Court. Then said the Court, There hath proceeded enough from his own mouth to lay him open to condemnation; wherefore set him by, jailer, and set Mr Incredulity to the bar.

Incredulity set to the bar.

Clerk. Mr Incredulity, thou art here indicted by the name of Incredulity (an intruder upon the town of Mansoul), for that thou hast feloniously and wickedly, and that when thou wert an officer in the town of Mansoul, made head against the captains of the great King Shaddai, when they came and demanded possession of Mansoul; yea, thou didst bid defiance to the name, forces, and cause of the King; and didst also, as did Diabolus thy captain, stir up and encourage the town of Mansoul to make head against, and resist the said force of the King. What sayest thou to this indictment; art thou guilty of it, or not?

Then said Incredulity, I know not Shaddai. I love my old prince. I thought it my duty to be true to my trust, and to do what I could to possess the minds of the men of Mansoul to do their utmost to resist strangers and foreigners, and with might to fight against them. Nor have I, nor shall I change my opinion, for fear of trouble, though you at present are possessed of place and power.

Court. Then said the Court, The man, as you see, is incorrigible. He is for maintaining his villanies by stoutness of words, and his rebellion with impudent confidence; and therefore set him by, jailer, and set Mr Forget-good to the bar.

EMBLEMS.

[The song of the shepherd's boy in the "Valley of Humiliation,"* has fixed itself in almost every memory; but, with this exception, there is little of Bunyan's poetry which is equal to his prose. But in his "Book for Boys and Girls," there are some little compositions which, amidst all their homeliness, are curious as examples of a literature in which our English language is not abundant.]

Upon a Penny Loaf.

Thy price one penny is in time of plenty,
In famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty;
Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set
When there is but one penny loaf to get.

COMPARISON.

This loaf 's an emblem of the Word of God:
A thing of low esteem before the rod
Of famine smites the soul with fear of death;
But then it is our all, our life, our breath.

Of the Boy and Butterfly.

Behold, how eager this our little boy
Is for this butterfly, as if all joy,
All profits, honours, yea, and lasting pleasures
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest treasures,

---

* "He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

"Fulness a burden is to such
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter much,
Is best from age to age."

Found in her, would be bundled up together;
When all her all is lighter than a feather.
He hallocs, runs, and cries out, Here, boys, here!
Nor doth he brambles or the nettles fear;
He stumbles at the mole-hills, up he gets
And runs again, as one bereft of wits;
And all this labour, and this large outcry,
Is only for a silly butterfly.

COMPARISON.

This little boy an emblem is of those
Whose hearts are wholly at the world's dispose.
The butterfly doth represent to me
The world's best things, at best but fading be;
All are but painted nothings and false joys,
Like this poor butterfly to these our boys.
His running through nettles, thorns, and briers
To gratify his boyish fond desires;
His tumbling over mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his butterfly to gain;
Doth plainly shew what hazards some men run
To get what will be lost as soon as won.
Men seem in choice than children far more wise,
Because they run not after butterflies;
When yet, alas! for what are empty toys
They follow, children-like, the beardless boys.

Upon the Frog.

The frog by nature is both damp and cold,
Her mouth is large, her belly much will hold;
She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, though unpleasantly.

COMPARISON.

The hypocrite is like unto this frog,
As like as is the puppy to the dog.
He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide
To prate, and at true goodness to deride.
He mounts his head as if he was above
The world, when yet 'tis that which has his love;
And though he seeks in churches for to croak,
He neither loveth Jesus nor His yoke.

JOHN FLAVEL.

DURING the Plague of London, in 1665, a few Christian friends were met for prayer in a private house in Covent Garden; but, as it was an unlawful assembly, the soldiers broke in with drawn swords and arrested the worshippers. They were committed to Newgate prison, where the pestilence was raging; and an old minister from the country, Mr Richard Flavel, and his wife, caught the infection, and were released only to die.

Their eldest son was also at this time a minister. He had been born in a pleasant parsonage in Worcestershire, and on the soft summer evenings, whilst he lay a babe in the cradle, a nightingale kept up such a constant serenade at the chamber window as filled the young mother with all sorts of happy prognostics. Poor lady! she little dreamed that she and her husband were to exchange the orchard and rose-trees of Broomsgrove for a filthy and pestilent prison; but although their first-born did not turn out a musician or a poet, he was destined to a nobler vocation. As a minister and author, he transmitted the joyful sound of the gospel through the dark reigns of Charles and James the Second; and of all who sang songs in that night, few found listeners so eager and grateful as John Flavel.

In 1656, and when he was about twenty-six years of age, the people of Dartmouth, in Devon, chose him as their minister. Going amongst them on their own invitation, and in all the freshness of his affections, he and the inhabitants became ardently attached to one another. With his fund of striking incidents, with his faculty of happy illustration, with a temperament in which cheerfulness and solemnity were remarkably blended, and with a style of address in which

friendly encouragement alternated with grave remonstrance and melting pathos, except among the veriest reprobates his ministry was boundlessly popular; and when he went from home, his plain and arresting discourses were so often the means of awakening or converting careless hearers, that he was induced to extend his labours far beyond the bounds of his own large parish.

The period, however, was brief during which he was allowed to ply such a free and unfettered ministry. Ejected by the Act of Uniformity, for some time he endeavoured to keep together and instruct the members of his flock; but spies and penal laws made their meetings difficult and dangerous. At last the Oxford Act was promulgated, and according to its terms Mr Flavel could no longer reside in Dartmouth. On the day of his departure, the inhabitants accompanied him as far as the churchyard of Townstall, where, amidst prayers and tears, they parted. Nevertheless, his heart was still with his beloved people. He took up his abode as near them as the letter of the law allowed; and, sometimes in Dartmouth itself, sometimes in a quiet apartment in a neighbouring village, and sometimes in a wood or other sheltered spot in the open air, he contrived to meet a detachment of them almost every Sabbath-day.

At last King James's Indulgence permitted the open resumption of his ministry. A commodious meeting-house was built, and there, for the few remaining years of his life, he continued to warn, exhort, and comfort all who came, with a fervour of which the tradition has not yet died out in Devon. His prayers were wonderful. Much of his retirement was spent in devotional exercises; and in the great congregation he was sometimes seized with such agonies of earnestness, or carried away in such a rapture of praise and thanksgiving, that it seemed as if the tabernacle of clay must perish amidst the excessive emotion. At last, towards the end of June 1691,

he presided at a meeting of the Nonconformist ministers of Devonshire. The object was to bring about a union of Presbyterians and Independents. The preliminary resolutions passed unanimously, and "Mr Flavel closed the work of the day with prayer and praise, in which his spirit was carried out with wonderful enlargement and affection." On the 26th, he wrote to a London minister an account of this auspicious meeting, and appeared remarkably cheerful and happy. But that evening, towards the close of supper, one of his hands grew numb, so that he could not raise it to his head. This alarmed his wife and friends, and whilst they were chafing and trying to reanimate the torpid limb, the palsy crept down the whole of that side. They carried him up-stairs, and as they went, he said, "It is the last time; but I know that it will be well with me." They laid him on the bed, and he soon expired, without a movement or a groan.

No period of English history has been so fruitful in religious literature as the half-century between the commencement of the Parliamentary War and the glorious Revolution; or, we might say, the period included in the publishing career of Richard Baxter. But amidst that enormous authorship there are few books which retain so much attraction for modern readers as some of Flavel's practical treatises; such as "The Mystery of Providence," "A Token for Mourners," "A Saint Indeed," and the two volumes on "Husbandry" and Navigation Spiritualised." For their enduring popularity they are, no doubt, in some degree indebted to their kind, affable, and earnest tone; but still more, we presume, is due to the skill and felicity with which matters of the greatest moment are expounded. With a view to be useful, the writer's great anxiety was to be understood, and he sought out the words and the modes of representation which might suit the sailors of Dartmouth and Plymouth, and the farmers of Devon and Dorset. His books abound in anecdote, and they are rich in those

homely metaphors and ingenious comparisons which are an effective ingredient in popular oratory. Above all, they command the reader's attention, by the importance of the themes which they handle; they secure his confidence, by their unaffected seriousness and deep sincerity; and they win his heart, by the evangelical warmth and personal kindness with which they are all aglow.

Mr Flavel had a happiness far beyond all literary renown. His books were useful. One day, when in London, his publisher, Mr Boulter, told him the following incident:—There came into the shop "a sparkish gentleman," inquiring for play books. Mr Boulter did not keep such books, but shewed him Mr Flavel's treatise "On Keeping the Heart," and begged him to read it, as it would do him more good than a comedy. The gentleman read the title, and glanced into a few pages here and there, and, in terms sufficiently profane, exclaimed at the fanatic who could make such a book. However, he bought it, at the same time saying, "I don't mean to read it." "And what, then, will you do with it?" asked Mr Boulter. "I shall tear it, and burn it, and send it to the devil." "Then," said the bookseller, "you shall not have it." The upshot was that he promised to read it—Mr Boulter promising, that if he did not like it, he should receive back his money. About a month after, the gentleman returned, although by no means so gaily attired as on his former visit. Addressing Mr Boulter, he said—"Sir, I most heartily thank you for putting this book into my hands, and I bless God that moved you to do it: it has saved my soul." At the same time, he bought a hundred copies of the publication to which he was so much indebted, in order to distribute to the poor.

Our first extracts are from the work entitled, "Divine Conduct; or, The Mystery of Providence." Its lessons are very happily enforced by the selection of striking incidents from history sacred and profane.

Man's Extremity God's Opportunity.

We find a multitude of providences so timed to a minute, that, had they fallen out ever so little sooner or later, they had signified but little in comparison of what they now do. Certainly it cannot be casualty, but counsel, that so exactly nicks the opportunity. Contingencies keep no rules.

How remarkable to this purpose was the tidings brought to Saul, that the Philistines had invaded the land, just as he was ready to grasp the prey (1 Sam. xxiii. 27). The angel calls to Abraham, and shews him another sacrifice, just when his hand was giving the fatal stroke to Isaac (Gen. xxii. 10, 11). A well of water is discovered to Hagar just when she had left the child as not able to see its death (Gen. xxi. 16–19). Rabshakeh meets with a blasting providence, hears a rumour that frustrated his design, just when ready to give the shock against Jerusalem (Isaiah xxxvii. 7, 8). So when Haman's plot against the Jews was ripe, and all things ready for execution, "On that night could not the king sleep" (Esther vi. 1). When the horns are ready to gore Judah, immediately carpenters are prepared to fray them away (Zech. i. 18–21). How remarkable was the relief of Rochelle, by a shoal of fish that came into the harbour when they were ready to perish with hunger, such as they never observed either before or after that time. Mr Dodd could not go to bed one night, but feels a strong impulse to visit (though unseasonably) a neighbouring gentleman, and just as he came he meets him at his door, with a halter in his pocket, just going to hang himself. Dr Tate and his wife, in the Irish Rebellion, flying through the woods with a sucking child, which was just ready to expire; the mother, going to rest it upon a rock, puts her hand upon a bottle of warm milk, by which it was preserved. A good woman, from whose mouth I received it, being driven to a great extremity, all supplies failing, was exceedingly plunged into unbelieving

doubts and fears, not seeing whence supplies should come; when, lo! in the nick of time, turning some things in a chest, she unexpectedly lights upon a piece of gold, which supplied her present wants, till God opened another door of supply. If these things fall out casually, how is it that they observe the very juncture of time so exactly? This is become proverbial in Scripture. "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen" (Gen. xxii. 14).

Unlikely Instruments.

In the first planting of Christianity, Christ did not choose eloquent orators, or men of authority in the courts of kings and emperors, but twelve poor mechanics and fishermen; and these not sent together in a troop, but some to take one country to conquer it, and some another; the most ridiculous course, in appearance, for such a design as could be imagined; and yet, in how short a time was the gospel spread, and churches planted by them in the several kingdoms of the world! This the Psalmist foresaw by the spirit of prophecy, when he said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger" (Ps. viii. 2). At the sound of rams' horns Jericho is delivered into the hands of Israel (Josh. vi. 20). By three hundred men, with their pitchers and lamps, the huge host of Midian is discomfited (Judges vii. 19). The Protestants, besieged at Beziers, in France, are delivered by a drunken drummer, who, going to his quarters at midnight, rang the alarm bell of the town, not knowing what he did, and just then were their enemies making their assault. And, as weak and improbable means have been blessed with success to the Church in general, so, to the preservation of its particular members also. A spider, by weaving her web over the mouth of an oven, shall hide a servant of Christ (Du Moulin) from his enemies, who took refuge there in that bloody Parisian massacre. A hen shall sustain another

many days at the same time, by lodging her egg every day at the same place where he had hid himself from the cut-throats. Examples might be easily multiplied in the case; but the truth is too plain and obvious to the observation of all ages to need them. And can we but acknowledge a divine and special Providence overruling all these matters, when we see the most apt and potent means for the Church's ruin frustrated, and the most silly and contemptible means succeeded and prospered for its good?

Providence in Conversion.

Now, there are divers things in those providences, which are versant about this work, and exceedingly sweet and taking; as, viz.,

The wonderful strangeness and unaccountableness of this work of Providence in casting us into the way, and ordering the occasions, yea, the minutest circumstances about this work. Thus you find in Acts viii. 26–30. The eunuch, at that very instant when he was reading the prophet Isaiah, hath an interpreter, one among a thousand, that joins his chariot just as his mind was, by a fit occasion, prepared to receive the first light of the knowledge of Christ.

So for the conversion of the Samaritans it is observed (John iv. 4) Christ must needs go that way, because it lay just in the road betwixt Judea and Galilee, and at the sixth hour, *i. e.* high noon, He rests Himself upon Jacob's well, still seeming to have no other design but His own refreshment, by sitting and drinking there; but, oh! what a train of blessed providences follow this, which seemed but an accidental thing! First, the woman of Samaria, and then many more in that city, are brought to believe in Christ, as you find in ver. 29 and 41.

It is noted by Melchior Adams, in the life of Junius, how very an Atheist he grew in his younger years; but, in order to his conversion to God, a wonderful preservation of his life, in

a public tumult at Lyons, in France, must first make way, which forces from him the acknowledgment of a Deity: then his father sends for him home, and with much gentleness persuades him to read the Scriptures; he lights upon the 1st of John, and with it he sensibly feels a divine, supernatural majesty and power seizing his soul, which brought him over by a complete conversion to Jesus Christ. Thus, as the woman of Tekoa told David, "doth God devise means to bring back His banished."

Lavater tells us, that many Spanish soldiers, going into the wars of Germany, were there converted to Christ, by falling into the cities and towns where godly ministers and Christians were.

Mr Robert Bolton, though an excellent scholar, yet in his younger years was a very irreligious person, and a jeerer of holy men; but, being cast into the company of the godly Mr Peacock, was by him brought to repentance, and proved a famous instrument in the Church of Christ.

A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr Perkin's catechism to wrap it in, and reading a line or two in it, God sent it home so as it did the work.

The marriage of a godly man into a carnal family, hath been ordered by Providence for the conversion and salvation of many therein. Thus we read, in the life of that renowned English worthy, Mr John Bruen, that, in his second match, it was agreed that he should have one year's diet in his mother-in-law's house: during his abode there that year (saith Mr Clark), the Lord was pleased, by his means, graciously to work upon her soul, as also upon his wife's sister, and half-sister, their brothers, Mr William and Mr Thomas Fox, with one or two of the servants in that family.

The reading of a good book hath been the means of bringing others to Christ. And thus we find many of the German divines converted by reading Luther's books: yea, and what is more strange, Mr Sleiden, in his Commentary, tells us, that Vergerius, though he were present an eye and ear-witness to that doleful case of Spira, which one would think should move a stone, yet still continued so firm to the Pope's interest, that when he fell into some suspicion among the cardinals, he resolved to purge himself by writing a book against the German Apostates; but, whilst he read the Protestant books, out of no other design but to confute them, whilst he is weighing the arguments, is himself convinced, and brought to Christ. He, finding himself thus overcome by the truth, imparts his conviction to his brother, a zealous Papist also; this brother deplores the misery of his case, and seeks to reclaim him; but Vergerius, entreating him to weigh well the Protestant arguments, also yields; and so both immediately betook themselves to preach justification by the free grace of God through the blood of Christ.

Yea, not only the reading of a book, or hearing of a minister, but (which is most remarkable) the very mistake or forgetfulness of a minister hath been improved by Providence for this end and purpose. Augustine, once preaching to his congregation, forgot the argument which he first proposed, and fell upon the errors of the Manichees, beside his first intention; by which discourse, he converted one Firmus, his auditor, who fell down at his feet weeping, and confessing he had lived a Manichee many years. Another I knew, who, going to preach, took up another Bible than that he designed, in which, not only missing his notes, but the chapter also in which his text lay, was put to some loss thereby; but, after a short pause, he resolved to speak to any other scripture that might be presented to him, and, accordingly, read the text, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise" (2 Pet. iii. 9);

and though he had nothing prepared, yet the Lord helped him to speak both methodically and pertinently from it; by which discourse a gracious change was wrought upon one in the congregation, who hath since given good evidence of a sound conversion, and acknowledged this sermon to be the first and only means thereof.

The accompanying of others, in a neighbourly, civil visit, hath been overruled to the same end. Thus many of the Jews accompanied Mary into Bethany, designing only to manifest their civil respect; but there they met Christ, saw the things which He did, and believed on Him (John xi. 45).

Mr Firmin, in his "Real Christian," tells us of one who had lived many years in a town where Christ had been as clearly and as long preached as in any town in England. This man, when he was about seventy-six years of age, went to visit a sick neighbour. "A Christian friend of mine," saith the author, "came to see him also; and finding this old man there, whom he judged to be one that lived upon his own stock, civility, good works, &c., he purposely fell into that discourse, to shew how many persons lived upon their duties, but never came to Christ. The old man, sitting by the bed-side, heard him, and God was pleased to convince him, that he was such a person, who had lived upon himself, without Christ, to that day; and would say afterwards, Had I died before threescore and sixteen, I had perished, for I knew not Christ."

The committing of a godly man to prison hath been the method of Providence to save the soul of a poor keeper. So Paul (Acts xvi. 27) was made a prisoner, to make his keeper a spiritual freeman. The like success had Dr Barnes, in Queen Mary's days, who afterwards celebrated the Lord's Supper in prison with his converted keeper.

The scattering of ministers and Christians, by persecution, from cities and towns, into the ignorant and barbarous parts of the country, hath been the way of Providence to find out

and bring home some lost sheep to Jesus Christ (Acts viii. 1–4). The like signal event hath since followed upon the like scattering of godly ministers, whereof are many pregnant instances at this day.

A servant running away from his master, likely upon no other design but to live an idle life, yet falling into such places and companies as Providence ordered in a design to him unknown, hath thereby been brought to be a servant of Christ. This was the very case of Onesimus, who ran away from his master Philemon, to Rome, where, by a strange providence, possibly a mere curiosity to see the prisoners, he there falls into Paul's hands, who begat him to Christ in his bonds (Philemon ver. 10–16).

Going to hear a sermon in *jest* hath proved some men's conversion in *earnest*. The above-named Mr Firmin, in the fore-cited book, tells us of a notorious drunkard, whom the drunkards called "Father," that one day would needs go to hear what Wilson said, out of no other design, it seems, but to scoff at that holy man: but, in the prayer before sermon, his heart began to thaw, and when he read his text, which was, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (John v. 14), he could not contain; and in that sermon the Lord changed his heart, though formerly so bitter an enemy, that the minister on lecture-days was afraid to go to church before his shop door. "Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how small a portion is known of Him!"

The dropping of some grave and weighty word, accidentally, in the presence of vain carnal persons—the death of a husband, wife, or child—a fit of sickness, with a thousand other such-like occasions—have been thus improved by Providence to the conversion of souls.

And no less remarkable and wonderful are the designs of Providence, in ordering the removes, and governing the motions of ministers from place to place, in order to the conversion of

souls. Thus, oftentimes, it carries them to places where they intended not to go; God having, unknown to them, some elect vessels there, who must be called by the gospel.

Thus Paul and Timothy, a sweet and lovely pair, when they were travelling through Phrygia and Galatia, were forbid to preach the Word in Asia, to which probably their minds inclined (Acts xvi. 6); and when they essayed to go into Bithynia, the Spirit suffered them not (verse 7): but a man of Macedonia—*i. e.* an angel in the shape or habit of a man of that country—appeared to Paul in a vision, and prayed him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us" (verse 9); and there did God open the heart of Lydia.

I knew a pious minister, now with God, who, falling in his study upon a very rousing subject, intended for his own congregation, was strongly moved, when he had finished it, to go to a rude, vile, profane people, about five miles off, and first preach it to them: after many wrestlings with himself, not being willing to quench any motion that might be supposed to come from the Spirit of God, he obeyed and went to this people, who had then no minister of their own, and few durst come among them; and there did the Lord, beyond all expectation, open a door, and several profane ones received Christ in that place, and engaged this minister to a weekly lecture among them, in which many souls were won to God.

The same holy man, at another time, being upon a journey, passed by a company of vain persons, who were wrestling upon a green near the road; and just as he came against the place, one of them had thrown his antagonist, and stood triumphing in his strength and activity. This good man rode up to them, and turning his speech to this person, told him, "Friend, I see you are a strong man, but yet let not the strong man glory in his strength: you must know that you are not to wrestle with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickednesses: how sad will it be that Satan should at last trip up

the heels of your hope, and give you an eternal overthrow!" And after about a quarter of an hour's serious discourse upon this subject he left them, and went on his journey; but this discourse made such an impression, that the person had no rest till he opened his trouble to a godly minister, who, wisely following the work upon his soul, saw at last the blessed issue thereof in the gracious change of the person, whereof he afterwards gave the minister a joyful account. Oh! how unsearchable are the methods of Providence in this matter.

The Suicide Saved.

In the year 1673, there came into this port a ship of Poole, in her return from Virginia; in which ship was one of that place, a lusty young man, of twenty-three years of age, who was surgeon in the ship. This person in the voyage fell into a deep melancholy, which the devil greatly improved to serve his own design for the ruin of this poor man; however, it pleased the Lord to restrain him from any attempts upon his own life, until he arrived here. But shortly after his arrival, upon the Lord's day, early in the morning, being in bed with his brother, he took a knife prepared for that purpose, cut his own throat, and withal leaped out of the bed: and though the wound was deep and large, yet thinking it might not soon enough despatch his wretched life, he desperately gave himself another stab, and so lay wallowing in his own blood, till his brother awaking made a cry for help: hereupon a physician and a surgeon coming in, found the wound in his throat mortal; and all they could do at present was only to stitch it, and apply a plaster, with a design rather to enable him to speak for a little while, than with any expectation of cure; for, before that, he breathed through the wound, and his voice was inarticulate.

In this condition I found him that morning; and appre-

hending him to be within a few minutes of eternity, I laboured to work upon his heart the sense of his condition, telling him I had but little time to do anything for him, and therefore desired him to let me know what his own apprehensions of his present condition were. He told me he hoped in God for eternal life. I replied, that I feared his hopes were ungrounded, for that the Scripture tells us, "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him"—but this was self-murder, the grossest of all murders; and, insisting upon the aggravation and heinousness of the fact, I perceived his vain confidence began to fall, and some meltings of heart appeared in him. He then began to lament his sin and misery with many tears, and asked me if there might yet be hope for one that had destroyed himself, and shed his own blood. I replied, the sin indeed is great, but not unpardonable; and if the Lord gave him repentance unto life, and faith to apply to Jesus Christ, it should be certainly pardoned to him; and finding him unacquainted with these things, I opened to him the nature and necessity of faith and repentance, which he greedily sucked in, and with great vehemence cried to God that he would work them upon his soul, and entreated me also to pray with him and for him, that it might be so. I prayed with him, and the Lord thawed his heart exceedingly in that duty: loth he was to part with me; but the duties of the day necessitating me to leave him, I briefly summed up what was most necessary in my parting counsel to him, and took my leave, never expecting to see him more in this world. But, beyond my own and all men's expectations, he continued all that day, and panted most ardently after Jesus Christ; no discourses pleased him but Christ and faith; and in this frame I found him in the evening. He rejoiced greatly to see me again, and entreated me to continue my discourses upon these subjects; and, after all, told me—"Sir, the Lord hath given me repentance for this sin; yea, and for every other sin. I see the evil of sin now, in such a

light as I never saw it before. Oh! I loathe myself; I am a vile creature in my own eyes; I do also believe; 'Lord, help my unbelief.' I am heartily willing to take Christ upon His own terms. One thing only troubles me; I doubt this bloody sin will not be pardoned. Will Jesus Christ," said he, "apply His blood to me, that have shed my own blood?" I told him, Christ shed His blood even for them that with wicked hands had shed the blood of Christ; and that was a deeper sin than his. "Well," saith he, "I will cast myself upon Christ; let Him do by me what He will." And so I parted with him that night.

Next morning, the wounds were to be opened; and then, the opinion of the surgeons was, he would immediately expire. But so it was, that both the deep wounds healed; and the more dangerous wound sin had made upon his soul was, I trust, effectually healed also. I spent many hours with him, in that sickness; and, after his return home, received this account from Mr Samuel Hardy, a minister in that town, part whereof I shall transcribe:—

"DEAR SIR,—I was much troubled at the sad providence in your town, but did much rejoice that he fell into such hands for his body and soul. You have taken much pains with him, and, I hope, to good purpose. I think, if ever a great and thorough work were done in such a way, it is now; and if never the like, I am persuaded now it is. Never grow weary of good works. One such instance is, methinks, enough to make you abound in the work of the Lord all your days," &c.

Oh, how unsearchable are the ways of Providence in leading men to Christ! Let none be encouraged by this to sin, that grace may abound. These are rare and singular instances of the mercy of God, and such as no presumptuous sinner can expect to find. It is only recited here to the honour of Providence, which works for the recovery of sinners in ways that we understand not. Oh, what a fetch hath Providence beyond our understandings!

The Venice Glass.

Nor can we here forget that miraculous work of Providence, in a time of great extremity, which was wrought for that good gentlewoman, Mrs Honeywood—and is somewhere mentioned by the same author [Mr Bolton]—who, under a deep and sad desertion, refused and put off all comfort, seeming to despair utterly of the grace and mercy of God. A worthy minister being one day with her, and reasoning against her desperate conclusions, she took a Venice glass from the table, and said, "Sir, I am as sure to be damned as this glass is to be broken," and therewith threw it forcibly to the ground; but, to the astonishment of both, the glass remained whole and sound: which the minister taking up with admiration, rebuked her presumption, shewing her what a wonder Providence had wrought for her satisfaction, and it greatly altered the temper of her mind. "Oh, how unsearchable are His ways! and His paths past finding out! Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how small a portion do we know of Him!"

Upon the Harvest Season.

[Mr Flavel's immediate charge was a seafaring population, and into the dangers and excitements of the deep he entered with something of a sailor's enthusiasm. Nor are there many books so well adapted for Sunday reading on ship-board as his "New Compass for Seamen; or, Navigation Spiritualised," with the appended discourses. He confesses that he was more at home afloat than in the fields; but, in order to extend his usefulness, he took pains to acquaint himself with agricultural processes, and has embodied the result in "Husbandry Spiritualised; or, The Heavenly Use of Earthly Things." And a wonderfully successful and charming book he has made it. Like Flavel, our late dear, and ever-memorable friend,

M'Cheyne, was fond of "similitudes," and in the first of the following extracts we are reminded of that "master of assemblies" who, as nails to fasten the truths of God, used so dexterously the every-day employments of his hearers.

We hope that the reader will be pleased with the subjoined meditations. It might be interesting to compare them with similar effusions from the pen of Bishop Hall and the Rev. James Hervey. Not so terse and trim—perhaps we might even say, not so starched and stiff—as the former, they are not so gorgeous and flowing as the latter; but with their simple language, and natural reflections, we are disposed to prefer them to either.]

Corn fully ripe is reap'd, and gather'd in;
So must yourselves, when ripe in grace or sin.

OBSERVATION.

When the fields are white to harvest, then husbandmen walk through them, rub the ears, and, finding the grain full and solid, they presently prepare their scythes and sickles, send for their harvest-men, who quickly reap and mow them down; and after these follow the binders, who stitch it up; from the field where it grew it 's carried to the barn, where it is thrashed out; the good grain gathered into an heap, the chaff separated and burnt, or thrown to the dunghill. How bare and naked do the fields look after harvest, which before were pleasant to behold! When the harvest-men enter into the field, it is before them, like the garden of Eden, and behind them, a desolate wilderness; and in some places it 's usual to set a fire to the dry stubble, when the corn is housed; which rages furiously, and covers it all with ashes.

APPLICATION.

The application of this, I find made to my hands by Christ himself:—"The field is the world, the seed are the children of

the kingdom, the tares are the children of the wicked one, the enemy that sowed them is the devil, the harvest is the end of the world, the reapers are the angels."

The field is the world; there both the godly and ungodly live and grow together, till they be all ripe, and then they shall both be reaped down by death; death is the sickle that reaps down both. I will open this allegory in the following particulars:—

1. In a catching harvest, when the husbandman sees the clouds begin to gather and grow black, he hurries in his corn with all possible haste, and houses day and night.

So doth God, the great husbandman; He hurries the saints into their graves, when judgments are coming upon the world. "The righteous perish, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come" (Isa. lvii. 1). Methuselah died the year before the flood, Augustine a little before the sacking of Hippo, Pareus just before the taking of Heidelberg, Luther a little before the wars broke out in Germany. But what speak I of single saints? Sometimes the Lord houses great numbers together, before some sweeping judgment comes. How many bright and glorious stars did set almost together, within the compass of a few years, to the astonishment of many wise and tender hearts in England! I find some of them thus ranked in a funeral elegy:—

> The learned Twisse went first (it was his right),
> The holy Palmer, Burroughs, Love, Gouge, White,
> Hill, Whitaker, great Gataker, and Strong,
> Perne, Marshal, Robinson, all gone along.
> I have not named them half; their only strife
> Hath been, of late, who should first part with life.
> These few who yet survive, sick of this age,
> Long to have done their parts and leave the stage.

The Lord sees it better for them to be under ground than

above ground, and therefore, by a merciful providence, sets them out of harm's way.

2. Neither the corn or tares can possibly resist the sharp and keen sickle, when it is applied to them by the reaper's hand; neither can the godly nor ungodly resist the stroke of death when God inflicts it. "No man can keep alive his own soul in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war." The frail body of man is as unable to withstand that stroke, as the weak reeds, or feeble stalks of the corn, are to resist the keen scythe and sharp sickle.

3. The reapers receive the wheat which they cut down into their arms and bosom. Hence that expression by way of imprecation upon the wicked, "Let them be as the grass upon the house-top, which withers before it grows up, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom" (Psalm cxxix. 6, 7). Such withered grass are the wicked, who are never taken into the reaper's bosom; but as soon as saints are cut down by death, they fall into the hands and bosoms of the angels of God, who bear them in their arms and bosoms to God their Father (Luke xvi. 22). For look, as these blessed spirits did exceedingly rejoice at their conversion (Luke xv. 10), and thought it no dishonour to minister to them whilst they stood in the field (Heb. i. 14), so when they are cut down by death, they will rejoice to be their convoy to heaven.

4. When the corn and weeds are reaped or mowed down, they shall never grow any more in that field; neither shall we ever return to live an animal life any more after death. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more; he shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more" (Job vii. 9, 10).

Lastly, the reapers are never sent to cut down the harvest till it be fully ripe; neither will God reap down saints, or sinners, till they be come to a maturity of grace or wickedness.

Saints are not reaped down till their grace be ripe. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in its season" (Job v. 26).

The wicked also have their ripening time for hell and judgment; God doth with much long-suffering endure the vessels of wrath prepared for destruction. Of their ripeness for judgment the Scripture often speaks. "The sin of the Amorites is not yet full" (Gen. xv. 16). And of Babylon it's said, "O thou that dwellest upon many waters, thine end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness" (Jer. li. 13).

'Tis worth remarking, that the measure of the sin and the end of the sinner come together. So Joel iii. 13, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest of the earth is ripe, for the press is full, the fats overflow, for their wickedness is great." Where note, sinners are not cut down till they be ripe and ready. Indeed, they are never ripe for death, nor ready for the grave; that is, fit to die; yet they are always ripe for wrath, and ready for hell before they die. Now, as husbandmen judge of the ripeness of their harvest by the colour and hardness of the grain; so we may judge of the ripeness both of saints and sinners, for heaven or hell, by these following signs:—

THREE SIGNS OF THE MATURITY OF GRACE.

1. When the corn is near ripe, it bows the head, and stoops lower than when it was green. When the people of God are near ripe for heaven, they grow more humble and self-denying than in the days of their first profession. The longer a saint grows in this world, the better he is still acquainted with his own heart, and his obligations to God; both which are very humbling things. Paul had one foot in heaven, when he called himself the chiefest of sinners, and least of saints (1 Tim. i. 15; Eph. iii. 8). A Christian, in the progress of his knowledge and grace, is like a vessel cast into the sea; the more it fills, the deeper it sinks. Those that went to study at

Athens (saith Plutarch), at first coming seemed to themselves to be wise men; afterwards, only lovers of wisdom; and after that only rhetoricians, such as could speak of wisdom, but knew little of it; and last of all, idiots in their own apprehensions; still with the increase of learning laying aside their pride and arrogancy.

2. When harvest is nigh, the grain is more solid and pithy than ever it was before; green corn is soft and spongy, but ripe corn is substantial and weighty: so it is with Christians; the affections of a young Christian, perhaps, are more fervent and sprightly, but those of a grown Christian are more judicious and solid; their love to Christ abounds more and more in all judgment (Phil. i. 9). The limbs of a child are more active and pliable; but as he grows up to a perfect state, the parts are more consolidated and firmly knit. The fingers of an old musician are not so nimble, but he hath a more judicious ear in music than in his youth.

3. When corn is dead ripe, it 's apt to fall of its own accord to the ground, and there shed; whereby it doth, as it were, anticipate the harvest-man, and calls upon him to put in the sickle. Not unlike to which are the lookings and longings, the groanings and hastenings of ready Christians to their expected glory; they hasten to the coming of the Lord; or, as Montanus more fitly renders it, they hasten the coming of the Lord; *i. e.*, they are urgent and instant in their desires and cries, to hasten His coming; their desires sally forth to meet the Lord, they willingly take death by the hand; as the corn bends to the earth, so do these souls to heaven. This shews harvest to be near.

SIX SIGNS OF THE MATURITY OF SIN.

When sinners are even dead ripe for hell, these signs appear upon them, or by these at least you may conclude those souls not to be far from wrath, upon whom they appear.

1. When conscience is wasted and grown past feeling, having no remorse for sin; when it ceases to check, reprove, and smite for sin any more, the day of that sinner is at hand, his harvest is even come. The greatest violation of conscience is the greatest of sins; this was the case of the forlorn Gentiles, among whom Satan had such a plentiful harvest; the patience of God suffered them to grow till their consciences were grown seared and past feeling (Eph. iv. 19). When a member is so mortified, that if you lance and cut it never so much, no fresh blood or quick flesh appears, nor doth the man feel any pain in all this, then it is time to cut it off.

2. When men give themselves over to the satisfaction of their lust, to commit sin with greediness, then they are grown to a maturity of sin; when men have slipt the reins of conscience, and rush headlong into all impiety, then the last sands of God's patience are running down. Thus Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them, in like manner, gave themselves over to wickedness and strange sins; and then justice quickly trusses them up for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.

3. That man is even ripe for hell, that is become a contriver of sin, a designer, a student in wickedness; one would think it strange, that any man should set his invention on work upon such a subject as sin is; that any should study to become a dexterous artist this way: and yet the Scripture frequently speaks of such, "whose bellies prepare deceit" (Job xv. 35), "who travail in pain to bring forth" this deformed birth (ver. 20), "who wink with their eyes" whilst plotting wickedness, as men use to do when they are most intent upon the study of any knotty problem (Prov. vi. 13). These have so much of hell already in them, that they are more than half in hell already.

4. He that of a forward professor is turned a bitter persecutor, is also within a few rounds of the top of the ladder; the

contempt of their light, the Lord hath already punished upon them in their obduracy and madness against the light. Reader, if thou be gone thus far, thou art almost gone beyond all hope of recovery. Towards other sinners God usually exercises more patience, but with such he makes short work. When Judas turns traitor to his Lord, he is quickly sent to his own place. Such as are again entangled and overcome of those lusts they once seemed to have clean escaped, these bring upon themselves swift destruction, and their judgment lingers not (2 Pet. ii. 1, 3).

5. He that can endure no reproof or control in the way of his sin, but derides all counsel, and, like a strong current, rages at and sweeps away all obstacles in his way, will quickly fall into the dead lake. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1). This is a death-spot, a hell-spot, wherever it appears. From this very symptom the prophet plainly predicted the approaching ruin of Amaziah, "I know that God hath determined to destroy thee, because thou hast done this, and hast not hearkened to my voice" (2 Chron. xxv. 16). He that will not be timely counselled, shall quickly be destroyed.

Lastly, when a man comes to glory in his sin, and boast of his wickedness, then it is time to cut him down, "whose end is destruction, whose glory is in their shame" (Phil. iii. 19). This is a braving, a daring of God to His face; and with whomsoever He bears long, to be sure these are none of them.

You see now what are signs of a full ripe sinner; and when it comes to this, either with a nation, or with a single person, then ruin is near (Joel iii. 13; Gen. xv. 16). It is in the filling up of the measure of sin, as in the filling of a vessel cast into the sea, which rolls from side to side, taking in the water by little and little, till it be full, and then down it sinks to the bottom.

Upon the Sight of many small Birds chirping about a dead Hawk.

Hearing a whole choir of birds chirping and twinking together, it engaged my curiosity a little to inquire into the occasion of that convocation; which mine eye quickly informed me of; for I perceived a dead hawk in the bush about which they made such a noise, seeming to triumph at the death of their enemy; and I could not blame them to sing his knell, who, like a cannibal, was sent to feed upon their living bodies; tearing them limb from limb, and scaring them with his frightful appearance. This bird, which, living, was so formidable, being dead, the poorest wren or titmouse fears not to chirp or hop over. This brings to my thoughts the base and ignoble ends of the greatest tyrants and greedy engrossers of the world, of whom, whilst living, men were more afraid than birds of a hawk; but, dead, become objects of contempt and scorn. The death of such tyrants is both inglorious and unlamented: "When the wicked perish there is shouting" (Prov. xi. 10), which was exemplified to the life at the death of Nero, of whom the poet thus sings—

> When cruel Nero died, th' historian tells
> How Rome did mourn with bonfires, plays, and bells.

Remarkable for contempt and shame have the ends of many bloody tyrants been: so Pompey the Great, of whom Claudian the poet sings—

> Nudus pascit aves; jacet en! qui possidet orbem
> Exiguæ telluris inops———
>
> Birds eat his flesh; lo, now he cannot have,
> Who ruled the world, a space to make a grave.

For mine own part, I wish I may so order my conversation in the world, that I may live when I am dead in the affections

of the best, and leave an honourable testimony in the consciences of the worst; that I may oppress none, do good to all, and say when I die, as good Ambrose did, I am neither ashamed to live, nor afraid to die.

Upon the Sight of a Black-bird taking Sanctuary in a Bush from a pursuing Hawk.

When I saw how hardly the poor bird was put to it to save herself from her enemy, who hovered just over the bush in which she was fluttering and squeaking, I could not but hasten to relieve her,—pity and succour being a due debt to the distressed; which when I had done, the bird would not depart from the bush, though her enemy were gone. This act of kindness was abundantly repaid by this meditation, with which I returned to my walk: My soul, like this bird, was once distressed, pursued, yea, seized by Satan, who had certainly made a prey of it, had not Jesus Christ been a sanctuary to it in that hour of danger. How ready did I find Him to receive my poor soul into His protection! Then did He make good that sweet promise to my experience, "Those that come unto me, I will in no wise cast out." It called to mind that pretty and pertinent story of the philosopher, who walking in the fields, a bird, pursued by a hawk flew into his bosom; he took her out, and said, "Poor bird, I will neither wrong thee, nor expose thee to thine enemy, since thou comest unto me for refuge." So tender, and more than so, is the Lord Jesus to distressed souls that come unto Him. Blessed Jesus! how should I love and praise Thee, glorify and admire Thee, for that great salvation Thou hast wrought for me! If this bird had fallen into the claws of her enemy, she had been torn to pieces indeed and devoured, but then a few minutes had despatched her, and ended all her pain and misery; but had my soul fallen into the hand of Satan, there had been no end of its misery.

Would not this scared bird be flushed out of the bush that secured her, though I had chased away her enemy? And wilt thou, my soul, ever be enticed or scared from Christ thy refuge? Oh, let this for ever engage thee to keep close to Christ, and make me say with Ezra, And now, O Lord, since thou hast given me such a deliverance as this, should I again break thy commandments?

Upon the Sight of divers Linnets intermingling with a Flock of Sparrows.

Methinks these birds do fitly resemble the gaudy courtiers and the plain peasants. How spruce and richly adorned with shining and various-coloured feathers, like scarlet richly laid with gold and silver lace, are those! "Fine feathers," saith our proverb, "make proud birds;" and yet the feathers of the sparrow are as useful and beneficial, both for warmth and flight, though not so gay and ornamental, as the others; and if both were stript out of their feathers, the sparrow would prove the better bird of the two; by which I see that the greatest worth doth not always lie under the finest clothes. And besides, God can make mean and homely garments as useful and beneficial to poor despised Christians as the rustling and shining garments of wanton gallants are to them; and when God shall strip men out of all external excellencies, these will be found to excel their glittering neighbours in true worth and excellency.

Little would a man think such rich treasures of grace, wisdom, humility, &c., lay under some russet coats.

Sæpe sub attrita latitat sapientia veste.

Under poor garments more true worth may be
That under silks that whistle, Who but he?

Whilst on the other side the heart of the wicked, as Solomon hath observed, is little worth, how much soever his clothes be

worth. Alas! it falls out too frequently among us, as it doth with men in the Indies, who walk over the rich veins of gold and silver ore, which lies hid under a ragged and barren surface, and know it not. For my own part, I desire not to value any man by what is extrinsical and worldly, but by that true internal excellency of grace, which makes the face to shine in the eyes of God and good men. I would contemn a vile person, though never so glorious in the eye of the world; but honour such as fear the Lord, how sordid and despicable soever to appearance.

Upon the Sight of a Robin-Red-Breast picking up a Worm from a Mole-hill, then rising.

Observing the mole working industriously beneath, and the bird watching so intently above, I made a stand to observe the issue; when in a little time the bird descends and seizes upon a worm, which I perceived was crawling apace from the enemy below that hunted her, but fell to the share of another which from above waited for her. My thoughts presently suggested these meditations from that occasion: methought this poor worm seemed to be the emblem of my poor soul, which is more endangered by its own lusts of pride and covetousness than this worm was by the mole and bird: my pride, like the aspiring bird, watches for it above; my covetousness, like this subterranean mole, digging for it beneath. Poor soul, what a sad dilemma art thou brought to! If thou go down to the caverns of this earth, there thou art a prey to thy covetousness that hunts thee; and if thou aspire or but creep upward, there thy pride waits to ensnare thee. Distressed soul, whither wilt thou go? Ascend thou mayest, not by a vain elation, but by a heavenly conversation; besides which, there is no way for thy preservation. "The way of life is above to the wise."

Again, I could not but observe the accidental benefit this

poor harmless bird obtained by the labour of the mole, who, hunting intentionally for herself, unburrowed and ferreted out this worm for the bird, who possibly was hungry enough, and could not have been relieved for this time but by the mole, the fruit of whose labours she now feeds upon. Even thus the Lord oftimes makes good His Word to His people: "The wealth of the wicked is laid up for the just." And again, "The earth shall help the woman." This was fully exemplified in David, to whom Nabal, that churlish muckworm, speaks in all possessives. "Shall I take my bread, &c., and give to one I know not whom?" And yet David reaps the fruit of all the pains and toil of Nabal at last. Let it never encourage me to idleness, that God sometimes gives His people the fruit of others' sweat; but if Providence reduce me to necessity, and disable me from helping myself, I doubt not then but it will provide instruments to do it. The bird was an hungred, and could not dig.

Upon the Shooting of Two Finches Fighting in the Air.

How soon hath death ended the quarrel bewixt these two little combatants! Had they agreed better they might have lived longer; 'twas their own contention that gave both the opportunity and provocation of their death; and though living they could not, yet being dead they can lie quietly together in my hand.

Foolish birds, was it not enough that birds of prey watch to devour them, but they must peck and scratch one another! Thus have I seen the birds of paradise (saints I mean) tearing and wounding each other, like so many birds of prey, and by their unchristian contests giving the occasion of their common ruin; yea, and that not only when at liberty, as these were, but when engaged also: and yet, as one well observes, if ever Christians will agree, 'twill either be in a prison or in

heaven; for in a prison their quarrelsome lusts lie low, and in heaven they shall utterly be done away.

But oh! what pity is it that those who shall agree so perfectly in heaven should bite and devour each other upon earth! that it should be said of them, as one ingeniously observed, who saw their carcases lie together, as if they had lovingly embraced each other, who fell together by a duel, *Quanta amicitia se invicem amplectuntur, qui mutua et implacabili inimicitia perierunt!*

> Embracing one another now they lie,
> Who by each other's bloody hands did die.

Or, as he said, who observed how quietly and peaceably the dust and bones even of enemies did lie together in the grave: *Non tanta vivi pace conjuncti essetis;* You did not live together so peaceably. If conscience of Christ's command will not, yet the consideration of common safety should powerfully persuade to unity and amity.

Upon the Haltering of Birds with a Gin of Hair.

Observing in a snowy season how the poor hungry birds were haltered and drawn in by a gin of hair, cunningly cast over their heads, whilst, poor creatures! they were busily feeding, and suspected no danger; and even whilst their companions were drawn away from them one after another, all the interruption it gave the rest was only for a minute or two, whilst they stood peeping into that hole through which their companions were drawn, and then fell to their meat again, as busily as before; I could not choose but say, "Even thus surprisingly doth death steal upon the children of men, whilst they are wholly intent upon the cares and pleasures of this life, not at all suspecting its so near approach." Those birds saw not

the hand that ensnared them, nor do they see the hand of death plucking them one after another into the grave.

Omnibus obscuras injicit ille manus.—*Ovid.*

Death's steps are swift, and yet no noise it makes;
Its hand's unseen, but yet most surely takes.

And even as the surviving birds for a little time seemed to stand affrighted, peeping after their companions, and then as busy as ever to their meat again; just so it fares with the careless inconsiderate world, who see others daily dropping into eternity round about them, and for the present are a little startled, and will look into the grave after their neighbours, and then fall as busily to their earthly employments and pleasures again as ever, till their own turn comes.

I know, my God, that I must die as well as others; but, oh! let me not die as do others; let me see death before I feel it, and conquer it before it kill me; let it not come as an enemy upon my back, but rather let me meet it as a friend half way. Die I must, but let me lay up that good treasure before I go (Matt. vi. 19), carry with me a good conscience when I go (2 Tim. iv. 6, 7), and leave behind me a good example when I am gone; and then let death come and welcome!

Upon the Clogging a straying Beast.

Had this bullock contented himself, and remained quietly within his own bounds, his owner had never put such a heavy clog upon his neck; but I see the prudent husbandman chooses rather to keep him with his clog than lose him for want of one. What this clog is to him, that is affliction and trouble to me. Had my soul kept close with God in liberty and prosperity, He would never thus have clogged me with adversity; yea, and happy were it for me, if I might stray from God no more, who hath thus clogged me with preventive

afflictions; if with David I might say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word" (Psal. cxix. 67). O my soul, 'tis better for thee to have thy pride clogged with poverty, thy ambition with reproach, thy carnal expectancies with constant disappointments, than to be at liberty to run from God and duty.

'Tis true, I am sometimes as weary of these troubles as this poor beast is of the clog he draws after him, and often wish myself rid of them; but yet, if God should take them off, for aught I know I might have cause to wish them on again, to prevent a greater mischief. 'Tis storied of Basil, that for many years he was sorely afflicted with an inveterate headache (that was his clog): he often prayed for the removal of it; at last God removed it: but instead thereof, he was sorely exercised with the motions and temptations of lust; which when he perceived, he as earnestly desired his headache again, to prevent a greater evil. Lord, if my corruptions may be prevented by my affliction, I refuse not to be clogged with them; but my soul rather desires thou wouldst hasten the time when I shall be for ever freed from them both.

An Ecstasy.

[In the case of Mr Howe, as we shall presently find, there were two occasions in his life to which he looked back as seasons of supernatural happiness. In his "Treatise of the Soul of Man," Mr Flavel records at length a similar experience; and although, like St Paul in his account of the "Man in Christ" (2 Cor. xii. 2–4), he uses the third person, there can be no doubt that he himself is the subject of the narration. Nor, perhaps, need we wonder that to those men of God were vouchsafed such foretastes of the joys which await spirits made perfect. Were our own thoughts more frequently and continuously fixed on Divine realities, we might occasionally forget the body, and know something of heaven while here on earth.]

I have, with good assurance, this account of a minister, who, being alone in a journey, and willing to make the best improvement he could of that day's solitude, set himself to a close examination of the state of his soul, and then of the life to come, and the manner of its being and living in heaven, in the views of all those things which are now pure objects of faith and hope. After a while, he perceived his thoughts begin to fix, and come closer to these great and astonishing things than was usual; and as his mind settled upon them, his affections began to rise with answerable liveliness and vigour.

He therefore, whilst he was yet master of his own thoughts, lifted up his heart to God in a short ejaculation, that God would so order it in His providence that he might meet with no interruption from company, or any other accident, in that journey—which was granted him; for in all that day's journey, he neither met, overtook, or was overtaken by any one. Thus going on his way, his thoughts began to swell, and rise higher and higher, like the waters in Ezekiel's vision, till at last they became an overflowing flood. Such was the intention of his mind, such the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such the full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world, and all the concerns thereof; and for some hours knew no more where he was than if he had been in a deep sleep upon his bed. At last he began to perceive himself very faint, and all covered with blood; which, running in abundance from his nose, had discoloured his clothes and his horse, from the shoulder to the hoof. He found himself almost spent, and nature too faint under the prescience of joy unspeakable and unsupportable, and, at last, perceiving a spring of water in his way, he with some difficulty alighted to cleanse and cool his face and hands.

By that spring he sat down, earnestly desiring, if it were

the pleasure of God, that it might be his parting place from this world. He says, Death had the most amiable face in his eye that ever he beheld, except the face of Jesus Christ which made it so; and that he could not remember, though he believed he should die there, that he had once thought of his dear wife or children, or any other earthly concernment.

But having drank of that spring, his spirits revived, and he mounted his horse again; and on he went, in the same frame of spirit, till he had finished a journey of near thirty miles, and came at night to his inn, where, being come, he greatly admired how he came thither; that his horse, without his direction, had brought him thither; and that he fell not all that day, which passed not without several trances of considerable continuance.

Being alighted, the innkeeper came to him with astonishment, being acquainted with him formerly. "O sir," said he, "what is the matter with you? You look like a dead man." "Friend," replied he, "I was never better in my life. Shew me my chamber, cause my cloak to be cleansed, burn me a little wine, and that is all I desire of you for the present." Accordingly, it was done, and a supper sent up which he could not touch; but requested of the people that they would not disturb or trouble him for that night. All this night passed without one wink of sleep, although he never had a sweeter night's rest in all his life. Still, still the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he seemed to be an inhabitant of the other world. The next morning being come, he was early on horseback again, fearing divertisement in the inn might bereave him of his joy; for, he said, it was now with him as with a man that carries a rich treasure about him, who suspects every passenger to be a thief. But within a few hours he was sensible of the ebbing of the tide, and before night, though there was a heavenly serenity and sweet peace upon his spirit, which continued long with him, yet the trans-

ports of joy were over, and the fine edge of delight blunted. He many years after called that day one of the days of heaven, and professed he understood more of the life of heaven by it than by all the books he ever read, or discourses he ever entertained about it.

A Wheel within a Wheel.

Lord! how stupendous, deep, and wonderful,
Are all thy draughts of Providence! so full
Of puzzling intricacies, that they lie
Beyond the ken of any mortal eye.
"A wheel within a wheel" 's the Scripture notion,
And all those wheels transverse, and cross in motion.
All creatures serve it in their place; yet so
As thousands of them know not what they do.
At this or that their aim they do direct;
But neither this nor that is the effect:
But something else they do not understand,
Which sets all politicians at a stand.
Deep counsels at their birth this Hand doth break,
And deeper things performeth by the weak.
Men are, like horses, set at every stage,
For Providence to ride from age to age;
Which, like a post, spurs on, and makes them run
From stage to stage, until their journey's done;
Then takes a fresh: But they the business know
No more than horses the post-letters do.
Yet though its work be not conceal'd from sight,
'Twill be a glorious piece when brought to light.

JOHN HOWE.

For lofty symmetry, the mind of Howe has had few equals among the sons of men; and had his powers of expression kept pace with the grandeur of his conceptions and the fervour of his emotions, he would have been peerless among the theological authors of his century. As it is, no wise man will disdain a heap of treasure, because it contains some jewels badly set, or because there are a few mis-shapen bars and ingots mixed up with bags of minted money.

Like Flavel, Howe was the son of a godly minister, and was born in the parsonage of Longborough, Leicestershire, May 17, 1630.

He commenced his university career at Cambridge, but was early transferred to Oxford, where he became Fellow of Magdalen College, and a member of the Congregational Church under the pastorate of Magdalen's illustrious president, Dr Thomas Goodwin.

When he could not have completed his twenty-third year, he was appointed minister of great Torrington, in Devon. There a few years passed very happily. There he married the daughter of Mr Hughes of Plymouth, a minister famed for his learning, and revered for his goodness. There he formed the friendship of the noble family of Russell; and there he preached courses of sermons, which, published as treatises on "The Blessedness of the Righteous," and "On Delighting in God," are likely to live for ever.

He had not completed four years at Torrington, when he had an errand to London. On the last Sabbath of his sojourn in the capital, he went to worship in Whitehall Chapel. There the keen eye of Cromwell singled him out, and at the close of

the service he was summoned to an interview, when the protector commanded him to preach at Whitehall next Sunday. The upshot was, that, much against his own inclination, he was constrained to become one of Cromwell's chaplains; and, both in Whitehall and in St Margaret's, Westminster, he continued to deliver those discourses which fed the faith of the simple-minded, and bowed in unreluctant homage the strongest understandings. With Cromwell his personal influence was very great, and he used it nobly. As one example, it is mentioned that he did his utmost to obtain for Dr Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, and one of the most distinguished mathematicians in England, the principalship of Jesus' College. Cromwell had already promised the appointment to another; but, in consequence of Howe's intercessions for his Episcopalian friend, the protector promised to allow him a yearly sum equal to the income of the office. The exalted purity and disinterestedness of the chaplain's own character made his persuasions irresistible. On one occasion, Cromwell exclaimed, "You have obtained many favours for others. I wonder when the time is to come that you will ask anything for yourself or your family."

The Restoration released Mr Howe from his post of chaplain to the younger Cromwell, and for a brief season allowed him to resume his charge at Torrington. But the time of trouble had arrived. In 1662 the Act of Uniformity was passed, and, without re-ordination and the oath of canonical obedience, Howe could not retain his living or his charge. By this time his friend Dr Ward was his diocesan, and, endeavouring to argue him out of his scruples, asked him to name any point on which he hesitated. Howe specified re-ordination. "Pray, sir," said the bishop, "what hurt is there in being re-ordained?" "*Hurt*, my lord!" exclaimed Howe; "it hurts my understanding; the thought is shocking. It is an absurdity, since nothing can have two beginnings. I am sure I am a minister

of Christ, and am ready to debate that matter with your lordship if your lordship pleases; but I cannot begin again to be a minister."

For several years Howe suffered most of the hardships incident to an outed minister; but in 1671 he was invited to become chaplain to Viscount Massarene, at Antrim Castle, Ireland. On his journey thither a little circumstance occurred which shews how great must have been his power in preaching. The ship, with a large company on board, was wind-bound in Holyhead harbour; and on the Sunday morning Mr Howe and some of the passengers were proceeding along the shore in search of a convenient place for worship. There they met two men on horseback, who proved to be the parson and the clerk. One of the travellers asked the latter if his master would preach that day. "My master," was the reply, "is only accustomed to read prayers." Would he have any objections to allow a minister now in town, awaiting a passage to Ireland, to occupy his pulpit that day? The clerk believed that his master would be perfectly willing; and so it proved. The clergyman gave his consent, and Howe preached twice—in the afternoon to a large and deeply affected auditory. But all that week the wind continued contrary, and next Sabbath morning the church was crowded with people, who hoped once more to hear the stranger. The clergyman was confounded at the sight of such a congregation, and despatched his clerk to fetch the unknown preacher. Mr Howe was sick, and in bed, but when he heard that "the whole country had come in for several miles to hear him," he rose, and, forgetful of any personal risk, preached with unwonted warmth and energy; and when afterwards he related the occurrence, he added, "If my ministry was ever of any use, I think it must have been then."

Howe remained at Antrim Castle five years, and early in 1676 came to London, to assume the pastorate of the church in Silver Street. Here the hostile spirit of the government made

it an anxious and interrupted ministry; and in 1685, accepting an invitation from Philip, Lord Wharton, to attend him in his travels, he settled at Utrecht, and, beside Gilbert Burnet and other refugees, he there continued, till the expulsion of the Stewarts made it safe to live and lawful to preach in England.

In Holland he had been admitted to the friendship of the Prince of Orange, and, in resuming his ministry at Silver Street, he occupied a position quite as honourable as that to which his brethren, Tillotson and Burnet, were promoted, and in those days of difficulty more independent and more happy. His blameless life, his commanding intellect, his conciliatory spirit, and his advancing years made him the centre of a very general reverence and affection; and as he approached the close of his pilgrimage, his spiritual consolations seemed to multiply. All records of his personal experience were destroyed in obedience to his dying injunction, but the following remarkable record, inscribed on his study Bible, has been preserved:—

"*Dec.* 26, '89.—After that I had long seriously and repeatedly thought with myself, that besides a full and undoubted assent to the objects of faith, a vivifying savoury taste and relish of them was also necessary, that with stronger force and more powerful energy, they might penetrate into the most inward centre of my heart, and there being most deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life; and that there could be no other sure ground whereon to conclude and pass a sound judgment on my good state Godward; and after I had in my course of preaching been largely insisting on 2 Cor. i. 12; this very morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that a wonderful and copious stream of celestial rays, from the lofty throne of the Divine majesty, seemed to dart into my expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency reflected on that very signal pledge of special Divine favour vouchsafed to me on that memorable day, and have with repeated fresh pleasure tasted the delights thereof. But what on

Oct. 22, 1704, of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart; tears gushing out of mine eyes, for joy that God should shed abroad His love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that for this very purpose my own should be so signally possessed of and by His blessed Spirit (Rom. v. 5)."

Where much grace is given there is usually much humility. "I expect my salvation, not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner," was the most memorable of Howe's last sayings. Round his dying bed gathered many friends and ministers, to whom he expatiated with warmth on that future blessedness which had so long been the theme of his meditation. Among other friends he received a visit from Richard Cromwell, to whom he had been chaplain forty-five years before, and who now lived the life of a quiet country gentleman and of a most exemplary Christian. The interview between them was long and affectionate, and they parted amidst many tears. Howe died on Monday, April 2, 1705.

In those interesting gleanings from the conversations of Robert Hall, for which we are indebted to the late Dr Balmer, we find the following remarks on our author:—"*B.* 'May I ask, sir, what writer you would most recommend to a young minister?' *H.* 'Why, sir, I feel very incompetent to give directions on that head; I can only say I have learned far more from John Howe, than from any other author I ever read. There is an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions. He had not the same perception of the beautiful as of the sublime; and hence his endless subdivisions.' *B.* 'That was the fault of his age.' *H.* 'In part, sir; but he has more of it than many of the writers of that period—than Barrow, for example, who was somewhat earlier. There was, I think, an

innate inaptitude in Howe's mind for discerning minute graces and proprieties, and hence his sentences are often long and cumbersome. Still, he is unquestionably the greatest of the puritan divines.' After adverting to several of Howe's works, Mr Hall said, in reference to 'The Blessedness of the Righteous,' 'Perhaps Baxter's "Saints' Rest" is fitted to make a deeper impression on the majority of readers. Baxter enforces a particular idea with extraordinary clearness, force, and earnestness. His appeals to the conscience are irresistible. Howe, again, is distinguished by calmness, self-possession, majesty, and comprehensiveness; and, for my own part, I decidedly prefer him to Baxter. I admire exceedingly his "Living Temple," his sermon on the "Redeemer's Tears," &c.; but, in my opinion, the best thing he ever wrote is his defence of the sincerity of the Gospel offer. I refer to the treatise called the "Reconcileableness of God's Prescience of the Sins of Men, with his Counsels, Exhortations, and whatever other Means he uses to prevent them." This I regard as the most profound, the most philosophical, and the most valuable of all Howe's writings.'" *

Early Death.

[Of all Howe's works the one which has taken the firmest hold on our own imagination and affections is his "Discourse concerning the Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World." It is founded on Rev. i. 18, "And have the keys of Hades (or the world unseen) and of death;" and it was delivered on occasion of the death of a pious young man, the son of Sir Charles Houghton. Of this little volume it has been said by Howe's eloquent biographer, Professor Rogers, "I do not think that any man who has any, even though a faltering and inconstant hope that he is a Christian, and that to him death will be but admission into heaven, can peruse this discourse without feeling the dread of dissolution sensibly diminished; nay, the grave

* "Works of Robert Hall," 10th edition, vol. vi. p. 120.

itself almost an object of desire and fascination. The descriptions it contains of that invisible world to which it leads our contemplation; of its splendour and magnificence; of the felicity it promises and insures; and of the plenitude of life which fills it, instead of the solitude and silence, the darkness and desertion with which our imaginations are so apt to invest it; of that great and beneficent Being, whom it describes as Sovereign Lord of it, who has already passed into it by the same dreary path—who is familiarised to us by intimate communion with humanity—whose own gracious hand unlocks the portals which are to admit us to immortality, and whose voice it is which first welcomes the spirit to its resting-place; are absolutely ravishing. On these themes Howe seems to descant with a sort of privileged familiarity; as of a spirit to whom the scenery of Heaven had already been unfolded. Yet, glowing as his descriptions are, they contain nothing to which a sober and chastened judgment can take exception."*]

It is a brighter and more unsullied testimony which is left in the minds of men concerning such very hopeful persons as die in their youth. They never were otherwise known, or can be remembered, than as excellent young persons. This is the only idea which remains of them. Had they lived longer—to the usual age of man—the remembrance of what they were in youth would have been in a great degree effaced and worn out by later things; perhaps blackened, not by what were less commendable, but more ungrateful to the greater part, especially if they lived to come into public stations. Their just zeal and contestations against the wickedness of the age might disoblige many, and create them enemies, who would make it their business to blast them, and cast upon their name and memory all the reproach they could invent. Whereas the lustre of that virtue and piety which had provoked nobody,

* "Life of Howe," by Henry Rogers, p. 567.

appears only with an amiable look, and leaves behind nothing of such a person but a fair, unblemished, alluring, and instructive example, which they that observed them might, with less prejudiced minds, compare with the useless, vicious lives of many that they see to have filled up a room in the world unto extreme old age, either to no purpose, or to very bad. And how vast is the difference in respect of usefulness to the world between a pious young gentleman, dying in his youth, that lived long in a little time, untainted by youthful lusts and vanities, and victorious over them, and an accursed sinner of an hundred years old (Isa. lxv. 20). How sweet and fragrant a memory, doth the one, how rotten and offensive a name, doth the other, leave behind him to survivors!

Therefore such very valuable young persons as are taken hence in the flower of their age, are not to be thought, upon that account of usefulness to this world, to have lived in it that shorter time in vain. They leave behind them that testimony which will turn to account, both for the glory of God's grace, which He hath exemplified in them, and which may be improved to the good of many who shall have seen that an holy life, amidst the temptations that the youthful age is exposed to, is no impracticable thing, and that an early death is as possible also to themselves.

Following Jesus in the Dark.

Do not regret or dread to pass out of the one world into the other at His call, and under His conduct, though through the dark passage of death, remembering the keys are in so great and so kind a hand, and that His good pleasure herein is no more to be distrusted than to be disputed or withstood. Let it be enough to you, that what you cannot see yourself, He sees for you. You have oft desired your ways, your motions, your removal from place to place, might be directed by Him

in the world. Have you never said, If Thou go not with me, carry me not hence? How safely and fearlessly may you follow Him blindfold or in the dark any whither, not only from place to place in this world, but from world to world! How lightsome soever the one, and gloomy and dark the other, may seem to you, "darkness and light are to Him alike." To Him Hades is no Hades, nor is the dark way that leads into it to Him an untrodden path. Shrink not at the thoughts of this translation, though it be not by escaping death, but even through the jaws of it.

The Delightful Certainty of Dying.

This was an happy accord, the willingness of this departing soul, proceeding not from stupidity, but trust in Him who kept these keys, and such preparedness for removal as the gospel required. O happy souls! that finding the key is turning, and opening the door for them, are willing to go forth upon such terms, as knowing whom they have believed, and that neither principalities, nor powers, life, nor death, can ever separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord. Life, they find, hath not separated—whereof was the greater danger; and death is so far from making this separation, that it shall complete their union with the blessed God in Christ, and lay them infolded in the everlasting embraces of Divine love! Happy they! that can hereupon welcome death, and say, Now, Lord, lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace! that, before, only desired leave to die, and have now obtained it; that are, with certainty of the issue, at the point of becoming complete victors over the last enemy, and are ready to enter upon their triumph, and take up their triumphal song, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." Happy soul!

here will be a speedy end of all thy griefs and sorrows; they will be presently swallowed up in an absolute plenitude and fulness of joy. There is already an end put to thy tormenting cares and fears, for what object can remain to thee of a rational fear, when once upon grounds, such as shake not under thee, thou art reconciled to death?

Oh! the transports of joy that do now most rationally result from this state of the case, when there is nothing left, lying between the dislodging soul and the glorious unseen world, but only the dark passage of death; and that so little formidable, considering who hath the keys of the one, and the other. How reasonable is it, upon the account of somewhat common herein to the Redeemer and the redeemed (although everything be not), to take up the following words, that so plainly belong to this very case: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope: for thou wilt not leave my soul in sheol or hades"—thou wilt not forsake or abandon it in that wide world—"neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life; the path that leads unto that presence of thine, where is fulness of joy, and to those pleasures which are at thy right hand, or in thy power, and which are for evermore, and shall never admit either of end or diminution" (Psalm xvi. 9–11).

Now, what do we mean to let our souls hang in doubt? why do we not drive things for them to an issue, and put them into those same safe hands that hold these keys; absolutely resign, devote, entrust, and subject them to Him, get them bound up in the bundle of life, so adjoin and unite them to Him (not doubting but as we give them up, He will, and doth, in that instant, take hold of them and receive them into union with Himself) as that we may assure our hearts, that because He lives, we shall live also? Thus the ground of our hope becomes sure, and of that joy which springs from such an hope.

Our life, we may now say, is hid with Christ in God, even though we are in ourselves dead or dying creatures (Col. iii. 3). Yea, Christ is our life, and when He, who is our life, shall appear, we shall appear with Him in glory. He hath assured us, that because He is the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, shall yet live; and that whosoever lives, and believes in Him, hath thereby a life already begun in Him, in respect whereof he shall never die (John xi. 25, 26). What now can be surer than this? So far we are at a certainty, upon the included supposition, *i. e.*, that we believe in Him.

And what now remains to be ascertained? What? Only our own intervening death. We must, it is true, be absent from these bodies, or we cannot, as we would, be present with the Lord. And is that all? Can anything now be more certain than that? O happy state of our case! How should our hearts spring and leap for joy, that our affairs are brought into this posture! that in order to our perfect blessedness, nothing is further wanting but to die! and that the certainty of death completes our assurance of it! What should now hinder our breaking forth into the most joyful thanksgivings, that it is so little doubtful we shall die! that we are in no danger of a terrestrial immortality! and that the only thing that it remained we should be assured of, is so very sure! that we are sure it is not in the power of all this world to keep us always in it! that the most spiteful enemy we have in all the world cannot do us that spite—to keep us from dying! How gloriously may good men triumph over the impotent malice of their most mischievous enemies, viz., that the greatest mischief, even in their own account, that it can ever be in their power to do them, is to put it out of their own power ever to hurt them more, for they now go quite out of their reach! They can, being permitted, kill the body, and after that (Luke xii. 4) have no more that they can do. What a remarkable, signifi-

cant "after that" is this! What a defiance doth it import of the utmost effort of human power and spite, that here it terminates; it is now come to its *ne plus ultra!*

A Plurality of Worlds.

[Fontenelle published his famous essay in 1686, and this discourse of Howe appeared in 1699. Whether the English divine was acquainted with the speculations of the French philosopher we do not know; but to those of our readers who have perused the recent discussions of Whewell, Brewster, and other distinguished astronomers, it will be interesting to find the germ of so many arguments in the page of one who derived his science from Boyle, and his religious convictions from the Bible.]

Let us further consider the inexpressible numerousness of the other world's inhabitants, with the excellencies wherein they shine, and the orders they are ranked into, and how unlikely is it that holy souls that go thither should want employment. Great concourse and multitudes of people make places of business in this world, and must much more do so where creatures of the most spiritual and active natures must be supposed to have their residence. Scripture speaks of "myriads" (which we read "an innumerable company") of angels, besides all "the spirits of just men" (Heb. xii.), who are sometimes said to be more than any one could number (Rev. vii.) And when we are told of many heavens, above all which our Lord Jesus is said to have ascended; are all those heavens only empty solitudes—uninhabited glorious deserts? When we find how full of vitality this base earth of ours is, how replenished with living creatures, not only on the surface, but within it; how unreasonable is it to suppose the nobler parts of the universe to be less peopled with inhabitants of proportionable spiritu-

ality, activity, liveliness, and vigour to the several regions, which, the remoter they are from dull earth, must be supposed still the finer, and apt to afford fit and suitable habitations to such creatures? Whether we suppose pure, unclothed spirits to be the natives in all those heavens, all comprehended under the one name of angels, or whether, as some think of all created spirits, that they have all vital union with some or other vehicles, etherial or celestial, more or less fine and pure, as the region is to which they belong, having gradually associated unto them the spirits of holy men gone from us, which are said to be ἰσάγγελοι, angels' fellows (Luke xx. 36), it is indifferent to our purpose.

Let us only consider them all as intelligent spiritual beings, full of holy light, life, active power, and love to their common Lord, and one another. And can we imagine their state to be a state of torpid silence, idleness, and inactivity, or that they have not much higher and nobler work to do there, than they can have in such a world as this, or in such bodies as here they lug to and fro?

And the Scriptures are not altogether silent concerning the distinct orders of those glorious creatures that inhabit all the heavens, and which this upper Hades must be understood to contain. Though it hath not provided to gratify any one's curiosity, so far as to give us particular accounts of their differences and distinctions; and though we are not warranted to believe such conjectures concerning them, as we find in the supposititious Dionysius's "Celestial Hierarchy," or much less the idler dreams of Valentinus and the Gnostics about their Æons, with divers more such fictions; yet we are not to neglect what God hath expressly told us, viz., that giving us some account of the creation, in the Hades, or the invisible part of it, there are thrones, dominions, principalities, powers, angels —and elsewhere archangels, authorities (Col. i. 16, with 1 Pet. iii. 21)—which being terms that import order and govern-

ment, can scarce allow us not to conceive that, of all those numberless multitudes of glorious creatures that replenish and people those spacious regions of light and bliss, there are none who belong not to some or other of those principalities and dominions.

Whence, therefore, nothing is more obvious than to conceive, that whosoever is adjoined to them, ascending out of our world, presently hath his station assigned him, is made to know his post, and how he is to be employed, in the service and adoration of the sovereign Lord of all, and in paying the most regular homage to the throne of God and the Lamb. It being still to be remembered, that God is not worshipped there, or here, as though He needed anything, since He "gives to all breath and being and all things" (Acts xvii.); but that the felicity of His most excellent creatures doth in great part consist in acting perpetually according to the dictate of a just and right mind, and that therefore they take highest pleasure in prostration, in casting down their crowns, in shrinking even into nothing, before the original, eternal, subsistent Being, that He may be owned as the All in All, because they follow herein a most satisfied judgment, and express it when they say, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created" (Rev. iv. 11); and, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches, and wisdom, and strength," &c. (Rev. v. 12).

And they that rest not night nor day from such high and glorious employments, have they nothing to do? Or will we say or think, because we see not how the heavenly potentates lead on their bright legions, to present themselves before the throne, to tender their obeisance, or receive commands and despatches to this or that far remote dynasty, or, suppose, to such and such a mighty star—(whereof there are so numberless myriads; and why should we suppose them not replenished

with glorious inhabitants?)—whither they fly as quick as thought with joyful speed, under the all-seeing Eye, glad to execute wise and just commands upon all occasions? But alas! in all this we can but "darken counsel with words without knowledge." We cannot pretend to knowledge in these things; yet if, from Scripture intimations, and the concurrent reason of things, we only make suppositions of what may be, not conclusions of what is; let our thoughts ascend as much higher as they can, I see not why they should fall lower than all this. And because we cannot be positive, will we therefore say or think there can be no such thing, or nothing but dull inactivity in those regions? Because that other world is Hades, and we see nothing, shall we make little or next to nothing of it? We should think it very absurd reasoning if we should use it, in reference to such mean trifles in comparison, and say there is no such thing as pomp and state, no such thing as action or business in the court of Spain or France, of Persia or Japan, because no sound from thence strikes our ear, or the beams of majesty there dazzle not our eye.

I should, indeed, think it very unreasonable to make mere magnitude, or vast extent of space, filled up with nothing but void air, ether, or other fine matter—call it by what name you will—alone, or by itself, a very considerable note of excellency of the other invisible world above this visible world of ours. But I reckon it much more unreasonable and unenforced (to say no more) by any principles, either of philosophy or religion, finding this world of ours (a baser part of the creation) so full of life, and of living inhabitants, of one degree or another; to suppose the nobler parts of the universe, still ascending upwards, generally unpeopled, and desert; when it is so conceivable in itself, and so aptly tending to magnify our Creator and Redeemer, that all the upper regions be fully inhabited with intelligent creatures—whether mere spirits, unclothed

with anything material, or united with some or other matter, we need not determine.

And whereas Scripture plainly intimates, that the apostate revolted spirits that fell from God, and kept not their first stations, were vastly numerous; we have hence scope enough for our thoughts to conceive, that so spacious regions being replenished with intelligent creatures, always innocent and happy, the delinquents compared with them may be as despicable for their paucity, as they are detestable for their apostasy; and that the horrid Hades, wherein they are reserved to the blackness of darkness for ever, may be no more in proportion, nay, inexpressibly less, than some little rocky island, appointed as a place of punishment for criminals, in comparison of a flourishing, vast empire, fully peopled with industrious, rich, sober-minded and happy inhabitants.

Hope for England.

[The Platonic elevation and spiritualism of Howe have been the subject of frequent remark, and amidst his prevailing poverty of style few can fail to recognise an opulence of imagination almost Oriental. In these cold latitudes, and amongst our Western races, few metaphors are borrowed from the sense of smell; but the writings of Howe are almost as fragrant as the Psalms, or the Song of Solomon. "How pleasant should it be to our souls often to remember and think on that name of His which we bear, and draw in as vital breath the sweet odours of it!" And in the following extract—"What a balmy memory will one generation leave to another, when the savour of the knowledge of Christ shall be diffused in every place, . . . and the branches of religious families, whether sooner or later transplanted, shall leave an odour, when they are cut off, that shall demonstrate their nearer union with the true Vine, or speak their relation to the Tree of Life!"]

There is great reason to hope God will not finally abandon England. But is there not equal reason to fear that, before the day of mercy come, there may be a nearer day of wrath coming?—a day that shall "burn as an oven," and make the hemisphere about us a fiery vault. In our recovery from a lapsed state, which the religion professed among us aims at, there are two things to be effected, viz., the restoring reason to its empire over the sensitive nature, that it may govern that; and the restoring religion and love to God to its place and power, that He may govern us. While the former is not done, we remain sunk unto the low level with the inferior creatures; and till the latter be effected, we are ranked with the apostate creatures that first fell from God. The sensuality of brutes, and the enmity of devils, rising, and springing up observably among us, import the directest hostility against the Redeemer's design; and them that bid this open defiance to Him, He hath every moment at His mercy!

In the meantime, is this Emmanuel's land? His right in us He will not disclaim, and because He claims it, we may expect Him to vindicate Himself. His present patience we are to ascribe to the wisdom and greatness of an all-comprehending mind. He counts not an heap of impotent worms His match; but when the besom of destruction comes, one stroke of it will sweep away multitudes. Then contempt will be answered with contempt. They cannot express higher, than to oppose and militate against a religion introduced and brought into the world by so clear, Divine light, lustre, and glory, not by arguments, but by jests. O that we could but see their arguments to dispute those keys out of His hands that holds them! But do they think to laugh away the power of the Son of God? He also will laugh at their calamity, or expose them to the laughter of men wiser than they (Prov. i.; Psalm lii. 5, 6). 'Tis little wit to despise what they cannot disprove. When we find a connexion between death and judgment, how

will they contrive to disjoin them? They will be as little able to disprove the one as withstand the other.

But a great residue, it is to be hoped, our blessed Redeemer will, in due time, conquer in the most merciful way, inspiring them with Divine wisdom and love, detecting their errors, mollifying their hardness, subduing their enmity, making them gladly submit to His easy yoke and light burden. He is, before the world end, to have a numerous seed, and we are not to despair of their rising up more abundantly than hitherto among ourselves, so as no man shall be therefore ashamed to be thought a serious Christian, because it is an unfashionable or an ungenteel thing.

Then will honour be acquired by living as one that believes a life to come, and expects to live for ever, as devoted ones to the Ruler of both worlds, and candidates for a blessed immortality under His dominion. Nor will any man covet to leave a better name behind him here, or a more honourable memorial of himself, than by having lived an holy, virtuous life. It signifies not nothing with the many to be remembered when they are gone. Therefore is this trust wont to be committed to marbles and monumental stones. Some have been so wise to prefer a remembrance among them that were so, from their having lived to some valuable purpose. When Rome abounded with statues and memorative obelisks, Cato forbade any to be set up for him, because (he said) he had rather it should be asked why had he not one? than why he had?

What a balmy memory will one generation leave to another, when "the savour of the knowledge of Christ shall be diffused in every place," and everything be counted as dross and dung that is in any competition with the excellency of that knowledge; when that shall overflow the world, and one age praise His mighty works, and proclaim His power and greatness to the next, and the branches of religious families, whether sooner or later transplanted, shall leave an odour, when they are cut

off, that shall demonstrate their nearer union with the true Vine, or speak their relation to the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations! Even those that were deciduous, and have dropped off, may, without straining a borrowed expression, signify somewhat towards this purpose.

A Temple in Ruins.

[The following extract is from Howe's greatest work, "The Living Temple." The readers of Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio" will recollect it there transcribed, "as one of the finest pieces of imagery to be met with in elegant writing."*]

That God hath withdrawn Himself, and left this His temple desolate, we have many sad and plain proofs before us. The stately ruins are visible to every eye that bear in their front, yet extant, this doleful inscription, "Here God once dwelt." Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to shew the Divine presence did some time reside in it; more than enough of vicious deformity, to proclaim He is now retired and gone. The lamps are extinct, the altar overturned, the light and love are now vanished, which did the one shine with so heavenly brightness, the other burn with so pious fervour; the golden candlestick is displaced and thrown away as a useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness; the sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, is exchanged for a poisonous, hellish vapour, and here is "instead of a sweet savour, a stench." The comely order of this house is turned all into confusion; "the beauties of holiness" into noisome impurities; the "house of prayer into a den of thieves," and that of the worst and most horrid kind; for every lust is a thief, and every theft sacrilege; continual rapine and robbery are committed upon holy things.

* "Theron and Aspasio," Dialogue xi.

The noble powers which were designed and dedicated to Divine contemplation and delight, are alienated to the service of the most despicable idols, and employed unto the vilest intuitions and embraces; to behold and admire lying vanities, to indulge and cherish lust and wickedness.

What have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary? How have they broken down the carved work thereof, and that too with axes and hammers, the noise whereof was not to be heard in building, much less in the demolishing this sacred fane! Look upon the fragments of that curious sculpture which once adorned the palace of that great king; the relics of common notions; the lively prints of some undefaced truth; the fair ideas of things; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold, with what accuracy the broken pieces shew these to have been engraven by the finger of God, and how they lie now torn and scattered, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish! There is not now a system—an entire table of coherent truths to be found, or a frame of holiness, but some shivered parcels. And if any, with great toil and labour, apply themselves to draw out here one piece, and there another, and set them together, they serve rather to shew how exquisite the Divine workmanship was in the original composition, than for present use to the excellent purposes for which the whole was first designed. Some pieces agree, and own one another; but how soon are our inquiries and endeavours nonplussed and superseded! How many attempts have been made, since that fearful fall and ruin of this fabric, to compose again the truths of so many several kinds into their distinct orders, and make up frames of science, or useful knowledge; and after so many ages nothing is finished in any one kind! Sometimes truths are misplaced, and what belongs to one kind is transferred to another, where it will not fitly match; sometimes falsehood inserted, which shatters or disturbs the whole frame. And what is with much fruitless

pains done by the one hand, is dashed in pieces by another; and it is the work of a following age to sweep away the fine-spun cobwebs of a former. And those truths which are of greatest use, though not most out of sight, are least regarded; their tendency and design are overlooked, or they are so loosened and torn off that they cannot be wrought in, so as to take hold of the soul, but hover as faint ineffectual notions that signify nothing. Its very fundamental powers are shaken and disjointed, and their order towards one another confounded and broken, so that what is judged considerable is not considered, what is recommended as eligible and lovely is not loved and chosen. Yea, the truth which is after godliness is not so much disbelieved as hated, held in unrighteousness, and shines as too feeble a light in that malignant darkness which comprehends it not. You come, amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless among heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man, gives you but such another prospect, and doth but say to you, "Behold the desolation."

The Redeemer's Tears wept over Lost Souls.

[Such is the title of a discourse, than which the English language contains none more remarkable for majestic pathos and holy earnestness. We give the closing sentences.]

If the Lord of heaven and earth do now look down from the throne of glory, and say, "What! sinner, wilt thou despise My favour and pardon, My Son, thy mighty, merciful Redeemer, My grace and Spirit still?"—what can be the return of the poor abashed wretch, overawed by the glory of the Divine Majesty, stung with compunction, overcome with the intimation of

kindness and love? I have heard of Thee, O God, by the hearing of the ear—now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. So inwardly is the truth of that word now felt, "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified towards thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God" (Ezek. xvi. 63). But, sinner, wilt thou make a covenant with Me and my Christ? wilt thou take Me for thy God, and Him for thy Redeemer and Lord? And may I, Lord? yet, may I? O admirable grace! wonderful sparing mercy! that I was not thrown into hell at my first refusal! Yea, Lord, with all my heart and soul, I renounce the vanities of an empty, cheating world, and all the pleasures of sin. In Thy favour stands my life. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? whom on earth do I desire besides Thee? And O thou blessed Jesus, thou Prince of the kings of the earth, who hast loved me, and washed me from my sins in Thy blood, and whom the eternal God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins, I fall before Thee, my Lord and my God; I here willingly tender my homage at the footstool of Thy throne. I take Thee for the Lord of my life. I absolutely surrender and resign myself to Thee. Thy love constrains me henceforth no more to live for myself, but to Thee who diedst for me, and didst rise again. And I subject and yield myself to Thy blessed light and power, O Holy Spirit of grace, to be more and more illuminated, sanctified, and prepared for every good word and work in this world, and for an inheritance among them that are sanctified in the other. Sinner, never give thy soul leave to be at rest till thou find it brought to some such transaction with God (the Father, Son, and Spirit) as this; so as that thou canst truly say, and dost feel thy heart is in it. Be not weary or impatient of waiting and striving, till thou canst say, this is now the very sense of thy soul. Such things

have been done in the world (but oh, how seldom of latter days!)—so God hath wrought with men to save them from going down to the pit, having found a ransom for them. And why may He not yet be expected to do so? He hath smitten rocks ere now, and made the waters gush out; nor is His hand shortened, nor His ear heavy. Thy danger is not, sinner, that He will be inexorable, but lest thou shouldst. He will be entreated, if thou wouldst be prevailed with to entreat His favour with thy whole heart.

And that thou mayst, and not throw away thy soul, and so great a hope, through mere sloth, aud loathness to be at some pains for thy life; let the text, which hath been thy *directory* about the things that belong to thy peace, be also thy *motive*, as it gives thee to behold the Son of God weeping over such as would not know those things. Shall not the Redeemer's tears move thee? O hard heart, consider what these tears import to this purpose.

1. They signify the real depth and greatness of the misery into which thou art falling. They drop from an intellectual and most comprehensive eye, that sees far, and pierces deep into things, hath a wide and large prospect; takes the compass of that forlorn state into which unreconcileable sinners are hastening, in all the horror of it. The Son of God did not weep vain and causeless tears, or for a light matter; nor did He for Himself either spend His own, or desire the profusion of others' tears. Weep not for me, O daughters of Jerusalem, &c. He knows the value of souls, the weight of guilt, and how low it will press and sink them; the severity of God's justice, and the power of His anger, and what the fearful effects of them will be, when they finally fall. If thou understandest not these things thyself, believe Him that did—at least believe His tears.

2. They signify the sincerity of His love and pity, the truth and tenderness of His compassion. Canst thou think His

deceitful tears? His, who never knew guile? was this like the rest of His course? And remember that He who shed tears, did, from the same fountain of love and mercy, shed blood too! Was that also done to deceive? Thou makest thyself some very considerable thing indeed, if thou thinkest the Son of God counted it worth His while to weep, and bleed, and die, to deceive thee into a false esteem of Him and His love. But if it be the greatest madness imaginable to entertain any such thought, but that His tears were sincere and inartificial, the natural genuine expressions of undissembled benignity and pity, thou art then to consider what love and compassion thou art now sinning against; what bowels thou spurnest; and that if thou perishest, 'tis under such guilt as the devils themselves are not liable to, who never had a Redeemer bleeding for them, nor, that we ever find, weeping over them.

3. They shew the remedilessness of thy case, if thou persist in impenitency and unbelief till the things of thy peace be quite hid from thine eyes. These tears will then be the last issues of (even defeated) love, of love that is frustrated of its kind design. Thou mayst perceive in these tears the steady unalterable laws of heaven, the inflexibleness of the Divine justice, that holds thee in adamantine bonds, and hath sealed thee up, if thou prove incurably obstinate and impenitent, into perdition; so that even the Redeemer himself, He that is mighty to save, cannot at length save thee, but only weep over thee, drop tears into thy flame, which assuage it not; but (though they have another design, even to express true compassion) do yet unavoidably heighten and increase the fervour of it, and will do so to all eternity. He even tells thee, sinner, "Thou hast despised My blood, thou shalt yet have My tears." That would have saved thee—these do only lament thee lost.

But the tears wept over others, as lost and past hope, why should they not yet melt thee, while as yet there is hope in thy

case? If thou be effectually melted in thy very soul, and looking to Him whom thou hast pierced, dost truly mourn over Him, thou mayst assure thyself the prospect His weeping eye had of lost souls, did not include thee. His weeping over thee would argue thy case forlorn and hopeless; thy mourning over Him will make it safe and happy. That it may be so, consider further, that,

4. They signify how very intent He is to save souls, and how gladly He would save thine, if yet thou wilt accept of mercy while it may be had. For if He weep over them that will not be saved, from the same love that is the spring of these tears would saving mercies proceed to those that are become willing to receive them. And that love that wept over them that were lost, how will it glory in them that are saved? There His love is disappointed and vexed, crossed in its gracious intendment; but here having compassed it, how will He joy over thee with singing, and rest in His love! And thou also, instead of being involved in a like ruin with the unreconciled sinners of the old Jerusalem, shalt be enrolled among the glorious citizens of the new, and triumph together with them in eternal glory.

EDWARD POLHILL, ESQ. OF BURWASH.

For the contributions to religious authorship by Christian laymen, we acknowledge a special affection. In such contributions no period has more abounded than our living day, producing, as it has done, the "Internal Evidence" of Mr Erskine; "Truths" and "Errors regarding Religion," by Mr Douglas of Cavers; Mr Sheppard's "Christian Encouragement and Consolation;" Isaac Taylor's "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" the Hymns of James Montgomery, and the little practical treatises of Dr Abercrombie. Not to mention that the disinterested and unsuspected testimony of spontaneous witnesses may influence minds, which regard as mere professional advocacy the reasonings and exhortations of ministers, we believe that no readers profit more than ministers themselves by the writings of pious and accomplished laymen. They are hints to the pulpit from the pew, and often direct attention to lines of thought and topics of inquiry which were in danger of being overlooked in the routine of conventional sermonising. Nor is it a small advantage to have a fresh eye and a freer pencil set to work on subjects which have grown trite under the treatment handed down by tradition from our reverend and right-reverend fathers. Even when writing for the press, theologians are apt to wear the gown and cassock, and it is ten to one that the anonymous review or biographical sketch will betray the homily. From this failing the non-clerical author is exempt. Even should he become prolix and prosy, he does not preach; and in point of directness, vivacity, and literary grace, the advantage is usually on the layman's side.

In the century which boasts of laymen like Selden, and Sir

Matthew Hale, and Sir Harry Vane, and John Milton, and the Honourable Robert Boyle, we are disposed to award the meed of merit as a theologian to Edward Polhill. His "Speculum Theologiæ," his treatise on "Precious Faith," and his "Mystical Union betwixt Christ and Believers," are noble productions, replete with sound divinity, rich in experimental piety, and written in a lofty strain of thought and feeling. It is much to be regretted that our information regarding the author is so scanty. He was proprietor of Burwash, a parish in Sussex; a county magistrate; a friend and protector of the persecuted non-conformists; and his widow appears to have been a member of Dr Owen's church in London. But beyond these meagre facts, and the five or six masterly volumes which bear his name, it would seem as if his memorial had perished.* Our first extract is from his "Speculum Theologiæ in Christo: or, A View of some Divine Truths which are exemplified in Jesus Christ." The second is from "Preparation for Suffering in an Evil Day."

The Great Sacrifice.

The truth of all the types and shadows was set forth in our Saviour, who was the body and substance of them all. There was in Him somewhat that did symbolise with them, and somewhat that did infinitely transcend them. Manna came down from heaven, and so did Christ; but He came from the highest heaven, the place of God's glorious presence, to give not a temporal life, but a spiritual, an eternal one—not to one nation only, but to a world. The rock smitten by Moses' rod supplied the Israelites; and Christ, smitten by the curse of the law, supplies the Church, not with earthly water, but with heavenly—with rivers of living graces and comforts

* Even the dredge of "Notes and Queries," (vol. vi. 461), has failed to fish up any additional information.

—following believers not for a time, but indeficiently and for ever. Hence the Jewish rabbies say, that the turning the rock into water, was the turning the property of judgment into the property of mercy. All mercies issue out from this spiritual rock. The brazen serpent was lifted up upon a pole, and Christ was lifted up upon the cross: that healed the wounds made by the outward serpents in the body, and He heals the wounds made by sin in the conscience. The corporal cure came by the eye—by looking to the brazen serpent; the spiritual one comes by faith—by looking to our Saviour for salvation. God dwelt in the tabernacle and temple, and in Christ He dwelt in the flesh; not in types and symbols, but really and hypostatically; not for a time, but for ever. Christ is the true Tabernacle and Temple, who hath all the holy things in Him. Here 's the Shekinah—the Divine Majesty appearing in our nature. Here 's the Ark, where the tables of the law, broken by men, are kept inviolate. Here 's the Mercy-seat, or Propitiatory, which covers our sins, and from whence God communes with us in words of grace. Here 's the Veil, the flesh of Christ, which hid His deity, and through which there is a way into heaven itself. Here are the Holy Lamps, the spirit of wisdom and grace derived from our Saviour. Here 's the Altar of Burnt-offering—the deity of Christ sanctified His humanity to be a sufficient sacrifice for a world: and the Altar of Incense—the odours of His merit perfume all our services, and render them acceptable unto God. Almost everything did breathe forth Christ, and speak to His honour. He was in one, in all the sacrifices, and was more than all of them. Sacrifices began with the first promise of the Messiah, and, after almost four thousand years' standing, they ended in His death; a singular respect they had to Him, and a full complement in His perfect sacrifice.

Now, touching the sacrifices, two things are to be noted:—

The one is this: There is somewhat in Christ which answers

to the expiatory sacrifices. The sacrifice was to be perfect and without blemish, that it might be accepted; the blind, or broken, or maimed, or corrupted thing was not to be offered up to God. Answerably, the human nature of Christ, which was the great sacrifice, was without spot or guile; it was formed by the Holy Spirit, and it breathed out nothing but sanctity, that it might be a pure offering unto God. Had there been any blemish in it, it could not have been united to the person of the Word, nor offered up as a sacrifice to God for us. The sacrifice, pure in itself, was substituted in room of sinful defective men; there was life for life—the life of a beast, instead of that of a man. Suitably, Christ, the meek, patient, immaculate Lamb of God, stood in our room: He died for us: He gave His life a ransom, ἀντι πολλῶν, "instead of many" (Matt. xx. 28). His person was put in the room of ours, and His sufferings, too, in the room of ours. Had He not stood in our stead, He could not have been capable either to bear the stroke of penal sufferings, or to free us from the same: not to bear penal sufferings—He being nothing but mere innocency in Himself; nor to free us from them—He being in no conjunction with us. The sacrifice being put in the sinner's room had sin imputed to it: they were to lay their hands upon the head of it (Lev. i. 4); a confession of sins was made over the scape-goat (Lev. xvi. 21); their sins were in a sort transferred upon the sacrifice, that it might bear them away. Thus it was with Christ. He was made sin for us (2 Cor. v. 21). The Lord laid on Him the iniquities of us all (Isa. liii. 6). Our guilt was imputed to Him so far as to render His sufferings penal; and, as an ancient hath it, He was "delictorum susceptor, non commissor." Having no guilt of His own, He stood under ours, in order to a glorious expiation and abolition of it in His death and satisfaction. Sin being charged upon the sacrifice, there was a destroying of the thing offered. So it was with Christ, when our sins were laid upon Him. With

the corn he was bruised; with the wine and oil, poured out; with the lamb, slain and roasted in the fire of God's wrath; and with the scape-goat, driven into the wilderness of desertion, crying out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" His sufferings were very many and very great for us. The sacrifice being slain, its blood did expiate sin; an atonement was made; remission ensued upon it. Thus, Christ dying on the cross, His blood was expiatory; our fault was compensated, justice was satisfied, wrath was averted, and God was appeased and reconciled towards us. In these things appears a fair analogy between those ancient sacrifices and Christ the great sacrifice.

The other is this: There is that in Christ which infinitely transcends all the legal sacrifices. In the sacrifice there was only a brute in perfection, but in Christ there was a human nature in perfection—a human nature which had the Spirit above measure, and was as full of grace as the capacity of a creature could hold. There was in His humanity such a beauty and unmatchable perfection of grace as far surpassed the united and accumulated excellencies of all the angels in heaven. The sacrifice stood and suffered in the room of offenders by constraint and compulsion: it was bound with cords to the horns of the altar; but Christ stood and suffered in our room by choice and voluntary sponsion; His soul was not snatched away, but poured out; His life was not merely taken away, but laid down; He was under no constraint but that of His own compassion; He was tied with no cords, but those of His own love. In the private sacrifice, some particular sin was charged upon it; in the public one, the sins of the Jewish nation were charged upon it; but upon Christ were laid the sins of a world: sins of vast distances, as far remote in place as the quarters of the earth, and in time, as the morning and evening of the world, met all together upon Him. In the sacrifice there was a mere simple death, and the blood was but the blood of a

brute; but Christ's death was not a mere simple one, but a death with a sting and a curse in it; a death with as much wrath in it as was due to the sin of a world; nor was His blood the blood of a brute, but the blood of a man—nay, of God Himself. And what manner of sacrifice was this! How compensative for sin! how satisfactory to justice! how aversive of wrath! how impetrative of all good! The sacrifice *suo modo* did expiate sin. It took away civil guilt, by freeing the offender from that temporal death which, in the strict sanction of the law, was due to him. It took away ceremonial guilt, by freeing him from those legal impurities which excluded him from the public worship; hence the apostle saith, that "the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, did sanctify to the purifying of the flesh" (Heb. ix. 13). Thus far went the sacrifice, but it could go no further. The moral guilt was still unremoved, justice was still unsatisfied, the wrath to come was still unaverted, God as yet was unreconciled. There was somewhat done to the flesh, nothing to the conscience. Hence the apostle saith that those sacrifices, though often repeated, could not make the comers thereunto perfect (Heb. x. 1). The blood of bulls and goats could not take away sin. Still there was a conscience of sin, and a remembrance of it every year. But when Christ gave Himself "an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour," there was a penal, total expiation of sin; not the flesh, but the conscience, was purged; not ceremonial, but moral guilt, was done away. Thus the apostle, comparing His sacrifice with the legal ones, saith, "The blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered up himself without spot to God, shall purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God" (Heb. ix. 14). All things in the text are emphatical. He offered, not as the Gentiles to devils, but to God; He offered, not as the priest under that law, a sacrifice distinct from Himself, but He offered Himself; He offered, not as the

deceiver, a corrupt thing (Mal. i. 14), but His pure and innocent self, in whom there was no spot or blemish; He offered up himself not merely through a human spirit, but through a divine eternal one; through His divinity, which inspired an eternal vigour and fragrancy into His sacrifice, so that it needed not, as the legal ones, any reiteration; "for," as the apostle hath it, "he hath by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14). This is that great sacrifice, more than all other sacrifices, which satisfied justice, expiated moral guilt, averted the wrath of heaven, and procured an eternal redemption for us.

The Hope full of Immortality.

If we would be in a fit posture for suffering, we must get a lively hope of eternal life. As our life is a sea, hope is compared to an anchor, which makes us stand steady in a storm: as our life is a warfare, hope is compared to an helmet, which covers the soul in times of danger: as the body liveth *spirando*, by breathing, so the soul lives *sperando*, by hoping. A man cannot drown so long as his head is above water; hope lifts up the head, and looks up to the redemption and salvation that is to come in another world in its fulness and perfection. Hope doth three things; it assures good things to come; it disposes us for them; it waits for them unto the end: each of which will be of singular use to fit us for pious sufferings.

I. Hope assures good things to come: It is called "the hope of salvation" (1 Thess. v. 8), "the hope of glory" (Rom. v. 2), "the hope of eternal life" (Tit. i. 2), because it assures these things. To this I shall speak in three particulars:—

1. Hope assures us that there is another world, called in Scripture the world to come. Without this there can be no foundation for pious suffering; no man can freely part with this world unless he be assured of another: "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miser-

able" (1 Cor. xv. 19). Miserable indeed, to be persecuted out of one world, and to have never another to go to. If Christians were in as dark a case as the Emperor Adrian was, when dying he cried out, "O my poor soul, whither art thou going?" they could be in no rational capacity of suffering: but hope assures them that there is another world, where things are administered in a different manner than they are here in this. Here good men bear the cross, there they wear the crown; here they are black with reproaches, there they shine as the sun; here they are tossed at sea, there they enter into rest; here they drink of the bitter cup, there of the rivers of pleasures above; here they are in the bloody hands of men, there in the arms of a gracious God. Hope is sure that these things are so; God's promises secure them; and that we might have strong consolation, God's oath is superadded also: our Saviour hath sealed up the truth of them with His own blood; and we may venture our dearest lives upon them. Hence it is that hope is said to be the anchor of the soul, "sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil" (Heb. vi. 19). Other anchors may break, but this will never fail; other anchors are fastened in this world, but this enters into that within the veil, and fixes itself in the unmoveable heaven; and in respect thereof, Christians become in some measure unmoveable in the midst of all the storms here below. St Cyprian saith of the Christians in his time, that their faith and hope did stand unmoveable and unshaken among the ruins of the world. When the excellent Melancthon was threatened by his enemies that they would not leave him a footstep in Germany, he replied that he should have one in heaven. In like manner, when a poor persecuted Christian is ready to be cast out of this world, he may comfort himself with this, that he hath another to go to, where he shall have better usage, and a reward for his sufferings.

2. Hope assures us that the good things of the world to come do incomparably exceed the things of this world. If the

things of this world were the better, no man would leave better for worse; nay, if they were but equal, no man would part with that in possession for that in expectation: but hope assures us that the good things of the world to come do far transcend those that are in this world. The mansions in glory are better than the houses of clay; the incorruptible inheritance exceeds a fading one; eternal life is much more precious than temporal; the crowns of immortality above outshine all the titles of honour here below; the pure rivers of pleasure in heaven are far sweeter than the delights on earth; the fruition of God (who is the supreme good, centre of souls, sabbath of rest, and fountain of blessedness), cannot but be infinitely beyond the enjoyment of creatures. A good assurance that these things are so will dispose us to part with the lesser concerns here below, that we may enjoy the greater that are above. We read of some worthies that "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, because they had in heaven a better and enduring substance" (Heb. x. 34). And, again, of some that would "not accept deliverance, because they would obtain a better resurrection" (Heb. xi. 35). Shadows and trifles were to be parted with, rather than massy and durable felicity; the bubble or vapour of a transitory life was to be let go, rather than an everlasting one. When, in the persecution under Dioclesian, the martyrs were asked what made them bear such torments, and what they expected after all their sufferings? they made this answer, That they did hope for those good things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, which God hath prepared for them that love him." We see what bore up their spirits in their sufferings; let us labour to have an high sense of the excellencies of the world to come, that, if need be, we may part with all for it.

3. Hope assures our interest in the good things of the world to come. And here two things are to be noted; the one is this: Hope, in its initial existence, assures our interest in them

fundamentally: he that hath a true lively hope of them hath a real interest in them. Every right grace touches upon heaven, and gives a right to it; but hope doth it in a kind of peculiar way; it enters in within the veil, and in a sort takes possession of the other world. As the ship is at land in its anchor, so the soul is in heaven in its hope; and he that hath a true interest there, will not part with it in a time of suffering: the anchor, being in heaven, and fastened in the unmoveable felicity there, will hold out in a storm. Such an one will reckon, as St Paul did, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18). Or if a comparison be made, the sufferings, in respect of the glory, will be but as a drop of wormwood to a vast sea of infinite sweetness. The other thing is this: Hope, in its full stature, assures our interest in the good things to come sensibly: he that hath a plerophory of hope certainly knows that he hath an interest in them: "We know that we have passed from death to life," saith St John (1 John iii. 14). As if the apostle had said, we are in the borders of heaven, and we know it as it were sensibly, as we do our passage from one place to another. Holy Job saith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and maugre all the worms, "in my flesh I shall see God" (Job xix. 25, 26). He was sure of the bliss-making vision, and could look through the dust to immortality. Such a full hope ushers in a kind of paradise into the soul, and admirably fits it to bear sufferings: the internal suavity is able to sweeten any outward condition. The learned Rivet, at his dying hour, brake forth into these words, "Expecto, credo, persevero, dimoveri nequeo. Dei Spiritus meo spiritui testatur, me esse ex filiis suis. O amorem ineffabilem!" "I expect, I believe, I persevere, I cannot be moved. God's Spirit witnesses to mine that I am one of His children. O ineffable love!" Let us labour to have not only a lively hope, that we may have a title to heaven, but a full hope, that we may know

our title to it. This will be an high cordial in an evil day, and make us able, whatever the sufferings be, to go on triumphantly and with full sails to heaven.

II. Hope doth not only assure the good things to come, but disposes us for them. Hope is not an idle dream or notion, but it is an active and lively thing; it doth not merely look to the glory above, but puts the soul into a posture for it. Every one that hath in him the hope of so great a thing as the seeing the blessed God is, "purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John iii. 3). He knows darkness cannot have communion with light; unclean eyes cannot be opened in so pure a place as heaven is; the earthly heart is too gross to be in the region of holy spirits; he that drowns himself in sensual pleasures is not meet to drink of the pure rivers that are above. Malicious spirits cannot be capable of dwelling there, where infinite love opens itself in all its sweetness. The false-hearted hypocrite can never be admitted to see truth in the original, nor the evil man to drink goodness at the fountain-head. He, therefore, that hath a right hope of being with God in heaven will purify himself for such an high estate; he will labour to have more of the light of faith to fit him for that of vision; to have more purity of heart, to make him meet to see the Holy One; to have more of heaven in his affections, to prepare him for that blessed region; to have more spiritual delight here, that he may be capable of entering into the joy of his Lord hereafter; to have his heart more filled with holy love, that he may be in an apt posture for the rich effusions of love in heaven; to have more truth and goodness in his heart, that he may be the more ready to enjoy the fountain and fulness of both, I mean the blessed God, who is all in all. Thus, this lively hope makes a man meet for heaven, and in so doing it makes him meet for those sufferings that lie in his way thither. That purity which disposes him to enjoy God in heaven, doth also dispose him to suffer for Him on earth; and the greater

the disposition is to heaven, the centre of blessedness, the stronger will the motion be to break through all difficulties that are in the passage thereunto. Let us therefore get a purifying hope, that we may be fit for the cross.

III. Hope doth not only dispose us for the good things to come, but it waits for them unto the end. Hope is a waiting grace; it makes a Christian's life to be a perpetual waiting. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come," saith Job. Job had many changes; but he waited for that great one which should bring him into a state of unchangeable happiness. Whatever holy men are a-doing still, they are in a waiting posture. When Jacob was blessing his sons, he did not forget this, but broke out in a sudden, sweet ejaculation, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord" (Gen. xlix. 18). Hope makes Christians to wait for the good things to come at all times, but in a special manner in time of suffering. St Paul, speaking first of the suffering saints, and then of the groaning world, expresseth himself thus: "We ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body; for we are saved by hope" (Rom. viii. 23, 24). Here we may observe the true state and posture of the saints. Afflictions make them groan; but the Divine hope, the first-fruits of the Spirit, makes them wait for a better world, in which adoption and redemption shall have their complete perfection. It is the very nature of Divine hope to wait for the good things to come. When the sun of prosperity shines, it waits in a way of obedience. "Lord, I have hoped for thy salvation, and do thy commandments," saith David (Ps. cxix. 166). He waited in a way of obedience to God's commands. And when the storm of persecution comes, it waits in a way of patience. Hence the apostle speaks of "the patience of hope" (1 Thess. i. 3). That hope which, in prosperity, waited in a way of obedience, will, in adversity, wait in a way of patience. Hope would

have the Christian to be always waiting for the upper world, but when the cross comes it presseth upon him more vehemently, and will speak after this manner to him: What, hast thou waited for the great reward in heaven in duties and ordinances, and wilt thou not wait for it in sufferings too? Heaven is the same still, and sufferings are not worthy to be compared with it: do but suffer a little, and thou shalt be there. When the martyr Ananias, in the Persian persecution, seemed to tremble at the approaching cross, Pusices spake thus to him: "Paulisper, O senex, oculos claude; nam statim lumen Dei videbis;" "Shut thine eyes a little, old man, and immediately thou shalt see the light of God." Excellent is that of the apostle: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18). Here, it is observable, affliction is light and momentary, but glory is a "weight," and "eternal;" there is no proportion between them. If by hope we look at the invisible and eternal things, this will support our hearts, that it is but a little short suffering, and we shall be in heavenly bliss for ever. Let us therefore labour after a waiting hope, that we may patiently bear the cross.

NONCONFORMISTS.

CHARLES II. was an easy-minded monarch. On his position as Head of the Church he set little value, and his own religious convictions were too feeble to render the creed or opinions of his subjects a matter of much concern to the sovereign. But on his accession to the throne, he found himself in the hands of counsellors who did not share his indifference. His brother, the Duke of York, had the sombre sincerity of a Papist; Sheldon, Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had the arrogance of an ecclesiastical autocrat, unchecked by conscientious scruples, and softened by few of the more gentle virtues; and the King's most able and active adviser, Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, brought back from his long exile the vindictive recollections, as well as the prejudices, of twenty years ago. At the instance of these statesmen, a bill was introduced in Parliament, and carried by a narrow majority of five in the House of Commons, which excluded from their benefices all clergymen who, before the 24th of August 1662, failed to comply with certain conditions. Not only must they renounce the Solemn League and Covenant, and abjure the taking of arms on any pretence whatsoever against the monarch; but, if not already episcopally ordained, they must receive ordination anew from a bishop; they must declare their unfeigned assent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer; and they must take the oath of canonical obedience to their ordinary. The measure was so framed as to leave little chance of remaining in the Church of England to any members of the obnoxious party of the Puritans. It was not content with exacting a strict compliance hereafter with the ceremonies of

the National Church, which many might have cheerfully promised; but by asking men of principle to acknowledge that their public actings hitherto had been a treason—by asking ministers of Christ to acknowledge that their ordination was a figment, and their commission to dispense the sacraments a forgery—it hardly left a loop-hole to self-respect, however humble, or to conscience, however free from punctilious scrupulosity. Men of honour, as well as men of faith, foresaw that it was impossible for the divines of the Commonwealth to comply with such conditions: it was only Churchmen of Sheldon's type, who betrayed at once their own animus, and their idea of clerical integrity, by saying, "We are afraid they will."

Bartholomew-day arrived, and upwards of two thousand pulpits were instantly vacant. By the Act of Uniformity, the Puritans, who for a hundred years had been the lights of the Church of England and the salt of the land, were cast forth from the national establishment, and were henceforth to be known as NONCONFORMISTS.

The more truly that we love the Church of England, the more deeply must we deplore a measure which, by organising a powerful dissent, impaired its nationality, and which, by expelling its most earnest ministers, had well-nigh extinguished its piety. For although, like Reynolds, a few men of spirituality and fervour conformed, and although some divines of distinguished learning and genius, such as Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, and Patrick, and Fuller, continued to minister in the pulpits and at the altars of the Establishment, there can be no doubt that, if zeal for the gospel is the glory of a church, in the secession of Baxter and Owen, Charnock and Howe, and their twenty-one hundred like-minded brethren, the glory of the Church of England departed for a season.

Of some of these "masters in Israel," we have already given a specimen; and, as their collective writings extend

to some thousands of volumes, it would require a separate work to do justice to that golden age of our English theology.

However, it is impossible to pass away from it without trying to convey some idea of its characteristics; and therefore, in the present section, we propose to introduce, in alphabetical order, a few of its worthies, exemplifying, as well as we can, their various modes of teaching. Accordingly, we begin with

JOSEPH ALLEINE.*

With his excellent constitution and amazing activity—with his clear and comprehensive views of the gospel, and with an address remarkably tender, endearing, subduing—with a love to the Saviour which often kindled to rapture, and with a longing after the souls of his people which was offended by no rebuffs, and which renewed its endeavours after every refusal—it was a wonderful change which the seven years of this young evangelist's labours effected on Taunton. And it is a wonderful amount of good which has been accomplished since his death, by the solemn and pathetic appeals contained in his "Alarm to the Unconverted." As one example, it may be mentioned that, towards the close of last century, a minister, more eminent for scholarship than fervour, repeated the substance of its successive chapters to his Highland congregation, as he was engaged in translating the work for some society, and the result was a wide-spread awakening, which long prevailed in the district of Nether Lorn.

To the pen of Mr Alleine's widow we are indebted for a simple and affectionate sketch of his character and labours, which we believe will be welcome to our readers.

His Manner of Life.

We lived together with Mr Newton near two years, where we were most courteously entertained; and then, hoping to be

* Born at Devizes, 1633; died at Bath, 1668.

more useful in our station, we took a house, and I having been always bred to work, undertook to teach a school, and had many tablers* and scholars, our family being seldom less than twenty, and many times thirty; my school usually fifty or sixty of the town and other places. And the Lord was pleased to bless us exceedingly in our endeavours: so that many were converted in a few years, that were before strangers to God. All our scholars called him "Father:" and indeed he had far more care of them than most of their natural parents, and was most tenderly affectionate to them, but especially to their souls.

His course in his family was prayer and reading the Scriptures, and singing twice a-day, except when he catechised, which was constantly once, if not twice a-week. Of every chapter that was read he expected an account, and of every sermon, either to himself or me. He dealt with them and his servants frequently, together and apart, about their spiritual states; pressing them to all their duties, both of first and second table, and calling them strictly to account, *Whether they did not omit them.* He also gave them books suitable to their capacities and condition, which they gave a weekly account of to him or me; but too often by public work was he diverted, as I am apt to think, who knew not so well what was to be preferred.

His Lord's-day's work was great, for though he preached but once in his own place, yet he was either desired by some of his brethren to supply theirs on any exigency, or would go where was no minister; and so was forced often to leave his family to me, to my great grief and loss. In his repetitions in public, as well as catechising, his own family came all in their turns to answer in the congregation, both scholars and servants.

When I have pleaded with him for more of his time with myself and family, he would answer me, "His ministerial work

* Tablers; *i.e.*, boarders.

would not permit him to be so constant as he would; for if he had ten bodies and souls, he could employ them all in and about Taunton." And would say, "Ah, my dear, I know thy soul is safe; but how many that are perishing have I to look after? O that I could do more for them!"

He was a holy, heavenly, tenderly-affectionate husband, and I know nothing I could complain of, but that he was so taken up, that I could have but very little converse with him.

His love was expressed to me in his great care for me, sick and well; in his provision for me; in his delight in my company; saying often, "He could not bear to be from me but when he was with God, or employed for Him; and that often it was hard for him to deny himself to be so long absent." It was irksome to him to make a meal without me, nor would he manage any affair almost without conversing with me, concealing nothing from me that was fit for me to know; being far from the temper of those husbands who hide all their concerns from their wives, which he could not endure to hear of, especially in good men.

He was a faithful reprover of anything he saw amiss in me, which I took as a great evidence of his real goodwill to my soul; and if in anything he gave me offence, which was but seldom, so far would he deny himself as to acknowledge it, and desire me to pass it by, professing to me he could never rest till he had done so; and the like I was ready to do to him, as there was far more reason; by which course, if any difference did arise, it was soon over with us.

He was a very tender master to his servants, every way expressing it to their souls and bodies, giving them that encouragement in their places they could desire; expecting from his whole family that respect and obedience to his commands which their rule required; reproving them that were careless and negligent in observing them.

He was frequent in keeping solemn days of humiliation, especially against a sacrament.

He was a very strict observer of the Sabbath, the duties of which he did perform with such joy and alacrity of spirit as was most pleasant to join with him, both in public and in the family, when we could enjoy him: and this he did much press upon Christians, to spend their Sabbaths more in praises and thanksgivings, as days of holy rejoicing in our Redeemer.

All the time of his health he did rise constantly at or before four of the clock, and on the Sabbath sooner, if he did wake. He would be much troubled if he heard any smiths, or shoemakers, or such tradesmen, at work at their trades, before he was in his duties with God; saying to me often, "O how this noise shames me! Doth not *my* Master deserve more than *theirs?*" From four till eight he spent in prayer, holy contemplations, and singing of psalms, which he much delighted in, and did daily practise alone as well as in his family. Having refreshed himself about half an hour, he would call to family duties, and after that to his studies, till eleven or twelve o'clock, cutting out his work for every hour in the day. Having refreshed himself a while after dinner, he used to retire to his study to prayer, and go abroad among the families he was to visit, to whom he always sent the day before; going out about two o'clock, and seldom returning till seven in the evening, sometimes later. He would often say, "Give me a Christian that counts his time more precious than gold." His work in his public ministry in Taunton being to preach but once a Sabbath, and catechise, he devoted himself much to private work, and also catechised once a-week in public besides, and repeated the sermon he preached on the Sabbath-day on Tuesday, in the evening.

He found much difficulty in going from house to house, because it had not been practised for a long time by any minister in Taunton, nor by any others of his brethren; and he being

but a young man, to be looked upon as singular, was that which called for much self-denial, which the Lord enabled him to exercise. For after he had preached up in public the ministers' duty to their people, and theirs to receive them when they came to them for their spiritual advantage, he set speedily upon the work.

In this work his course was to draw a catalogue of the names of the families in each street, and so to send a day or two before he intended to visit them, that they might not be absent, and that he might understand who was willing to receive him. Those that sent slight excuses, or did obstinately refuse his message, he would notwithstanding go to them, and if (as some would) they did shut their doors against him, he would speak some few affectionate words to them; or, if he saw cause, denounce the threatenings of God against them that despise His ministers, and so departed; and after would send affectionate letters to them, so full of love and expressions of his great desire to do their souls good, as did overcome their hearts; and they did many of them afterwards readily receive him into their houses. Herein was his compassion shewed to all sorts, both poor and rich, not disdaining to go into such houses amongst the poor as were often very offensive to him to sit in, he being of an exact and curious temper. Yet would he, with joy and freedom, deny himself for the good of their souls, and that he might fulfil his ministry among those the Lord had given him the oversight of.

I, perceiving this work, with what he did otherwise, to be too hard for him, fearing often he would bring himself to distempers and diseases, as he did soon after, besought him not to go so frequently. His answer would be, "What have I strength for, but to spend for God? What is a candle for, but to be burnt?" And he would say, "I was like Peter, still crying, O spare thyself! But I must not hearken to thee, no more than my Master did to him." Though his labours were so abun-

dant, I never knew him, for nine years together, under the least distemper one quarter of an hour.

He was exceeding temperate in his diet, though he had a very sharp appetite; yet he did at every meal deny himself, being persuaded that it did much conduce to his health. His converse at his table was very profitable, and yet pleasant, never rising, either at home or abroad, without dropping something of God, according to the rule he laid down to others. He was very much in commending and admiring the mercies of God in every meal, and still so pleased with his provision for him, that he would often say, "he fared deliciously every day, and lived far better than the great ones of the world who had their tables far better furnished." For he enjoyed God in all, and saw His love and bounty in what he received at every meal: so that he would say, "O wife, I live a voluptuous life! but, blessed be God, it is upon spiritual dainties such as the world know not, and taste not of."

He was much in minding the poor that were in want of all things, often wondering that God should make such a difference between him and them, both for this world and that to come; and his charity was ever beyond his estate, as myself and many other friends did conceive, but he would not be dissuaded, always saying, "If he were prodigal, it was for God, and not for himself, nor sin."

There were but few, if any, poor families, especially of the godly, in Taunton, but he knew their necessities, and did by himself or friends relieve them; so that our homes were seldom free of such as came to make complaints to him. After the times grew dead for trade, many of our godly men decaying, he would give much beyond his ability to recover them. He would buy pease and flitches of bacon, and distribute twice a-year in the cold and hard seasons. He kept several children at school at his own cost, bought many books and catechisms, and had many thousands of prayers printed and distributed

among them. And after his brethren were turned out, he gave four pounds a-year himself to a public stock for them, by which he excited many others to do the same and much more, which else would never have done it. And on any other occasions, as did frequently fall in, he would give even to the offence of his friends; so that many would grudge, in the town, to give him what they had agreed for, because he would give so much. Besides all this, the necessities of his own father, and many other relations, were still calling upon him, and he was open-handed to them all; so that it hath been sometimes even incredible to ourselves to consider how much he did out of a little estate, and therefore may seem strange to others. Moreover, when he had received any more than ordinary mercy at the hand of God, his manner was to set apart some considerable portion out of his estate, and dedicate it to the Lord as a thank-offering, to be laid out for His glory in pious and charitable uses.

When I have begged him to consider himself and me, he would answer me, "He was laying up, and God would repay him; that by liberal things he should stand, when others might fall that censured him; that if he sowed sparingly, he should reap so; if bountifully, he should reap bountifully."

And, I must confess, I did often see so much of God in His dealings with us according to His promises, that I have been convinced and silenced; God having often so strangely and unexpectedly provided for us; and, notwithstanding all he had done, he had at last somewhat to dispose of to his relations and to his brethren, besides comfortable provision for me.

Thus his whole life was a continual sermon, holding forth evidently the doctrines he preached — humility, self-denial, patience, meekness, contentation, faith, and holy confidence shining in him, with most dear love to God and His Church and people; and where he longed and panted to be, he is now shining, in heaven, singing praises to God and to the Lamb; which work he much delighted in, whilst here on earth.

A Letter to his Parishioners from Prison.

[To lose the services of such a minister was, perhaps, the saddest calamity which ever befel the town of Taunton. But although deprived of his living, Mr Alleine did not feel that he was released from the care of souls. Unfortunately, however, in those days of intolerance, to secede from the National Church was an offence against the State, and for an outed minister to preach was a crime. Of this crime Mr Alleine was guilty. For addressing little companies of his former parishioners, he was once and again thrown into prison; and during his second term of confinement, his health, already shattered, received a final shock, and soon after his discharge his Heavenly Master released him from all his labours.

From various pastoral epistles to his former parishioners, which he wrote during these imprisonments, we extract the following:—]

To the most Endeared People, the Inhabitants of Taunton, Salvation.

MOST DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED-FOR, MY JOY AND CROWN,—My heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may be saved. This is that which I have been praying, and studying, and preaching for these many years; and this is the end of my venturing, and suffering, and writing, at this present time. God that knoweth all things, He knoweth that this is my wish,—"Oh, that I could but come at their souls!" And that this is the prize and the gain that I run for, that I might win souls. I seek no other gifts; give me your hearts, let me but part between your sins and you; suffer me but to save you; give me leave to carry you over to Jesus Christ, and I will not ask you any more. I will serve you gladly, I will suffer for you thankfully, so I may but save you. Do not wonder why I follow you so pressingly, why I call upon you so frequently;

let not my importunity be grievous to you; all this is but to save you. Christ did not bethink His blood, and shall I bethink my breath, or ink, too dear, in order to your salvation? What a pity is it that any of you should miscarry at last under the power of ignorance, or by a profane negligence, or a formal and lifeless profession of strict godliness!

Beloved, I am afraid of you, lest (as to many of you) I have run in vain. I cannot but most thankfully acknowledge that (considering the paucity of those that are saved) there are not a few of you who are the joy of your ministers, and the glory of Christ. But it cannot be dissembled that far the greater number give little ground to hope that they are in the state of salvation. And must not this be a pinching thought to a compassionate teacher, to think that he cannot for his heart persuade men but that the most of them will wilfully throw away themselves? Is it not a woful sight to behold the devils driving a great part of our miserable flocks (as they did once the herd of swine, the keepers themselves, amazed, looking on), I say, driving them violently down the hill, till they be choked in the water, and drowned irrecoverably in the gulf of endless perdition? Ah, miserable spectacle! What through the wilful blindness of some, what through the looseness and sensuality of others, what through the halving, and cold and customary religion of others, how great a number of our poor flocks is Satan like to carry utterly away from us, after all that hath been done to save them!

Yet I cannot but call after them, "Hearken unto me, O ye children. How long will ye love vanity, and follow after leasing, and trust in lying words?" As the Lord liveth, you are lost except you turn. Wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye. Ah, how mercy wooeth you! How it waiteth to be gracious to you! Hear, O sinners, hear! See you not how the merciful Saviour of the world stretcheth forth His hands all the day long, and spreadeth forth His wings, and calleth

you as a hen doth her chickens! He hath no need of you; yet how do His compassions melt over perishing sinners! His heart is turned within Him; and shall not this turn your hearts? His repentings are kindled together; and shall not this lead you to repentance? Behold He standeth at the door and knocketh. O man, wilt thou keep Jesus at the door, and lodge Barabbas in thy bosom, and prefer thy cruel lusts before thy compassionate Lord? O His melting love to sinners! He calleth after them (Isa. lv. 1). He weepeth over them (Luke xix. 41, 42). He crieth to them, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? Will you not be made clean? When shall it once be? Why will you die? Turn you at my reproof; behold I will pour out my Spirit upon you." Sinner, art thou not yet melted? Oh, come in at His loving calls, come out from thy sins; touch the sceptre of grace, and live. Why shouldest thou be dashed in pieces by His iron rod? Kiss the Son. Why shouldest thou perish in the way? Set up Jesus as thy King, lest He count thee for His enemy, because thou wouldest not that He should reign over thee, and so thou be called forth and slain before Him.

But I have been too long in prefacing to what I intended forthwith to have fallen upon; indeed I am apt to run out in matters that do so nearly touch upon your greatest concernments.

Beloved, I despair of ever bringing you to salvation without sanctification, or possessing you with *happiness* without persuading you to *holiness*. God knows, I have not the least hope ever to see one of your faces in heaven, except you be converted and sanctified, and exercise yourself unto godliness. This is that I drive at. I beseech you, study to further *personal godliness* and *family godliness*.

1. *Personal godliness.*—Let it be your first care to set up Christ in your hearts. See that you make all your worldly interests to stoop to Him, that you be entirely and unreservedly

devoted to Him. If you wilfully, and deliberately, and ordinarily, harbour any sin, you are undone. See that you unfeignedly take the laws of Christ as the rule of your words, thoughts, and actions, and subject your whole man, members and mind, faithfully to Him. If you have a true respect to all God's commandments, you are sound at heart. Oh, study to get the image and impress of Christ upon you within! Begin with your hearts, else you build without a foundation. Labour to get a saving change within, or else all external performances will be to no purpose. And then study to shew forth the power of godliness in the life. Let piety be your first and great business. It is the highest point of justice to give God his due. Beware that none of you be a prayerless person, for that is a most certain discovery of a Christless and a graceless person, of one that is a very stranger to the fear of God. Suffer not your Bibles to gather dust. See that you converse daily with the Word. That man can never lay claim to blessedness whose delight is not in the law of the Lord. Let meditation and self-examination be your daily exercise, else the Papists, yea, the Pagans, will condemn us. That the short questions which I have given you as a help to self-examination may be daily perused by you, is the matter of my passionate request unto you. If ever you come to any growth in holiness without the constant use of this practice, I am grossly deceived. And therefore I would beseech, yea, even charge you, by the Lord, that you would daily examine yourselves by these questions, till you have found a better help to this duty.

But piety without charity is but the half of Christianity, or rather impious hypocrisy. We may not divide the tables. See therefore that you do justly, and love mercy, and let equity and charity run, like an even thread, throughout all your dealings. Be you temperate in all things, and let charity and sobriety be your undivided companions. Let truth and purity, seriousness and modesty, heavenliness and gravity, be the con-

stant ornaments of your speech. Let patience and humility, simplicity and sincerity, shine out in all the parts of your conversations. See that you forget and forgive wrongs, and requite them with kindness, as you would be found children of the Most High. Be merciful in your censures, and put the most favourable construction upon your brethren's carriage that their actions will reasonably bear. Be slow in promising, punctual in fulfilling. Let meekness and innocency, affableness, yieldingness, and courtesy, commend your conversations to all men. Let none of your relations want that love and loyalty, that reverence and duty, that tenderness, care, and vigilancy which their several places and capacities call for. This is throughout godliness. I charge you before the most high God, that none of you be found a swearer or a liar, a lover of evil company, or a scoffer, or malicious, or covetous, or a drunkard, or a glutton, unrighteous in his dealing, unclean in his living, or a quarreller, or a thief, or a backbiter, or a railer; for I denounce unto you from the living God, that destruction and damnation is the end of all such (Prov. xiii. 20; James v. 12; Rev. xxi. 8; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; Gal. vi. 19, 20, 21).

[Then, after an earnest exhortation to family worship, catechising, &c., he thus concludes :]—

Oh, that your families might be a joy to me, as that twice noble lady's to John, who professes he had no greater joy than to find her children walking in the truth! Beloved, why should you not give the hand to one another, and mutually engage each to other for more vigorous and diligent endeavours in promoting family godliness? I must tell you, God looks for more than ordinary from you in such a day as this. He expects that you should do, both in your hearts and in your houses, somewhat more than ever, under these His extraordinary dispensations. My most dearly beloved, mine own bowels in the Lord, will you satisfy the

longings of a travailing minister? Will you answer the calls of Divine providence? Would you remove the incumbent, or prevent the impending, calamities? Would you plant nurseries for the Church of God? Would you that God should build your houses, and bless your substance? Would you that your children should bless you, that your father should bless you? Oh, then set up piety in your families, as ever you would be blessed or be a blessing! Let your hearts and your houses be the temples of the living God, in which His worship (according to all the forementioned directions) may be with constancy reverently performed. Pardon my prolixity and importunity in so earnest pursuing of you; I am yet afraid I have done too soon, and shall end without my errand. The Lord God persuade you! To Him I turn me; for I am well assured He can prevail with you.

O FATHER of Spirits, that hath set me over Thy flock to watch for their souls as one that must give an account, I have long studied Thy will and taught in Thy name, and do unfeignedly bless Thee that any have believed my report. I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me, and they have received them. I have manifested Thy name unto them, and they have kept Thy word. And now I am no more with them, but I come unto Thee. Holy Father, keep them through Thine own name, for they are Thine. As they have kept the word of Thy patience, so keep Thou them in the hour of temptation. They are but a flock, a little and a helpless flock; but Thou art their Shepherd, suffer them not to want. Do Thou feed them and fold them. Let Thy rod and Thy staff comfort them, and let not the beasts of prey fall upon them to the spoiling of their souls.

But what shall I do for them that will not be gathered? I have called after them, but they would not answer; I have charged them in Thy name, but they would not hear; I have studied to speak persuasively to them, but I cannot prevail.

Then I said, "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain;" yet I cannot give them over, much less may I give Thee over. Lord, persuade Japhet to dwell in the tents of Shem. Lord, compel them to come in, and lay the hands of mercy upon them as Thou didst on lingering Lot, and bring them forth that they may escape for their lives, and not be consumed. Lord, I pray Thee, open their eyes that they may see, and lay hold upon their hearts by Thy omnipotent grace. Do Thou turn them, and they shall be turned. O bring back the miserable captives, and suffer not the enemy of mankind to drive away the most of the flock before mine eyes, and to deride the fruitless endeavours of Thy labourers, and boast over them that he can do more with them, though he seek to ruin them, than all the beseechings, counsels, and charges of Thy servants that seek to save them. Lord, if I could find out anything that would pierce them, that would make its way into their hearts, Thou knowest I would use it. But I have been many years pleading Thy cause in vain. O let not these endeavours also be lost! O God, find out every ignorant, every profane sinner, every prayerless soul, and every prayerless family, and convince them of their miserable condition while without Thee in the world. Set Thy image upon their souls, set up Thy worship in their families. Let not pride, ignorance, or slothfulness, keep them in neglect of the means of knowledge. Let Thine eyes be over the place of my desires for good, from one end of the year to the other end thereof. Let every house therein be a seminary of religion; and let those that cast their eyes upon these lines, find Thee sliding in, by the secret influence of Thy grace, into their hearts, and irresistibly engaging them to do Thy pleasure. Amen. Amen.

To his Friends in Luppit.

[The resemblance between the letters of Joseph Alleine and Samuel Rutherford has been pointed out by the Rev. John Wesley; and indeed, we do not see how it could escape any one acquainted with both authors. In Rutherford there are a richer vein of poetry, and a greater variety of images bold and beautiful; but even Rutherford cannot surpass the holy fervour and affection of the prisoner of the Lord at Ilchester.]

To my dear Friends, the Servants of Christ in Luppit, Salvation.

Beloved Christians,—Having taken up a resolution to write to, and to endeavour to confirm, all the places where I have gone up and down preaching the kingdom of God, you were by no means to be omitted. You were the people that were last upon my heart before my taking up; and had I not been made a prisoner, I think I had in a few hours after the time of my apprehension been with you. Now I can no way, but by prayers, letters, and counsels, visit you, and so have sent these to let you know that you are upon my heart, and that your welfare is dear unto me. I bless the Lord to hear that His work doth not cease among you. It is the joy of our bonds, beloved, to hear that the Word is not bound, and that Satan hath not his design upon the people of God, who doubtless intended, by these sufferings, to have struck terror into them, and to have made their hands weak.

Know, dear Christians, that the bonds of the gospel are not tedious through grace unto us; that Christ is a master worth suffering for; that there is really enough in religion to defray all our charges, and to quit all the cost and expense you can be at in or upon it; that you may build upon it, that you can never be losers by Jesus Christ; that Christ's prison is better than the world's paradise; that the Divine attributes are alone

an all-sufficient livelihood; that the influences of heaven, and shines of God's countenance, are sufficient to lighten the darksomest dungeon, and to perfume and sweeten the noisomest prison to a poor believer; that if you can bring faith and patience, and the assurance of the Divine favour with you to a prison, you will live comfortably, in spite of earth and hell. These are truths that the prisoners of Christ can in a measure seal unto, and I would have you to be more soundly assured of and established in them.

Brethren, we are of the same mind in a prison that we were of in the pulpit; that there is no life equal to a life of holiness; that Christ, and His yoke, and His cross, are worthy of all acceptation; that it is the best, and wisest, and safest, and gainfulest course in the world, to stick close to Christ and His ways, and to adhere to them in all hazards. Come on, beloved Christians, come on; slack not your pace, but give diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end, and be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Strengthen the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees. If you faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small.

Cheer up, my brethren; look what a crown, what a kingdom here is! What say you? Is not here a worthy portion, a goodly heritage? Were it not pity to lose all this for want of diligence and patience? Come, dear Christians and fellow-travellers, I pray you, let us put on. Pluck up the weary limbs; our home is within sight. Lift up your eyes from the Pisgah of the promises. You may see the land of rest. Will any of you think of returning into Egypt? God forbid. A little patience, and Christ will come. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience till he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient, stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. He is not a Christian indeed that cannot be content to tarry for his preferment in another world. Cast upon

it, my brethren, that your kingdom is not of this world; that here you must have tribulations; and that all is well as long as we are secured for eternity. Exhort one another daily; strive together in prayer, unite your strength therein, and pull amain. Mercy will come sooner or later; however, we will be content to wait till the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, how surely will He come! He will render tribulation to them that trouble us; and to us that are troubled, rest with Him. Only believe and wait.

What! not watch with him one hour? Why the Judge is even at the door! And how blessed will you be if you do but continue and hold fast till He come! Watch therefore, and stand fast, quit you like men: Be zealous, and let your hearts be strong: God is your friend, and you may trust Him. He is able to bear you out and bear you up. Faint not therefore, but be steadfast, unmoveable, abounding in the work of the Lord. Speak often one to another. Provoke to love, and to good works. Let the bay of opposition against godliness make the torrent of your zeal break over with the more violence. But it is time to end. I have been bold to call upon you, you see, and to stir you up by way of remembrance. May the Spirit of the Most High God excite you, encourage you, inflame you! May these poor lines be some quickening to you! May the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush dwell with you! My dear loves to you all. Pray for the prisoners. Farewell, dear brethren, farewell in the Lord.—I am, yours in the bonds of the Lord Jesus, JOSEPH ALLEINE.

DR WILLIAM BATES.

Although neither the most learned scholar, nor the most fervent evangelist, nor the deepest thinker, among the Nonconformists, Dr Bates had erudition, originality, and earnestness sufficient to raise him far above mediocrity; and, turned to the

best account by his excellent judgment and good taste, they rendered him the most eloquent writer and the most popular preacher amongst his contemporaries.* At the Restoration he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., but, for conscience' sake, he soon afterwards forfeited this preferment, along with the rectory of St Dunstan's in the West. In his secession from the Church of England, however, there was nothing of sectarianism. Like Baxter, he frequently attended its ministrations, and he even went so far as to take the oath required by the Oxford or Five-Mile Act—an oath to attempt no alteration in the government, whether in church or state. No trimmer or temporiser, he was at the same time of a temper too calm, and a spirit too catholic, to find pleasure in ecclesiastical strife and contention; and whilst the sacrifices he had made secured the confidence of his ejected brethren, the elevation of his character, and the charms of his society, secured for him the friendship of men like the Lord Keeper Bridgman, the Lord Chancellor Finch, and Archbishop Tillotson.

Dr Bates was born November 1625, and died July 1699.

Trust in God.

Trust and reliance on God is our duty and privilege. Every being has a necessary dependence on Him for its subsistence;

* One of Dr Bates's best known works is "The Four Last Things: namely, Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell." Our copy of this is the second edition, 1691. Its title-page is surrounded by a black border, and it is "recommended as proper to be given at funerals." In an advertisement, the publisher, Brabazon Aylmer, suggests that such books be given "at funerals as a funeral legacy, when, according to the observation of the wise preacher, 'The living lay to heart their own frailty,' and are more receptive of holy counsels to prepare for their great change from time to eternity, and would affect their minds with the present instance of mortality much better than wine, sweetmeats, gloves, or rings, or unprofitable talk, as is too usual at such solemnities." He adds, that "some memorables of the life of the deceased, if desired, may be printed on a leaf or more, and bound with it." For some time it seems to have been a frequent practice to give away such books.

but man, of all the visible creatures, is only capable of affiance in Him, by reflecting upon his own impotence, and by considering the perfections of the Creator, that render Him the proper object of trust. It is the incommunicable honour of the Deity to be acknowledged and regarded as the supporter of all things. To put confidence in ourselves, in the advantages of body, or mind, or estate, as if we were the architects of our own felicity, is a sacrilegious usurpation. Yet vain man foments a secret pride and high opinion of himself, as if by his own prudence and conduct he might acquire an happiness, till experience confutes his pleasing but pernicious error. The truth is, were there no God, whose powerful providence governs all things, and has a special care and respect of man, he were of all creatures the most miserable. So that, besides the wickedness, we may clearly discover the folly, of atheism, that deprives man of his chiefest comfort at all times, and his only comfort in the greatest exigencies. For in this mutable state he is liable to so many disasters and wretched accidents, that none can have an assurance of prosperity one day. How frail and uncertain is life, the foundation of all temporal enjoyments! It depends upon so many things, that it is admirable it subsists for a little time. The least vessel in the body that breaks or is stopped, interrupting the course of the blood and humours, ruins its economy. Sometimes in its vigorous consistence, when most distant from sickness, it is nearest to death. A little eruption of blood in the brain is sufficient to stop the passages of the spirits, and deprive it of motion and life. And the changes of things without us are so various and frequent, so great and sudden, that it is an excess of folly, a dangerous rest, to be secure in the enjoyment of them. The same person sometimes affords an example of the greatest prosperity, and of greater misery, in the space of a few hours. Henry the Fourth of France, in the midst of the triumphs of peace, was, by a blow from a sacrilegious hand, despatched in his coach, and his

bloody corpse forsaken by his servants, exposed to the view of all; so that, as the historian observes, there was but a moment between the adorations and oblivion of that great prince. "All flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flower of the grass." Whatever disguises its imperfections, and gives it lustre, is but superficial, like the colour and ornament of a flower, whose matter is only a little dust and water, and is as weak and fading. Who, then, can possess these things without a just jealousy, lest they should slip away, or be ravished from him by violence? And in this respect man is most unhappy; for besides the affliction of present evils, reason, that separates him from other creatures, and exalts him above them, is the fatal instrument of his trouble by the prevision of future evils. Ignorance of future miseries is a privilege, when knowledge is ineffectual to prevent them. Unseen evils are swallowed whole, but by an apprehensive imagination are tasted in all their bitterness. By forethoughts we run to meet them before they are come, and feel them before they are truly sensible. This was the reason of that complaint in the poet, seeing the prognostics of misery many years before it arrived—

> Sit subitum quodcunque paras, sit cæca futuri
> Mens hominis fati, liceat sperare timenti.

Let the evils thou preparest surprise us; let us not be tormented by an unhappy expectation of them; let the success of future things be concealed from our sight; let it be permitted to us to hope in the midst of our fears.

Indeed, God has mercifully hid the most of future events from human curiosity. For as on the one side, by the view of great prosperity, man would be tempted to an excess of pride and joy, so on the other (as we are more sensibly touched with pain than pleasure), if, when he begins to use his reason and apprehensive faculty, by a secret of optics he should have in one sight presented all the afflictions that should befall him in

the world, how languishing would his life be! This would keep him on a perpetual rack, and make him suffer together and at all times, what shall be endured separately and but once. But though the most of future things lie in obscurity, yet often we have sad intimations of approaching evils that awaken our fears. Nay, how many tempests and shipwrecks do men suffer in *terra firma*, from the suspicion of calamities that shall never be? Imaginary evils operate as if real, and produce substantial griefs. Now, how can such an infirm and jealous creature, in the midst of things that are every minute subject to the laws of mutability, be without inward trouble? What can give him repose and tranquillity in his best condition, but an assurance that nothing can befall him but according to the wise counsel and gracious will of God? And in extreme afflictions, in the last agonies, when no human things can afford relief, when our dearest friends are not able to comfort us, but are miserable in our miseries, what can bear up our fainting hope but the Divine power—a foundation that never fails? what can allay our sorrows but the Divine goodness tenderly inclined to succour us? "Our help is in the Lord who made heaven and earth." The creation is a visible monument of His perfections. "The Lord is a sun, and a shield." He is all-sufficient to supply our wants, and satisfy our desires. As the sun gives life and joy to all the world, and if there were millions of more kinds of beings and of individuals in it, his light and heat are sufficient for them all; so the Divine goodness can supply us with all good things, and ten thousand worlds more. And His power can secure to us His favours, and prevent troubles; or, which is more admirable, make them beneficial and subservient to our felicity. He is a sure refuge, an inviolable sanctuary to which we may retire in all our straits. His omnipotence is directed by unerring wisdom, and excited by infinite love, for the good of those who faithfully obey Him. An humble confidence in Him, frees us from anxieties, preserves a firm, peace-

ful temper in the midst of storms. This gives a superiority of spirits, a true empire of mind over all outward things.

Rex est qui posuit metus,
Occurritque suo libens
Fato, nec queritur mori.

What was the vain boast of philosophers—that by the power of reason they could make all accidents to contribute to their happiness—is the real privilege we obtain by a regular trust in God, who directs and orders all events that happen for the everlasting good of His servants. In the worst circumstances we may rejoice in hope, in a certain and quiet expectation of a blessed issue. In death itself we are more than conquerors. "O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man that trusts in thee."

Love to God.

The gospel propounds to us the most proper and powerful motives of love to God. In the visible world there is a representation so conspicuous and full of His divine majesty, power, and wisdom, that formed and regulates all things, that 'tis not possible but the attentive regarding of it will make impressions of reverence and fear, will raise our esteem and admiration. But those are dead sentiments without love. And that in the guilty creature fearful of God's wrath, must be first excited by the hopes of His pardoning mercy. Now, the love and kindness of God our Saviour appeared to man in his redemption, in the most eminent manner. Though in that blessed work the Divine perfections are relucent in various effects—wisdom designed it, power accomplished it, holiness and righteousness was gloriously declared in it—yet, as 'tis applied to the benefit of man, 'tis the sole effect of wise, almighty, holy, tender love. Mercy moved God's compassion, opened heaven, sent down His Son to be one with us in nature, that He might exchange His merits and blessedness for our guilt and misery.

Miraculous love! to make His only begotten Son our brother, to humble Him to the condition of a servant, that we, most unworthy to be His servants, should be advanced to be His children: nay, to expose Him to the death of a malefactor, equally ignominious and painful, that we malefactors might obtain life and glory. If ever love deserved the title of excess, 'tis this; for though not without reason, yet 'tis without all bounds and measure. 'Tis so far above our thought, that 'tis hard to have a firm belief of it. What the Psalmist speaks of the temporal deliverance of the Church, is more justly applicable to its spiritual eternal deliverance. When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion, we were like to them that dream. As if a poor man fancying in a dream that he is a king, adorned with the ensigns of royalty, and between hopes and fears should inquire of himself, Am I awake and in my right mind? Is this sceptre, this robe, this crown real? Or, is it all the pleasant deceit of imagination? And how can we reflect upon the amazing grace of God that brings salvation, but such thoughts will arise? Is it true that God did not spare His most innocent and dear Son to absolve us guilty rebels? Did He die for His Father's enemies and His own? Unparalleled love! only to be fully conceived by an infinite understanding. That the Divine Father should seem to love us more than His only begotten Son, in giving Him up to death for us; that the Son of God should love us more than His own life, in dying to reconcile us to His Father, were incredible, but for the testimony of God himself. Who can resist the sweet violence, the powerful attractives of this love? How can any person that has the use of reason to consider this great love, not be inflamed with affection towards his Saviour? How is it possible that these wide extremes should be found united, the infinite goodness of God, and the equal unthankfulness of men? that they hate and offend whom they are obliged by the dearest titles to love and serve? Methinks such unnatural ingratitude should

of God. Be not discouraged, but rather keep silence, wait, and stay upon God when the darkened times go over your head, when the sentence of death is put upon the mercy and blessing which you most desire. This is God's way when He intends any great mercy to any of His children. He puts a sentence of death first upon it. Oh! when death sits upon the means, then we conclude all is dead, all is gone, and we are very apt to have despairing thoughts, and to make desponding conclusions. "I said in my haste, All men are liars" (Ps. cxvi. 11). And so now-a-days—I thought, indeed, we should have had a reformation; but now nothing but sad division. I thought we should have had free enjoyment of all the ordinances; but now the sentence of death put upon all. I had thought I should have had assurance, and never doubted again; but now death put upon it, and upon all the means that lead unto it; all is dead, all is gone. Oh, we are very apt to be much discouraged, and to make strange conclusions when death comes upon the means. It is a hard thing to keep from such conclusions, for the business comes to a vote, as it were, before the soul. "The question is," saith the soul, "whether I shall be saved or no. As many as are for the affirmative say Ay!" "Ay!" says the promise. "As many as are for the negative say No!" "No!" say threatenings; and "No!" says guilty conscience; "No, no, no!" say a thousand sins. "The question is, whether I shall be delivered or no? I am in such an affliction and strait—the question is, whether I shall be delivered or no? As many as are for the affirmative say Ay!" "Ay!" says the promise. "As many as are for the negative say No!" "No!" says Providence. "No!" say all second causes, and all the means round about. "No, no, no!" say a thousand sins. Now, my beloved, it is a hard thing for a poor soul to give an affirmative with the bare promise, when all else gives a negative; but the reason is, because this truth that now I am upon is not by you. Were but this truth by you, it were easy to

give an affirmative with the bare promise, when death sits upon all the means. . . . . But if ever the mercy rise, and the grave-clothes be taken off, it shall be the choicest mercy that you ever had in all your lives. Abraham had divers sons, but the jewel was Isaac—the dead mercy. Hannah had divers children, but who like Samuel—the found mercy? Mercy, once lost, and then found, is the greatest mercy; and if ever you come to find the mercy you have lost, if ever that rise which the sentence of death is put upon, it shall be the greatest mercy. . . . . And therefore, who would not wait upon the Lord? Oh, my beloved in the Lord, that you would but possess your hearts with this truth, how quiet would your souls be under all the distempers and troubles of the time. When you look upon the troubles that are abroad, yet your hearts would be quiet, and you would say, Well, notwithstanding, we may be in the way to the greatest mercy that ever England saw; why should we be thus discouraged? Oh! my soul, wait upon God—this is God's way; He never gives any great mercy to any of His people but first He puts a sentence of death upon it, and upon all the means that lead unto it; and therefore, notwithstanding all, yet we may be in God's way; therefore, O my soul, wait upon Him. Thus much for this time.

Reason and Faith.

You know, beloved, the Scripture hath laid a flat opposition between faith and sense. "We live by faith," says the apostle, "and not by sight, or by sense." They are as two buckets—the life of faith, and the life of sense; when one goes up, the other goes down; the higher faith rises, the lower sense and reason; and the higher sense and reason, the lower faith. That is true of the schools. Reason going before faith, weakens and diminishes it; but reason following upon faith, increases and strengthens it. Besides, you know Paul says, "Not many

wise," &c. Why not many wise called? Those that are wise consider the things of God in a mere rational way, and therefore not many wise are called. It hinders them from the work of believing. Luther says well—"If you would believe, you must crucify that question—why?" God would not have us so full of wherefores. And if you would believe, you must go blindfold into God's command. Abraham subscribes to a blank when the Lord calls him out of his own country.

Besides, you know the great field that faith hath to work in —the large and vast orb and sphere that it hath to move in.

Faith can go into the Old Testament and run as high as Adam, and come back again to the soul, and tell the soul, I have seen a man whom God hath pardoned, that damned all the world, and why may He not pardon thee? Faith can run up to heaven, and come home again to the soul, and say, I have seen the glory there; be of good comfort, there is enough in heaven to pay for all. Faith can run unto God's all-sufficiency, to God's omnipotency, and having viewed that well, it returns to the soul home again, and says, Be quiet; there is enough in God alone. And Faith having seated itself upon the high tower and mountain—God's omnipotency and all-sufficiency—it hath a great prospect. It can look over all the world, and look into another world too. But now Reason—it gets upon some little mole-hill of creature-ability, and if it can see over two or three hedges, it is well. And therefore, oh, what a pain it is to Faith to be tied to Reason. I suppose you will all say that if a man were able to go a journey of two or three hundred miles afoot, he were a very good footman; yet if you will tie him to carry a child of four or five years old with him, you will say, it would be a great luggage to him; and the man would say, "Pray let this child be left at home; for though he may run along in my hand half-a-mile, or go a mile with me, yet notwithstanding I must carry him the rest of the way; and when I come at any great water, or have to

go over any hill, I must take him upon my back, and that will be a great burden to me." And thus it is between Faith and Reason. Reason at the best is but a child to Faith. Faith can foot it over mountains and difficulties, and wade through afflictions, though they be very wide; but when Reason comes to any affliction, to wade through that, and to go over some great difficulties, then it cries out, and says, "Oh! Faith, good Faith, go back again; good Faith, go back again!" "No," says Faith, "but I will take thee upon my back, Reason." And so Faith is fain to do indeed—to take Reason upon its back. But oh, what a luggage is Reason to Faith! Faith never works better than when it works most alone. The mere rational considering of the means, and the deadness thereof, is a great and special enemy to the work of believing.

Doubting.

Ask thy soul these questions:—First, Whether there be any gain by doubting? Faith purifies the heart; but doth doubting purify the heart? Secondly, Whether there is anything more pleasing to God than to trust Him in and by Jesus Christ, when all comforts are out of view, and when you see nothing but what is contrary to the thing promised? Thirdly, Whether you must not venture upon Christ at the last? and if you must venture upon Christ at the last, why not now? When a man hath to go over a river, though he ride once and again into the water, and come out, saying, I fear it is too deep for me; yet, considering that there is no other way for him, he resolves to venture, for, saith he, the longer I stay, the higher the waters will rise, and there is no other way for me—I must go through at the last, why not at the first? and so he ventures through. Thus it is with you. You say, "Oh, but my heart is not humbled; oh, but I am a great sinner; and should I venture upon Jesus Christ?" Will this heart be more humbled by

keeping from Jesus Christ, and wilt thou be less a sinner by keeping from Him? No, certainly; for the longer you stay from Christ, the harder it will be to venture on Him at the last. Wherefore, if there be ever a poor, drooping, doubting, fearing, trembling heart in all this congregation, know that I do here, in the name of the Lord, call out to you and say, O soul, man or woman, venture, venture, venture upon Christ now; for you must come to the venturing work at the last; and if at last, why not now?

THOMAS BROOKS.

Few of the Nonconformists have acquired and retained the popularity of the ejected incumbent of St Margaret's, Fish Street Hill. For this he may have been, in some measure, indebted to the ingenious and "taking" titles of his books—"A Golden Key to Open Hidden Treasures;" "A Box of Precious Ointment;" "An Ark for God's Noahs;" "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver," &c. But, although a quaint title may catch a few readers at first, it needs something more to keep hold of the public throughout all the changes which England has witnessed under these last ten sovereigns, and to command frequent reprints two centuries after the first publication; like Brooks's works, some of which have now passed through fifty or sixty editions. For one thing, they are full of wisdom pithily expressed. Many of his sentences are proverbs newly coined, shrewd, humorous, and Saxon; and they are provided with that alliterative jingle which, like a sheep-bell, keeps a good saying from being lost in the wilderness. Then there is an obvious anxiety to make the matter plain and interesting. Because the preacher was wise, he sought out acceptable words; and betwixt his plainness of speech, and his entertaining anecdotes, there is no danger of a drowsy or bewildered auditory. Above all, his heart is kind, and his looks are sunny. Even when he reproves, there is no indulgence of a morose and

splenetic humour; and, like the visits of a bright and hopeful physician, his "cheerful countenance doeth good like a medicine." Perhaps we who are ministers do not sufficiently study that ἐυνοια which Aristotle holds to be so essential to the successful orator. There is so much error to be refuted, and so much evil to be rebuked, that it is apt to furrow our brows and roughen our voices, even if it should not embitter our spirits; till the angelic anthem itself is repeated in a denouncing tone, and children think that the parson is scolding when he is only preaching the gospel. In Brooks, and Flavel, and Alleine, there is no want of seriousness and faithfulness; but even in their most solemn appeals there is a benevolence which cannot be hid. In the two latter, the loving heart comes out in warm representations of the Saviour's grace, and in tender entreaties to commence the life of practical Christianity, enforced by the alluring sight of their own undissembled happiness. In Brooks there may not be expressed the same yearning desirousness, but every page is a-glow with a friendly warmth, and its little sparkles of pleasantry are welcome as the playful tokens of a kindly nature. Even a topic so unpromising as "Murmuring" will hardly, we think, belie this eulogy.

Twelve Arguments against Murmuring.

As a motive to silence under your greatest trials, consider the heinous and dangerous nature of murmuring.

1. Consider, That murmuring speaks out many a root of bitterness to be strong in thy soul; murmuring speaks out sin in its power, corruption upon its throne. As holy silence argues true grace, much grace—yea, grace in its strength, and in its lively vigour—so murmuring, muttering under the hand of God, argues much sin, yea, a heart full of sin—speaks out a heart full of self-love (Ex. xv. 24; xvi. 7, 8), and full of slavish

fears (Num. xiii. 32, 33, xiv. 1–3), and full of ignorance (John vi. 41, 42, 61), and full of pride and unbelief (Ps. cvi. 24, 25). "Yea, they despised the pleasant land, or the land of desire" (there is their pride); "they believed not in His word" (there is their unbelief); what follows? "They murmured in their tents, and hearkened not unto the voice of God;" they were sick of the sullens, and preferred Egypt before Canaan, a wilderness before a paradise. As in the first chaos there were the seeds of all creatures, so in the murmurer's heart there are not only the seeds of all sin, but a lively operation of all sin. Sin is become mighty in the hearts of murmurers, and none but an almighty God can root it out; those roots of bitterness have so spread and strengthened themselves in the hearts of murmurers, that everlasting strength must put in, or they will be undone for ever.

2. The Holy Ghost hath set a brand of infamy upon murmurers; he hath stigmatised them for ungodly persons (Jude 15, 16). "To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." But who are these ungodly sinners? "They are murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts," &c. When Christ comes to execute judgment upon ungodly ones, murmurers shall be set in the front; they shall experience the firstness of His wrath, and the fierceness of His wrath, and the greatness of His wrath. If you can joy in that black character of ungodly sinners, be murmurers still; if not, cease from murmuring. Where murmuring is in its reign, in its dominion, there you may speak and write that person ungodly. Let murmurers make what profession they will of godliness, yet if murmuring keeps the throne in their hearts, Christ will deal with them at last as ungodly sinners. A man may be denominated ungodly, as well from his murmuring, if he lives under the dominion of

it, as from his drunkenness, swearing, stealing. A murmurer is an ungodly man; he is an ungodlike man; no man on earth more unlike to God than the murmurer; and therefore no wonder if, when Christ comes to execute judgment, He deals so severely and terribly with him. In the wars of Tamerlane, one having found a great pot of gold that was hid in the earth, he brought it to Tamerlane, who asked, Whether it had his father's stamp upon it? but when he saw it had not his father's stamp, but the Roman stamp upon it, he would not own it, but cast it away. The Lord Jesus, when He shall come with all His saints to execute judgment, Oh! He will not own murmurers; nay, He will cast them away for ever, because they have not His Father's stamp upon them.

3. Murmuring is a mother sin; it is the mother of harlots—the mother of all abominations—a sin that breeds many other sins (Num. xvi. 41, xvii. 10)—viz., disobedience, contempt, ingratitude, impatience, distrust, rebellion, cursing, carnality; yea, it charges God with folly, yea, with blasphemy. The language of a murmuring soul is this: Surely God might have done this sooner, and that wiser, and the other thing better. As the river Nile bringeth forth many crocodiles, and the scorpion many serpents, at one birth, so murmuring is a sin that breeds and brings forth many sins at once. Murmuring is like the monster Hydra—cut off one head, and many will rise up in its room. Oh! therefore, bend all thy strength against this mother-sin. As the king of Syria said to his captains, "Fight neither with small nor great, but with the king of Israel," so say I, Fight not so much against this sin or that, but fight against your murmuring, which is a mother-sin; make use of all your Christian armour, make use of all the ammunition of heaven (Eph. vi. 10, 11), to destroy the mother; and in destroying of her, you will destroy the daughters. When Goliath was slain, the Philistines fled; when a general in an army is cut off, the common soldiers are easily and quickly

routed and destroyed; so destroy but murmuring, and you will quickly destroy disobedience, ingratitude, impatience, distrust, &c. Oh! kill this mother-sin, that this may never kill thy soul. I have read of Sennacherib, that after his army was destroyed by an angel, and he returned home into his own country, he inquired of one about him what he thought the reason might be why God so favoured the Jews? He answered, that there was one Abraham their father that was willing to sacrifice his son to death at the command of God, and that ever since that time God favoured that people. Well, said Sennacherib, if that be so, I have two sons, and I will sacrifice them both to death, if that will procure their God to favour me; which, when his two sons heard, they (as the story goeth) slew their father (Isa. xxxvii. 38), choosing rather to kill, than to be killed; so, do thou choose rather to kill this mother-sin, than to be killed by it.

4. Consider that murmuring is a God-provoking sin; it is a sin that provokes God not only to afflict, but also to destroy a people. "How long shall I bear with this evil congregation which murmur against me? I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel, which they murmur against me. Say unto them, As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in mine ears, so will I do to you; your carcases shall fall in this wilderness, and all that were numbered of you, according to your whole number, from twenty years old and upward, which have murmured against me" (Num. xiv. 27–29). "Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer" (1 Cor. x. 10). All our murmurings do but provoke the Lord to strike us, and destroy us.

I have read of Cæsar, that, having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, it so fell out, that the day appointed was so extremely foul, that nothing could be done to the honour of the meeting; whereupon he was so displeased and

enraged, that he commanded all them that had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather; which, when they did, their arrows fell short of heaven, and full upon their own heads, so that many of them were very sorely wounded. So all our murmurings, which are as so many arrows shot at God himself, they will return upon our own pates—hearts; they reach not Him, but they will hit us; they hurt not Him, but they will wound us; therefore it is better to be mute than to murmur; it is dangerous to provoke "a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. *ult.*).

5. Murmuring is the devil's image, sin, and punishment. Satan is still a-murmuring; he murmurs at every mercy that God bestows (Job i. 8, 9), at every dram of grace He gives (Luke xxii. 31–34); he murmurs at every sin God pardons, and every soul He saves (2 Cor. xii. 8–10). A soul cannot have a good look from heaven, nor hear a good word from heaven, but Satan murmurs at it; he murmurs and mutters at every act of pitying-grace, and at every act of preventing-grace, and at every act of supporting-grace, and at every act of strengthening-grace, and at every act of comforting-grace, that God exercises towards poor souls; he murmurs at every sip, at every drop, at every crumb of mercy that God bestows. Cyprian, Aquinas, and others, conceive that the cause of Satan's banishment from heaven was his grieving and murmuring at the dignity of man, whom he beheld made after God's own image; insomuch, that he would relinquish his own glory to divest so noble a creature of perfection, and rather be in hell himself than see Adam placed in paradise. But certainly, after his fall, murmuring, and envy at man's innocency and felicity, put him upon attempting to plunge man into the bottomless gulf of sin and misery; he, knowing himself to be damned, and lost for ever, would needs try all ways how to make happy man eternally unhappy. Mr Howel tells it as a strange thing, that a serpent was found in the heart of an Englishman when

he was dead. But, alas! this old serpent was, by sad experience, found to have too much power in the heart of Adam whilst alive, and whilst in the height of all his glory and excellency. Murmuring is the first-born of the devil, and nothing renders a man more like to him than murmuring. Constantine's sons did not more resemble their father, nor Aristotle's scholars their master, nor Alexander's soldiers their general, than murmurers do resemble Satan. And as murmuring is Satan's sin, so it is his punishment. God hath given him up to a murmuring spirit; nothing pleases him—all things go against him; he is perpetually a-muttering and murmuring at persons or things. Now, oh, what a dreadful thing it is to bear Satan's image upon us, and to be given up to the devil's punishment! It were better not to be, than thus to be given up; and therefore cease from murmuring, and sit mute under your sorest trials.

6. Murmuring is a mercy-embittering sin, a mercy-souring sin. As, put the sweetest things into a sour vessel, it sours them; or put them into a bitter vessel, and it embitters them: murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands. As holy silence gives a sweet taste, a delightful relish to all a man's mercies, so murmuring embitters all; the murmurer can taste no sweetness in his sweetest morsels; every mercy, every morsel, tastes like the white of an egg to him (Job vi. 6). This mercy, saith the murmurer, is not toothsome, nor that mercy is not wholesome; here is a mercy wants salt, and there is a mercy wants sauce. A murmurer can taste no sweet—he can feel no comfort—he can take no delight in any mercy he enjoys. The murmurer writes "Marah"—that is, "bitterness"—upon all his mercies, and he reads and tastes bitterness in all his mercies. All the murmurer's grapes are grapes of gall, and all their clusters are bitter (Deut. xxxii. 32). As to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet, so to the murmuring soul everything is bitter.

7. Murmuring is a mercy-destroying sin, a mercy-murdering sin. Murmuring cuts the throat of mercy—it stabs all our mercies at the heart. "Doubtless ye shall not come into the land concerning which I sware to make you dwell therein, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun." God promises them that they should possess the holy land, upon condition of their obedience; this condition they brake, and therefore God was not foresworn, though He cut them off in the wilderness, and kept them out of Canaan. But what is the sin that provokes the Lord to bar them out of the land of promise, and to cut them off from all those mercies that they enjoyed, which entered into the holy land? Why, it was their murmuring, as you may see (Num. xiv. 1–3, 26–29). As you love your mercies, as you would have the sweet of your mercies, and as you would enjoy the life of your mercies, take heed of murmuring. Murmuring will bring a consumption upon your mercies; it is a worm that will make all your mercies to wither. The mute Christian's mercies are most sweet, and most long lived; the murmurer's mercies, like Jonah's gourd, will quickly wither. Murmuring hath cut the throat of national mercies, of domestic mercies, and of personal mercies; and therefore, oh! how should men fly from it as from a serpent—as from the avenger of blood—yea, as from hell itself!

8. Murmuring unfits the soul for duty. A murmurer can neither hear to profit, nor pray to profit, nor read to profit, nor meditate to profit, the murmurer is neither fit to do good, nor receive good; murmuring unfits the soul for doing of duties, it unfits the soul for delighting in duties (1 Cor. vii. 33–35), it unfits the soul for communion with God in duties. Murmuring fills the soul with cares, fears, distractions, vexations; all which unfit a man for duty. As a holy quietness and calmness of spirit prompts a man to duty; as it makes every duty easy and pleasant to the soul; so it is murmuring that unhinges the soul, that indisposes the soul, that takes off the chariot-wheels

of the soul, that the soul cannot look up to God, nor do for God, nor receive from God, nor wait on God, nor walk with God, nor act faith upon God.

9. Murmuring unmans a man (Isa. v. 18–20). It strips him of his reason and understanding; it makes him call evil good, and good evil; it puts light for darkness, and darkness for light; bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; it calls saviours destroyers, and deliverers murderers; as you see in the murmuring Israelities (Exod. xiv., xv., xvi.) Murmuring clouds a man's understanding, it perverts his judgment, it puts out the eye of reason, it stupifies his conscience, it sours the heart, disorders the will, and distempers the affections; it be-beasts a man, yea, it sets him below the beasts that perish: for a man had better be a beast, than be like a beast. The murmurer is the hieroglyphic of folly; he is a comprehensive vanity; he is a man, and no man; he is sottish and senseless; he neither understands God, nor himself, nor anything as he should (Isa. iii. 8; Jer. vii. 6). He is the man that must be sent to school, to learn of the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, and the creeping things of the earth (Matt. vi.; Prov. vi.)

10. Murmuring is a time-destroying sin. Ah, the precious time that is buried in the grave of murmuring! When the murmurer should be a-praying, he is a-murmuring against the Lord; when he should be a-hearing, he is a-murmuring against Divine providence; when he should be a-reading, he is a-murmuring against instruments. The murmurer spends much precious time in musing—in musing how to get out of such a trouble, how to get off such a yoke, how to be rid of such a burden, how to revenge himself for such a wrong, how to supplant such a person, how to reproach those that are above him, and how to affront those that are below him; and a thousand other ways murmurers have to expend that precious time that some would redeem with a world. As Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed cried out, "Time, time! a world of wealth for an inch

of time." The murmurer lavishly and profusely trifles away that precious time, that is his greatest interest in this world to redeem (Eph. v. 16; Rev. ii. 21). Every day, every hour in the day, is a talent of time, and God expects the improvement of it, and will charge the non-improvement of it upon you at last. Cæsar, observing some ladies at Rome to spend much of their time in making much of little dogs and monkeys, asked them whether the women in that country had no children to make much of? Ah, murmurers! murmurers! you who by your murmuring trifle away so many golden hours, and seasons of mercy, have you no God to honour? have you no Christ to believe in? have you no hearts to change, no sins to be pardoned, no souls to save, no hell to escape, no heaven to seek after? Oh! if you have, why do you spend so much of your precious time in murmuring against God, against men, against this or that thing? Eternity rides upon the back of time. *Hoc est momentum*, this is the moment; if it be well improved, you are made up for ever; if not, you are undone for ever.

11. Consider this, Christians, that of all men in the world you have least cause, yea, no cause to be murmuring and muttering under any dispensations that you meet with in this world (Lam. iii. 24; Eph. iii. 8; 1 Peter i. 3, 4). Is not God thy portion? Chrysostom propounds this question, "Was Job miserable when he had lost all that God had given him?" and gives this answer, "No, he had still that God who gave him all." Is not Christ thy treasure? is not heaven thine inheritance? and wilt thou murmur? Hast thou not much in hand, and more in hope? hast thou not much in possession, but much more in reversion, and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee a changed heart, a renewed nature, and a sanctified soul? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee Himself to satisfy thee? His Son to save thee? His Spirit to lead thee? His grace to adorn thee? His covenant to assure thee?

His mercy to pardon thee? His righteousness to clothe thee? and wilt thou murmur? Hath he not made thee a friend, a son, a brother, a bride, an heir? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God often turned thy water into wine, thy brass into silver, and thy silver into gold? and wilt thou murmur? When thou wast dead, did not He quicken thee? and when thou wast lost, did not He seek thee? and when thou wast wounded, did not He heal thee? and when thou wert falling, did not He support thee? and when thou wert down, did He not raise thee? and when thou wert staggering, did not He establish thee? and when thou wert erring, did not He reduce thee? and when thou wert tempted, did not He succour thee? and when thou wert in danger, did not He deliver thee? and wilt thou murmur? What, thou that art so highly advanced and exalted above so many thousands in the world? Murmuring is a black garment, and it becomes none so ill as saints.

12. *Lastly*, Consider, that murmuring makes the life of man invisibly miserable. Every murmurer is his own executioner. Murmuring vexes the heart, it wears and tears the heart, it enrages and inflames the heart, it wounds and stabs the heart. Every murmurer is his own martyr. No man is so inwardly miserable as the murmurer; no man hath such inward gripes and griefs as he, such inward bitterness and heaviness as he, such inward contentions and combustions as he. Every murmurer is his own tormentor; murmuring is a fire within that will burn up all; it is an earthquake within, that will overturn all; it is a disease within, that will infect all; it is poison within, that will prey upon all. And thus I have done with those motives that may persuade us not to murmur or mutter, but to be mute and silent under the greatest afflictions, the saddest providences, and sharpest trials that we meet with in this life.

STEPHEN CHARNOCK, B.D.

In his work on "Philosophical Necessity," Toplady says, "I have met with many treatises on the Divine perfections, but with none which any way equals that of Mr Charnock. Perspicuity and depth, metaphysical sublimity and evangelical simplicity, immense learning and plain but irrefragable reasoning, conspire to render that performance one of the most inestimable productions that ever did honour to the sanctified judgment and genius of a human being. If I thought myself at all adequate to the task, I would endeavour to circulate the outlines of so great a treasure into more hands, by reducing the substance of it within the compass of an octavo volume. Were such a design properly executed, a more important service could hardly be rendered to the cause of religion, virtue, and knowledge. Many people are frightened at a folio of more than 800 pages, who might have both leisure and inclination to avail themselves of a well-digested compendium."

The work is worthy of this fervent eulogy. Charnock was not a popular preacher. He read his sermons, and, being near-sighted, had frequent recourse to a magnifying glass; and altogether his manner in the pulpit was too recluse and embarrassed to give him full command of an auditory. On the other hand, save one sermon, he published nothing in his lifetime. But finding a continual feast in his own deep thoughts and holy contemplations, he went on accumulating those discourses of which the two published folios are among the stateliest remains of Nonconformist theology. The volume on the attributes, was the occupation of the last three years of his life; and, to borrow the touching reference of his editors, it was not a little of "the beauty of the Lord" which those worshippers beheld who "dwelt in his house" during the days when these discourses were delivered.

Charnock was born in 1628. He was educated at Oxford, and was a Fellow of New College. He died in London in 1680.

The Wisdom of God.

Arguments to prove that God is wise.

Reason 1. God could not be infinitely perfect without wisdom. A rational nature is better than an irrational nature. A man is not a perfect man without reason; how can God, without it, be an infinitely perfect God? Wisdom is the most eminent of all virtues; all the other perfections of God without this, would be as a body without an eye, a soul without understanding. A Christian's graces want their lustre when they are destitute of the guidance of wisdom. Mercy is a feebleness, and justice a cruelty; patience a timorousness, and courage a madness, without the conduct of wisdom. So, the patience of God would be cowardice, His power an oppression, His justice a tyranny, without wisdom as the spring, and holiness as the rule. No attribute of God could shine with a due lustre and brightness without it. Power is a great perfection, but wisdom a greater. The pilot is more valuable because of his skill than the galley-slave because of his strength; and the conduct of a general more estimable than the might of a private soldier. Generals are chosen more by their skill to guide than their strength to act. This is the salt which gives relish to all other perfections in a creature. This is the jewel in the ring of all the excellencies of the Divine Nature, and holiness is the splendour of that jewel.

Reas. 2. The creatures working for an end, without their own knowledge, demonstrate the wisdom of God that guides them. All things in the world work for some end; the ends are unknown to them, though many of their ends are visible to

us. As there was some Prime Cause, which, by His power inspired them with their several instincts, so there must be some Supreme Wisdom which moves and guides them to their end. As their being manifests His power that endowed them, so their acting according to the rules of their nature, which they themselves understand not, manifests His wisdom in directing them. Everything that acts for an end, must know that end, or be directed by another to attain that end. The arrow doth not know who shoots it, or to what end it is shot, or what mark is aimed at; but the archer that puts it in, and darts it out of the bow, knows. A watch hath a regular motion, but neither the spring nor the wheels that move know the end of their motion; no man will judge a wisdom to be in the watch, but in the artificer that disposed the wheels and spring by a joint combination to produce such a motion for such an end. Doth either the sun that enlivens the earth, or the earth that travails with the plant, know what plant it produceth in such a soil—what temper it should be of—what fruit it should bear—and of what colour? What plant knows its own medicinal qualities, its own beautiful flowers, and for what they are ordained? When it strikes up its head from the earth, doth it know what proportion of them there will be? Yet it produceth all these things in a state of ignorance. The sun warms the earth, concocts the humours, excites the virtue of it, and cherishes the seeds which are cast into her lap—yet all unknown to the sun or the earth. Since, therefore, that Nature that is the immediate cause of those things, doth not understand its own quality, nor operation, nor the end of its action, that which thus directs them must be conceived to have an infinite wisdom. When things act by a rule they know not, and move for an end they understand not, and yet work harmoniously together for one end that all of them (we are sure) are ignorant of, it mounts up our minds to acknowledge the wisdom of that Supreme Cause, that hath ranged all

these inferior creatures in their order, and imprinted upon them the laws of their motions, according to the ideas in His own mind who orders the rule by which they act, and the end for which they act, and directs every motion according to their several natures, and therefore is possessed with infinite wisdom in His own nature.

Reas. 3. God is the fountain of all wisdom in the creatures, and therefore is infinitely wise Himself. As He hath a fulness of being in Himself, because the streams of being are derived to other things from Him, so He hath a fulness of wisdom, because He is the spring of wisdom to angels and men. That being must be infinitely wise from whence all other wisdom derives its original; for nothing can be in the effect which is not eminently in the cause. The cause is always more perfect than the effect. If, therefore, the creatures are wise, the Creator must be much more wise. If the Creator were destitute of wisdom, the creature would be much more perfect than the Creator. If you consider the wisdom of the spider in her web, which is both her house and net—the artifice of the bee in her comb, which is both her chamber and granary—the provision of the ant in her repositories for corn—the wisdom of the Creator is illustrated by them; whatsoever excellency you see in any creature, is an image of some excellency in God. The skill of the artificer is visible in the fruits of his art; a workman transcribes his spirit in the work of his hands. But the wisdom of rational creatures, as men, doth more illustrate it. All arts among men are the rays of Divine wisdom shining upon them, and by a common gift of the Spirit enlightening their minds to curious inventions. "I, Wisdom, find out the knowledge of witty inventions" (Prov. viii. 12)—that is, I give a faculty to men to find them out. Without any wisdom, all things would be buried in darkness and ignorance. Whatsoever wisdom there is in the world, it is but a shadow of the wisdom of God—a small rivulet derived from Him—a spark

leaping out from uncreated wisdom. "He created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and makes the instruments" (Isa. liv. 16). The skill to use those weapons in warlike enterprises is from him—"I have created the waster to destroy." 'Tis not meant of creating their persons, but communicating to them their art. He speaks it there to expel fear from the Church of all warlike preparations against it. He had given men the skill to form and use weapons, and could as well strip them of it, and defeat their purposes. The art of husbandry is a fruit of Divine teaching (Isa. xxviii. 24, 25). If those lower kinds of knowledge that are common to all nations, and easily learned by all, are discoveries of Divine wisdom, much more the nobler sciences—intellectual and political wisdom. "He gives wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding" (Dan. ii. 21). Speaking of the more abstruse parts of knowledge—"The inspiration of the Almighty gives understanding" (Job xxxii. 8). Hence the wisdom which Solomon expressed in the harlots' case was, in the judgment of all Israel, "the wisdom of God" (1 Kings iii. 28)—that is, a fruit of Divine wisdom, a beam communicated to him from God. Every man's soul is endowed more or less with those noble qualities. The soul of every man exceeds that of a brute. If the streams be so excellent, the fountain must be fuller and clearer. The First Spirit must infinitely more possess what other spirits derive from Him by creation. Were the wisdom of all the angels in heaven and men on earth collected in one spirit, it must be infinitely less than what is in the spring—for no creature can be equal to the Creator. As the highest creature already made, or that we can conceive may be made, by infinite power, would be infinitely below God in the notion of a creature, so it would be infinitely below God in the notion of wise.

BENJAMIN KEACH.*

At fifteen years of age, Mr Keach, who was the son of pious parents, was led to doubt the validity of the baptism which he had received in infancy, and joined a congregation of Baptists in the neighbourhood of his father's residence. There he was so much esteemed, that as early as his eighteenth year he was invited to preach, and with his warm temperament, his poetical fancy, and his ingenious expositions of Scripture, he soon became very popular. Not being a minister of the Church of England, he could not be ejected; but at the Restoration he was silenced, and suffered the hardships incident to Nonconformity, being often fined and imprisoned. Preaching, however, was not his only crime. In 1664 he published a little book entitled, "The Child's Instructor; or, a New and Easy Primer," and for this he was tried at the Aylesbury assizes in the following October. The judge was Lord Chief-Justice Hyde, and the rough severity—almost approaching the coarseness of Jeffreys—of a man so able and intelligent as Clarendon, only shews the more strikingly how bitter were the prejudices then prevailing. Whilst his indictment was preparing, by way of filling up the time, his lordship upbraided the unfortunate prisoner,—"What have you to do to take other men's trades out of their hands? I believe you can preach as well as write books. Thus it is to let you, and such as you, have the Scriptures to wrest to your own destruction. In your book you have made a new creed. I have seen three creeds before, but never saw a fourth till you made one"—adding, "I will try you for it before I sleep." At last the indictment was ready, and it ran in the following strain:—

"Thou art here indicted by the name of Benjamin Keach of Winslow, in the county of Bucks, for that thou being a

* Born at Stokenham, Buckinghamshire, Feb. 29, 1640; died at London July 18, 1704.

seditious, heretical, and schismatical person, evilly and maliciously disposed, and disaffected to his Majesty's government and the government of the Church of England, didst maliciously and wickedly, on the first day of May, in the sixteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord the king, write, print, and publish, or cause to be written, printed, and published, one seditious and venomous book, entitled, 'The Child's Instructor; or, a New and Easy Primer;' wherein are contained by way of question and answer these damnable positions, contrary to the Book of Common Prayer, and the Liturgy of the Church of England,—that is to say, in one place you have thus written—

"'*Question.* Who are the right subjects of baptism?

"'*Answer.* Believers, or godly men and women only, who can make confession of their faith and repentance.'

"And in another place, you have maliciously and wickedly written these words—

"'*Quest.* How shall it go with the saints?

"'*Ans.* O, very well. It is the day that they have longed for. Then shall they hear that sentence, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you." And so shall they reign with Christ on the earth a thousand years, even on Mount Sion, in the New Jerusalem; for there will Christ's throne be, on which they must sit down with Him,'" &c.

The indictment also charged him with saying, "Christ hath not chosen great rabbies and doctors, but rather the poor and despised, and tradesmen," as His ministers. On this point the judge expatiated in his charge with considerable indignation: "Because Christ when He was upon earth made choice of tradesmen to be His disciples, this fellow would have ministers to be such now—tailors, pedlars and tinkers—such fellows as he is. But it is otherwise now, as appears from the manner in which the Church has appointed them to be chosen,

ordained, and consecrated." He also ruled that a personal reign of the Redeemer on earth was incompatable with the sentence in the creed, "from thence He shall come to judge both the quick and the dead." When the judge concluded, the defendant thought that he might have liberty to speak for himself, and began :—

"As to the doctrines ——"

Judge. "You shall not speak anything here, except to the matter-of-fact; that is to say, whether you wrote this book or not."

Keach. "I desire liberty to speak to the particulars of my indictment, and answer these things that have ——"

J. "You shall not be suffered to give the reasons of your doctrine here, to seduce the king's subjects."

K. "Is my religion so bad, that I may not be allowed to speak?"

J. "I know your religion. You are a fifth-monarchy man, and you can preach as well as write books, and you would preach here if I would let you. But I shall take such order as you shall do no more mischief."

Daunted by this ominous announcement, which, in their ignorance of the law of the case, the prisoner and his friends understood as a threat of capital punishment, Mr Keach said little more in self-defence, and the jury retired to consider their verdict. After an absence of several hours, it appeared that they could not agree; but, by dint of further direction and a good deal of brow-beating from the bench, they were at last brought to give a verdict of "Guilty." The sentence of the Court was, "You shall go to jail for a fortnight without bail or mainprise; and next Saturday stand upon the pillory at Aylesbury in the open market, for the space of two hours, from eleven of the clock to one, with a paper upon your head with this inscription, 'For writing, printing, and publishing a schismatical book, entitled, "The Child's Instructor; or, a

New and Easy Primer;" and the next Thursday, to stand in the same manner and for the same time in the market of Winslow, and there your book shall be openly burned before your face by the common hangman, in disgrace of you and your doctrine. And you shall forfeit to the king's majesty the sum of twenty pounds, and shall remain in jail until you find sureties for your good behaviour, and appearance at the next assizes, there to renounce your doctrines, and make such public submission as shall be enjoined you. Take him away, keeper!"

Whatever may be our opinion as to the expediency of handling difficult questions of theology in a "Primer," there can only be one feeling of indignant detestation towards the tyranny which thus assailed "the liberty of prophesying." And even at the time it fell short of its aim. Popular sympathy was with the sufferer. As he stood in the pillory, he said, "I hope the Lord's people will not be discouraged at my suffering. I do account this the greatest honour that ever the Lord was pleased to confer upon me;" and, although he was interrupted by the sheriff coming up in a great rage, and telling him that he should be gagged if he would not be silent, it was evident that John Hampden's fellow-countymen resented this deed of legal despotism. A clergyman who had come to gratify his polemical animosity, began, like the monks at Smithfield in Queen Mary's days, to lecture the prisoner: "You see what your errors have brought you to;" but he had no sooner begun to speak than some one shouted, "Do you remember when you were pulled drunk out of the ditch?" and another, "Or that time that you were found under the haycock?" till the poor parson was glad to retreat amidst bursts of laughter and shouts of derision.

In the twenty-eighth year of his age he became the pastor of a Baptist Church in Tooley Street, London, which, on occasion of King Charles's Indulgence, built a commodious place of

worship at Horsley-down, and here he ministered until his death in 1704. On some subjects he held peculiar views. For example, influenced by his teaching, the church of which he was minister would admit no one to its membership who had not after baptism received "the laying-on of hands"—a usage for which he urged apostolical precedent, and which found its analogy in the Church of England rite of confirmation. On the other hand, he was successful in bringing many of the Baptist churches to allow a salary to their ministers, which they had hitherto refused in an excessive dread of "hireling shepherds;" and we believe that his was the first Baptist congregation which introduced psalmody as a part of public worship. This last, however, was felt to be a very serious innovation, and Mr Keach and the majority of the church found it needful to proceed very warily. At first it was agreed to sing the praises of God after the dispensation of the Lord's Supper—a measure which was resisted by only two of the brethren, one of whom "soon brought a great reproach upon religion by immoral actions," and the other some time after turned Quaker. For six years Mr Keach and his people were content with this restricted allowance, and then an act of the Church extended the Indulgence to thanksgiving days. Finally, and after fourteen years further, it was agreed to sing a psalm or hymn every Lord's-day; but even then, so temperate was the majority, and so regardful of others' consciences, that they reserved their musical performance for the close of the service, in order that objectors might leave before the singing began.*

There is only one of Mr Keach's hymn-books with which we are acquainted. As in the case of Bunyan and many others, his verse falls far short of his prose; and it says a good deal for the seriousness of a congregation, as well as for the primitive condition of its sacred minstrelsy, that it was able to

* See the interesting "History of the English Baptists," by Thomas Crosby (1738–40), vols. ii. pp. 185–209; iii. 143–7; iv. 268–314.

throw devotional feeling into such rhymes as compose "The Feast of Fat Things Full of Marrow."* Some idea of their style may be formed from the following, on "Saints the Salt of the Earth:"—

If saints, O Lord, do season all
  Amongst whom they do live,
Salt all with grace, both great and small;
  They may sweet relish give.

And, blessed be Thy glorious name!
  In England salt is found;
Some savoury souls who do proclaim
  Thy grace, which doth abound.

But, O the want of salt, O Lord!
  How few are salted well!
How few are like to salt indeed!
  Salt Thou Thy Israel!

Now sing ye saints who are this salt,
  And let all seasoned be
With your most holy gracious lives,
  Great need of it we see.

The earth will else corrupt and stink;
  O salt it well, therefore,
And live to Him that salted you,
  And sing for evermore.

By far the most elaborate and important work of our author is his "Key to Open Scripture Metaphors," in which he has arranged, under separate heads, all the figurative language applied in Scripture to the Godhead, to the Saviour, to the Church of Christ, to the Christian, &c., and has shewn an ingenuity almost excessive, in opening up each allusion and epithet. But although the compiler's fancy often runs riot, the book is so curious and so suggestive, and it contains such abun-

* London, 1696.

me, because you had not sowed all your wild oats, and you were too young, and I was not a fit companion for youth. Moreover, you then said when you were old you would let me in, and will you put me off now too? pray rise and open to me.

But all the ways and means Godliness could use signified nothing; he was settled on his lees, and had such abundance of stubborn and rebellious servants and children, that they would not suffer him to shew Godliness the least favour (Jer. xxviii. 11; Zeph. i. 12). The names of some of them were, besides Weary-limbs, Dim-eyes, and peevish Hard-heart, Impenitency, Self-conceit, Enmity, Unbelief, and Ignorance, with many more of the like sort. The first I named were his own natural offspring, and somewhat younger than the rest. Hard-heart he had nourished and fed continually from his youth, for Godliness found him at his house when he gave him a visit in the prime of his days. But now he has grown a very stout, stubborn, and obdurate piece; this fellow made Old Age not to regard at all, nor fear the threats of God. And he was so void of pity, that he stirred Old Age up to stifle poor Conscience, who kept his accounts, and at every turn to tread him under foot if he had at any time so much light and power as to tell him of his debts, viz., what abundance of abominable sins he had committed against God; nay, not only so, but not to regard nor pity the sad estate of his own soul; nor did he concern himself with the low condition of God's Church and the Protestant religion in this dismal hour, but would curse and swear, and tell many stories and filthy lies, and now and then be drunk, notwithstanding he was even ready to drop into hell, and but seldom cry, God save me! And all this comes to pass through the evil nature of this cursed Hard-heart, and his companions Enmity and Unbelief.

These three had also bred up another graceless villain as bad as themselves, one Impenitency, so that all that could be said to him by Godliness, and his servant Theology, concerning the

detestable nature of sin and his miserable condition, yet he could not be brought to repent, nor let one tear fall for his sins; so that word of the blessed Apostle was made good in him, "But after thy hard and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgments of God; who will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. ii. 5, 6).

Ignorance was in Young-man's house, and in Poverty's house, but not such a sottish Ignorance as seemed to be with this father Old Age, for he told him God did not mind nor trouble Himself to take notice of what men did here below, but was taken up about high matters in heaven; neither, indeed, could he believe he saw through the thick clouds: "Is not God," saith he, "in the heights of heaven, and behold the height of the stars, how high they are!" And, "How doth God know? Can he judge through the dark clouds? thick clouds are a covering to him, that he seeth not; and he walketh in the circuit of heaven" (Job xxii. 12, 13, 14).

Moreover, he and Unbelief told him though he was a notorious swearer, liar, and a very drunken sot, that he had as good a heart as the best, and that to hear and read some good prayers, and to mean well, was godliness enough for him. Besides, they would not suffer him to believe that God would ever cast any of His creatures whom He had made into a lake of fire and brimstone for such a small frivolous thing as sin was; nay, he was persuaded by them to believe there was no hell at all. And, as touching heaven, they told him there might be some such thing; and that, though he might not have so good a place there as some men, yet he should get in amongst the crowd, and find some corner or other, for heaven was a very large place.

Self-conceit caused him to think so highly of himself, that, notwithstanding all that Godliness could say to confute Ignorance and Unbelief, he did not mind it at all; for he said they

were all fools who troubled themselves about sin and another world, and that he, who had lived so many years, understood better, and he knew what he had to do, and bid Godliness, in conclusion, hold his prating; for, saith he, every tub must stand upon its own bottom, and sure I am God will not cast away an old man. I was born a Christian, and made a child of God, a member of Christ, an heir of the kingdom of heaven, by my baptism (our minister told me so), and would you persuade me to think my condition is bad at last; no, sir, I understand what religion is very well: do not mistake yourself, for I do not see I am much pressed by my ordinary to strict godliness, but to come now and then to hear prayers and receive the sacrament, and this I resolve to do; and though my condition is rendered so bad by you, I am sure there are many in our parish, yet good churchmen, as bad, nay, far worse, than I.

Godliness by this time perceiving Old Age was so hardened in his sins, and trained up by Ignorance so long a time, that it was next to an impossibility ever to think the evil habits he had got, by being accustomed so long to those ways of vice and ungodliness, should ever be changed, considering he was become so unteachable and self-conceited, was resolved to leave him, not thinking it was worth his time to wait longer at his door, nor give any reply to those base-bred children and servants he kept in his house; for Peevish made him so foppish that there was no speaking to him, remembering that word of the prophet, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may you, who are accustomed to do evil, learn to do well" (Jer. xiii. 23). Yet he could not but take pity on him, considering his age, therefore gave him this following general reply, and departed.

Godliness. Father Old Age, it grieves me to find you thus blind and hardened in your evil ways, and the rather because I see your enemy death also standing, with his sword drawn,

here at your door, ready to enter in, and hell is at his heels. Alas! death, who now shakes his sword over your head, will soon sheath it into your heart. What will you do, who contemn true godliness through ignorance, when you come to stand before God in judgment? There is but a little airy breathing between you and eternal burnings; it is better to have your eyes open on earth to bewail your sins, than to have your eyes open in hell to bewail your suffering; though you will not let me in now, who would make you happy, yet you will not be able erelong to keep death out, who will make you eternally miserable (Ps. lxxxix. 48). It is sad you will not see your danger till you cannot escape your danger. As I now stand at your door, saying, "Open to me," but am not let in, so you erelong will say, "Lord, Lord, open to me;" but you shall be kept out, for none but those who receive me into their hearts on earth shall be received by Christ hereafter into heaven. Those who contemn godliness here shall be condemned for their ungodliness hereafter. Your poor deluded soul, who thinks its state so good without grace and regeneration, will find it bad erelong under wrath and condemnation; "for except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). This is the day of God's long-suffering, but quickly will come the day of your long-suffering; for He whose mercy you have abused while you live will let out His vengeance against you to eternity when you die (2 Thess. i. 8, 9).

Much to the same purpose he spoke to him, and, with abundance of sorrow, left him to perish in his sins.

SAMUEL SHAW.

At the time of the Restoration, Mr Shaw* was incumbent of a parish in Leicestershire, and, in 1668, he was chosen master of the free school at Ashby de la Zouch, in the same county. For holding this he obtained the licence of arch-

* Born at Repton, Derbyshire, 1635; died at Ashby, Jan. 22, 1696.

bishop Sheldon, and there must have been something very conciliatory in his character, as he seems to have enjoyed the friendship of successive bishops of Lincoln, and lived on the most friendly footing with the vicar of Ashby, whose church he attended with all his pupils. When, at last, it became lawful for separatists to conduct public worship, he obtained a licence for his class-room, and in opening it preached from the text, "Disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." Still, he so arranged his service as not to interfere with the hours of worship in the parish church, to which he carried his scholars morning and afternoon. Thus, as Calamy records, "he, for the space of almost thirty years, spent himself in endeavours to make the world better, though with no great gains to himself. It was his chief aim to live usefully; and he thought that a considerable reward of itself. He was of a little stature, and his countenance not very promising; but his eye was sparkling, and he had a singular tongue. His discourse was witty, savoury, affable, and pertinent. He had quick repartees, and would droll innocently, with the mixture of poetry, history, and other polite learning. But his greatest excellency was in religious discourse, in prayer and preaching."*

Of his faculty for "drolling" and "quick repartees," we have a curious memento in two little compositions, which, we believe, are entirely unknown to the readers of his theological works. They are comedies written for the amusement of his scholars at Ashby de la Zouch, and they contain an extraordinary fund of humour, as well as shrewd philosophy. At the same time, no writer of that age was more distinguished for the fervour of his devotion, and the intensity of his spiritual realisations. Even from that most serious of all schools, no works have come down to us more solemn and unworldly than the "Farewell to Life," and the "Welcome to the Plague;" and

* "Calamy's Ejected Ministers," vol. ii. p. 435.

the following testimony has been transmitted by a contemporary:—"I have known him spend part of many days, and nights too, in religious exercises, when the times were so dangerous that it would hazard an imprisonment to be worshipping God with five or six people like-minded with himself. I have sometimes been in his company for a whole night together, when we have been fain to steal to the place in the dark, stop out the light, and stop in the voice, by clothing and fast-closing the windows, till the first day-break down a chimney has given us notice to be gone. I bless God for such seasons, for the remembrance of them, and Mr Shaw at them, whose melting words in prayer I can never forget. He had a most excellent faculty in speaking to God with reverence, humility, and a holy awe of His presence, filling his mouth with arguments. By his strength he had power with God; he wept and made supplication; he found Him in Bethel (such were our assemblies), and there he spake with us. I have heard him, for two or three hours together, pour out prayer to God, without tautology or vain repetition, with that vigour and fervour, and those holy words that imported faith and humble boldness, as have dissolved the whole company into tears." *

In a conversation with the late Dr Gordon of Edinburgh, we remember feeling some surprise and disappointment at his estimate of Puritan authorship; but he made one strong and emphatic exception in favour of Shaw, whose "Welcome to the Plague" seemed to have impressed his devout but lofty spirit beyond almost any uninspired composition. It was written early in 1666, and, a few months after the destroying angel had visited the author's secluded abode at Loughborough. The preface is singularly solemn and affecting.

* "Palmer's Nonconformist's Memorial," vol. ii. 138.

A Welcome to the Plague.

CHRISTIAN READERS,—It is now more than seven months since it pleased the holy and wise God to visit my house with the plague, when some dear and Christian friends from London were with me, whereby He gently touched, and gave warning to myself and whole family, consisting then of eight souls, but called away hence only three members of it, namely, two tender babes, and one servant; besides my beloved sister, and a child of my precious friend, that man of God, Mr G. C., since also translated, who were of those citizens that visited me. You will easily believe that I can have no pleasure to rake into the ashes of the dead, nor to revive the taste of that wormwood and gall which was then given me to drink; and yet I see no reason but that I ought to take pleasure in the pure and holy will of God, which always proceeds by the eternal rules of almighty love and goodness, though the same be executed upon my dearest creature-comforts, and grate ever so much upon my sweetest earthly interest; yea, I see all reason in the world why I should give to God the glory of His attributes and works before all the world, and endeavour that some instruction may accompany that astonishment which from me and my house hath gone out and spread itself far and near.

I will not undertake to make any physical observations upon this unaccountable disease, nor to vindicate myself either from that great guilt that is charged upon me, as if I were a sinner above all that dwell in this country, or from these many false and senseless aspersions that have been cast upon my behaviour during this visitation; but I do freely commit myself "to Him that judgeth righteously," and pray with the Psalmist, "Let not them that wait on thee, O Lord God of hosts, be ashamed for my sake; let not those that seek thee be confounded for my sake, O God of Israel!" Neither do I pur-

posely undertake in this preface to reconcile the providences of the most wise God to His promises, or to solve the seeming difference between the words of His mouth and the language of His hands, between which I have only suspected some kind of opposition, but have experienced an excellent harmony: "In very faithfulness hast thou afflicted me." Whence arise all these uncharitable censures with which the afflicted soul is apt to charge both himself and his God too? Spring they not certainly from these two grand causes, namely, a misapprehension of the nature of God, and of the nature of good and evil? Let the studious and pious reader search and judge.

If ever, therefore, you would be established in your minds in a day of affliction,—1. Labour to be rightly informed concerning the nature of God. Away with those low and gross apprehensions of God, whereby your carnal fancies ascribe to God such a kind of indulgence towards His children as you bear towards yours, which indeed no way agrees to His nature. His good will towards His children is a solid, wise, and holy disposition, infinitely unlike to our human affections. 2. Labour to be rightly informed concerning the nature of good and evil. Judge not the good or evil of things by their agreeableness or disagreeableness to your fleshly taste or carnal interest, but by the relation they have to the supreme Good. The greatest prosperity in the world, is no farther good than as it tends to make us partakers of God; and the greatest affliction may thus be really good also. But that by the by. My design is to justify and glorify infinite wisdom, righteousness, goodness, and holiness before all men.

O blessed God, who makes a seeming dungeon to be indeed a place of refreshment,—who brings His poor people into a wilderness, on purpose there to speak comfortably to them! Be of good cheer, O my soul; He hath taken away nothing but what He gave; and, in lieu of it, hath given thee that which shall never be taken away,—the first-fruits of life, in-

stead of those whom the first-born of death have devoured. But why do I say devoured? Doth not that truly live at this day which was truly lovely in those darlings? Didst thou, O my fond heart, love beauty, sweetness, ingenuity incarnate? And canst thou not love it still in the fountain, and enjoy in it a more immediate and compendious way? Thy body, indeed, cannot taste sweetness in the abstract, nor see beauty except it be exhibited in matter; but canst not thou, O my soul, taste the uncreated goodness and sweetness, except it be embodied and have some material thing to commend it to thy palate? Be ashamed that thou, being a spirit as to thy constitution, art no more spiritual in thy affections and operations. Dost thou with sadness reflect upon those sweet smiles, and that broken rhetoric, with which those babes were wont to entertain thee? 1. Consider duly what real contentment thou hast lost in losing those. For what were those things to thy real happiness? Thou hast lost nothing but what it was no solid pleasure nor true felicity to enjoy,—nothing but what the most sensual and brutal souls do enjoy as much as thou. 2. Be ashamed rather that thou didst enjoy them in such a gross and unspiritual manner. Art thou troubled because any earthly interest is violated? Rather be ashamed that thou hadst and cherishedst any such interest.

But pardon me, courteous readers, this digressive soliloquy; and now suffer me patiently, whilst I speak something by way of admiration, something by way of observation, and something by way of exhortation.

I. Let me call upon men and angels to help me in celebrating the infinite and almighty grace and goodness of the eternal and blessed God—

Who enabled me to abide the day of His coming, to stand when He appeared, and made me willing to suffer Him to sit as a refiner of silver in my house:—

Who carried me above all murmurings against, I had almost

said all remembrance of, those instruments that conveyed the infection to me :—

Who reconciled my heart to this disease, so that it seemed no more grievous, noisome, or scandalous than any other :—

Who subdued me to, I had almost said brought me in love with, this passage of the Divine will. I can remember, (alas! that I can say little more, but that I do remember) how my soul was overpowered, yea, and almost ravished with the goodness, holiness, and perfection of the will of God; and verily judged it my happiness and perfection, as well as my duty, to comply cheerfully with it, and be moulded into it :—

Who gave me a most powerful and quick sense of the plague of a carnal heart, self-will, and inordinate love of the creature; convincing me that those were infinitely worse than the plague in the flesh; so that I did more pity, than I could be pitied by, my ordinary visitors :—

Who wonderfully preserved me from the assaults of the devil; never let him loose so much as to try his strength upon my integrity, or drive me to despondency, or to any uncharitable conclusions concerning my state :—

Who enabled me to converse with His love and mercy in the midst of His chastenings, to see His shining and smiling face through this dark cloud; yea, kept up clear and steady persuasions in my soul, that I was beloved of Him though afflicted by Him :—

Who knew my soul in adversity, visited me when I was sick and in prison, refreshed, strengthened, comforted my inner man, in a marvellous manner and measure, and made me appear to myself never less shut up than when shut up. Oh, would to God I might be never worse than when I was shut up of the plague! The not removing of that affliction-frame I shall account a greater blessing, and a more proper mercy, than the removing of that afflicted state :—

Who cleared up my interest in His Son, strengthened my evidences of His love, satisfied and assured my soul of its happy state, more than at any time—more than at all times formerly. I had clearer and surer evidences of Divine grace in that patient, self-denying, self-submitting frame of spirit, than in all the duties that I ever performed: the valley of tears brought me more sight of my God, more insight into myself, than ever the valley of visions, all duties and ordinances, had done. When the Sun of Righteousness arose upon my soul, and chased away all the mists and fogs of self-will and creature-loves, then also did all dark and dismal fears, all gloomy doubtings, most sensibly flee before Him :—

Who supplied my family, from compassionate friends, with all things needful for food and medicine. The Lord return it sevenfold into their bosoms :—

Who maintained my health in the midst of sickness, in the midst of so great a death. I do not remember that either sorrow of mind, or sickness of body, ever prevailed so much upon me, during three months' seclusion, as to hinder me from my ordinary study, repast, devotions, or my necessary attendance upon my several infected rooms, and administering to the necessities of my sick. These ensuing Discourses were then composed; which doth at least argue, that, through grace, this mind was not altogether discomposed, nor body neither :—

Who preserved me, and gave me not up to death. For I judge, that I was personally visited with the plague, though not with the sickness :—

Who hath given me a sincere and settled resolution, and vehement desire to live entirely on and to Himself: which I account to be the only life of a soul, and only worthy to be called a living. Grant me this prayer, O most blessed and gracious God, for the sake of my only and dear Redeemer!

GEORGE SWINNOCK.

George Swinnock was a native of Maidstone in Kent, and for some time was a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. His first charge was Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, but at the time of his ejection from the Church of England, he had been translated to Great Kymbel, in Bucks. For nine years thereafter, he was chaplain to the great protector of Nonconformity in Buckinghamshire, Richard Hampden; but availing himself of the indulgence in 1671, he removed to his native town, Maidstone, and became pastor of a considerable congregation there, and died Nov. 10, 1673.*

Except to a few collectors, the writings of Swinnock are almost unknown; but we confess that we have rejoiced in them as those that find great spoil. So pithy and pungent, and so practical, few books are more fitted to keep the attention awake, and few so richly reward it. No doubt there are a good many far-fetched similes, and not a little apocryphal science;† but these are what we look for in that period of our

* "Calamy's Ejected Ministers," vol. ii. p. 104.

† For instance, to shew that "the lack of fervency is the loss of many prayers," he subjoins—"The lazy petition is eaten up by wandering thoughts, like cold honey by wasps and flies; whilst fervent prayers, like honey boiling over the fire, are free from such ill guests." Again, to illustrate the same idea, "There is no getting to the Indian Mines by the cold northern seas; though, because it is a shorter cut, some have attempted that way, and lost their labour." Amongst many other curiosities of natural history, he tells us—on the authority of Pliny, however—that "when one bee is sick, the rest in the hive are all sad;" and he mentions that horse-hairs, by lying nine days under water, turn to snakes. In our own boyhood we remember a species of gordius, common in still water, which the country people believed to be an animated horse-hair. But some of his inferences are so ingenious, that we must not quarrel with the fact on which they are founded. Thus: "There is a story of a bastard eagle, which hath one foot close like a goose, with which she swims in the waters, and dives for fish; and another foot open, and armed with talons, with which she soareth in the air, and seizeth her prey; but she, participating of both natures, is weak in either, and at last becomes a prey to every ordinary vulture. The

literature, and they are abundantly over-balanced by a rare amount of sanctified wit and wisdom.

Prayer.

Prayer hath a twofold pre-eminence above all other duties whatsoever, in regard of the universality of its influence, and opportunity for its performance. The universality of its influence. As every sacrifice was to be seasoned with salt, so every undertaking and every affliction of the creature must be sanctified with prayer; nay, as it sheweth the excellency of gold that it is laid upon silver itself, so it speaketh the excellency of prayer, that not only natural and civil, but even religious and spiritual actions are overlaid with prayer. We pray not only before we eat or drink our bodily nourishment, but also before we feed on the bread of the Word and the bread in the sacrament. Prayer is requisite to make every providence and every ordinance blessed to us; prayer is needful to make our particular callings successful. Prayer is the guard to secure the fort-royal of the heart; prayer is the porter to keep the door of the lips; prayer is the strong hilt which defendeth the hands; prayer perfumes every relation; prayer helps us to profit by every condition; prayer is the chemist that turns all into gold; prayer is the master-workman: if that be out of the way, the whole trade stands still, or goeth backward. What the key is to the watch, that prayer is to religion; it winds it up, and sets it agoing. It is before other duties in

ambidexter in religion, who is both for the flesh and the spirit, for riches and righteousness, is all his time a servant of sin, and will at last become a prey to Satan." Again: "As the carbuncle, a beast among the blackamoors, which is seen only by night, having a stone in his forehead, which shineth incredibly and giveth him light whereby to feed, but when he heareth the least noise, he presently lets fall over it a skin which he hath as a natural covering, lest its splendour should betray him; so the half-Christian shines with the light of holiness by fits and starts—every fright makes him hold in and hide it."

regard of opportunity for its performance. A Christian cannot always hear, or always read, or always communicate, but he may pray continually. No place, no company can deprive him of this privilege. If he be on the top of a house with Peter, he may pray; if he be in the bottom of the ocean with Jonah, he may pray; if he be walking in the field with Isaac, he may pray when no eye seeth him; if he be waiting at table with Nehemiah, he may pray when no ear heareth him. If he be in the mountains with our Saviour, he may pray; if he be in the prison with Paul, he may pray; wherever he is, prayer will help him to find God out. Every saint is God's temple; "and he that carrieth his temple about him," saith Austin, "may go to prayer when he pleaseth." Indeed, to a Christian every house is an house of prayer, every closet a chamber of presence, and every place he comes to an altar whereon he may offer the sacrifice of prayer.

The Market of Free Grace.

Reader, remember thine errand at ordinances is to get grace. Thou hast God's promise to them, and His power and faithfulness, both engaged for its performance; and it is thy fault and folly if thou goest hungry from a full table, and empty from a free and large treasure. Be as wise for thy soul as others are for their bodies. The country tradesman wants commodities; he goeth to London, where is a merchant that hath variety and abundance; when he comes there, he doth not spend his time in seeing fashions and visiting friends, but in going to this and that warehouse as his occasions require to buy wares; and you see sometimes what considerable quantities he sends home. Go thou and do likewise. Thou complainest that thou wantest grace: go to Christ, who hath variety and sufficiency for thy supply; but do not go to see men, or to be seen of men, but to see God, and to be trans-

formed into His likeness; go to this and that duty as shops (where Christ sits and sells), "and buy wine and milk without money and without price." Little dost thou know, were this but thy business, how certainly, how liberally He would satisfy thee! Why should the tradesman be a better husband for corruptible wares than thou art for durable riches? Alas, alas, Christ is more willing to sell than thou canst be to buy; to give, than thou art to ask.

Sloth.

"The desire of the slothful killeth him, because his hands refuse to labour (Prov. xxi. 5). He is full of wishing, but far from working. As the cat, he would fain have the fish, but is unwilling to wet his feet; his desires are destitute of suitable endeavours, and therefore rather harm him than help him. Like Ishbosheth, he lazeth on his bed till he is deprived of his life. He thinketh to be hurried in haste to heaven, to be carried as passengers in a ship, asleep in their cabins, to their haven, but is all the while in a deceitful dream. There is no going to those heavens where Christ is in His glory, as the sick man came to the house where Christ was in his estate of ignominy, let down in a bed.

Be Diligent.

"Be diligent in thy calling." It is observable that the apostle adviseth the Romans, "Be not slothful in business, serving the Lord" (Rom. xii. 11). All the children of Adam are enjoined to mind their particular callings, by virtue of that command or threatening to their father, "In the sweat of thy brows thou shalt eat thy bread" (Gen. iii.) As in the body politic, so in the body natural there must be order; to which three things are requisite:—1. That every part be in its proper

place, each star in its own orb. 2. That the parts have each to other a due proportion. 3. That every member do its duty, and be some way or other helpful to the body. Idle persons are like wens in the face, which receive of the body's nourishment, but serve only to disfigure it. Those that are no workers, in God's account are "disorderly walkers" (1 Thess. v. 14). Augustus built an Apragopolis, a city void of business; but God made not the world to be a nursery of idleness. The Ethiopians (as the historian observeth) would acquaint their youth that they were born to labour, by accustoming them betimes to fling great stones. Amongst the Turks, every man must follow some trade, the Grand Seigneur himself not excepted. The *censores morum* among the Romans were to observe who were diligent, who were negligent in their vocations, and accordingly to commend or condemn them. The Grecians, according to Solon's law, were great discouragers of them, that, like vermin, lived only to eat what others earn. The Council of the Areopagites inquired how every man lived, and punished such as they found idle. The devils themselves are diligent about their deeds of darkness; creatures void of life are serviceable in their places and stations; angels, nay, God himself, is always working. An idle person cannot find, either in heaven or hell, a pattern.

Pliny reporteth of one Oressianus, who from a little piece of ground got much wealth, and more than his neighbours could from a greater quantity: whereupon he was accused of witchcraft; but, to defend himself, he brought forth his servants and instruments of labour on the day of trial, and said, "These, O Romans, are all my witchcrafts; I say not to my servants, 'Go and do this;' but, 'Come, let us do this and that;' and so the work goeth on." The keys that men keep in their pockets, and use every day, wax brighter and brighter; but if they be laid aside, and hung by the walls, they soon grow rusty.

EPILOGUE.

It is with some reluctance that we bid farewell to the mighty Nonconformists; but our limits compel us to pass on, leaving unnoticed many a theological colossus, like Goodwin, and Manton, and Caryl, and many men of renown, like Case and Gale, Pierce and Mead, Sedgwick and Burgess, Clarkson and Steele, Lockyer and Marshall, Thomas Watson and Richard Alleine. It would have been only right to do separate justice to the Herculean labour of such a scholar as Matthew Poole, who, with consummate judgment and industry, collected and condensed in five ponderous folios the best fruits of the scriptural criticism which had been given forth by his Protestant predecessors, and then in his English Commentary bequeathed the ripe results of his own sober and independent thinking. And it would have been pleasant to commemorate the conjoint labours of the more distinguished ministers in such undertakings as the "Morning Exercise" at Cripplegate, Southwark, and St Giles', where cases of conscience were handled, and the errors of Popery were confuted, before large and intelligent auditories, assembled at seven in the morning on working days. And it seems wrong to leave unrecorded that great contribution to the edification of our families and the orthodoxy of our churches, the "Confession of Faith" and the "Catechisms" compiled by the Westminster divines, so many of whom were afterwards conspicuous among the ejected confessors. But in our self-indulgence we must not tax the patience of our readers. Our specimens we cannot dignify with the name of a cluster from Eshcol; but happy shall we be if, torn from the bunch as they are, and shrivelled by the transport, our handful of grapes should tempt a few valiant explorers to go up and examine the goodly land for themselves. England has yielded no theology so distinctive, and none which can be more delightful to a mind at once genial and devout.

Some of its authors may be more systematic than the Bible, and a few of them more Calvinistic than Calvin, and almost all of them offend our taste by occasional pedantry or slovenliness, whilst they tax our patience by prolixity. But when we wish to get out of the world altogether; when we long for some hallowed seclusion where, with the things unseen and eternal front to front, we may for a little while forget our Meshech with its vexations and its vanities; when our soul is a-hungered with the dry roots of criticism and the drier bones of exhausted controversy, and when, after lifting many a golden cover in search of "fat things full of marrow," we have found in the lordly dish only sentiments and scraps of translated mysticism; how thankfully we betake us to the calm retreat of "The Living Temple," and "The Saint's Everlasting Rest!" with what avidity we return to the royal dainties of Charnock, Howe, and Joseph Alleine! And when conscious of remissness and languor, when desirous of feeling religion as a life, and plying it as a business, and when consequently craving something more specific and more practical than is proper to the modern pulpit with its genteel declamation and inoffensive generalities, what a blessing to have books like Watson on "Contentment," and Steel's "Tradesman's Calling," and "Baxter's Directory," almost as plain-speaking and home-coming as Scripture itself, and, like the Scriptures, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness!"

JEREMY TAYLOR: THE POET OF THE PULPIT.

Our readers are already acquainted with that dear old man—so devout, so sprightly, so warm-hearted—who offered up his life in the midst of his parishioners at Hadleigh, a martyr of the English Reformation.* The intermediate history of his family is unknown; but in 1613 there was living in Cambridge, a barber, (and according to the usage of the times, he would practise as a surgeon also) who claimed to be the martyr's descendant; and in that year Nathaniel Taylor's third son, Jeremiah, was born. Along with more shining attributes, he was destined to re-exhibit much of the meekness, devotion, and tender affection of his illustrious ancestor.

"Reasonably learned," as his father was, and pursuing his vocation in a chief haunt of the Muses, it was not difficult for him to obtain for his son a classical education: and accordingly in 1633, and when he was still under twenty-one years of age, we find the name of Jeremy Taylor among the Fellows of Caius College.

At the same early age he was ordained, and having been invited by a friend to London to take his place as lecturer at St Paul's, his beautiful countenance and his eloquent discourse, enhanced by his extremely youthful appearance, made a great impression on the audience. His fame reached Lambeth, and he was commanded to preach before the Primate. The same discernment which recognised the great powers of Chillingworth, and which perceived in Hales qualities worthy of preferment, notwithstanding his rationalism and anti-romanism,

* See "Christian Classics," vol. i. p. 413.

at once detected the genius and the rich promise of the young and precocious preacher. At the earliest opportunity Laud procured for him a fellowship in All Souls', Oxford, and in 1637 he presented him to the rectory of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. Here he married his first wife, Phœbe Langsdale, whom he lost after a union of less than four years, and here he was appointed chaplain to King Charles I.

The living of Uppingham being sequestered on account of the incumbent's loyalty, Taylor followed the royal army, and was taken prisoner at the siege of Cardigan Castle in 1644. Soon after he married a natural daughter of the king, Joanna Bridges,—a lady who possessed some property in Carmarthenshire, but which in those disordered days probably did not yield its wonted revenue: as for some time we find that, like Milton, Taylor was obliged to maintain himself as a schoolmaster.

But better things awaited him. His noble neighbour, Lord Carbery, opened to him the gates of his mansion, and in the splendid seclusion of Golden Grove, he composed his "Life of Christ," his "Holy Living," and his "Holy Dying," and the greater part of his sermons. These were among his happiest days. "He was surrounded by affectionate friends, who loved and honoured him; the griping fangs of penury were loosened. Rich houses or jewels, Tyrian silks and Persian carpets, he neither possessed nor coveted. But he had entered into the temporal promise of his Lord. Numberless are the passages written about this period, in which his hopeful gratitude breaks into praises of God's providence, and exhortations to believe that He, who feeds the young ravens when they call upon Him, will also nourish every poor and trusting disciple." *

In 1654, under the name of "The Golden Grove," he published a devotional manual. It contained some severe reflec-

* Willmott's "Bishop Jeremy Taylor," p. 134.

tions on those who had despoiled the churches, and silenced the liturgy; and for these expressions the author was arrested and thrown into prison. But this imprisonment obtained for him the friendship of John Evelyn; and when other sources of supply were cut off, the main reliance of the unbeneficed student was a pension allowed to him by this good old English gentleman.

For a short time it would appear that Taylor preached to a congregation in London; but in the summer of 1658 he accepted an invitation from Lord Conway to accompany him to his mansion at Portmore, in Ireland, and conduct a lecture in the town of Lisburn. This migration introduced him to the sister isle, and the land of his adoption was soon to become the scene of his elevation. On the restoration of Charles II., he was nominated to the bishopric of Down and Connor, to which Dromore was added in April 1661. He was also chosen Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin.

Such honours were never better earned, but they were not long enjoyed. As a devoted son of the Church of England, the good bishop must have rejoiced in the opportunity of serving her in his high office; but there were many things to weigh down the head which wore this mitre. Several of his children had died young, but two sons grew up. Of these the one entered the army, and fell in a duel with a brother officer belonging to the same regiment. The other was intended for the Church, but the seductions of the Court of Charles II. proved too strong for his feeble principles. He became secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, and copied too faithfully the profligacy and follies of his patron. The result was a consumption, of which he lay dying, when his sorrow-stricken father was seized by a fever, and after an illness of ten days, "the English Chrysostom," "the Shakspere of Theology," as he has often been styled by his affec-

tionate admirers, expired at Lisburn, on the 13th of August 1667.

The merits and defects of Taylor have been thus summed up by the historian of European literature: "An imagination essentially poetical, and sparing none of the decorations which, by critical rules, are deemed almost peculiar to verse; a warm tone of piety, sweetness, and charity; an accumulation of circumstantial accessories whenever he reasons, or persuades, or describes; an erudition pouring itself forth in quotation, till his sermons become in some places almost a garland of flowers from all other writers, and especially from those of classical antiquity, never before so redundantly scattered from the pulpit,—distinguish Taylor from his contemporaries by their degree, as they do from most of his successors by their kind. But they are not without considerable faults. . . . . The eloquence of Taylor is great, but it is not eloquence of the highest class; it is far too Asiatic—too much in the style of the declaimers of the fourth century, by the study of whom he had probably vitiated his taste; his learning is ill-placed, and his arguments often as much so; not to mention that he has the common defect of alleging nugatory proofs; his vehemence loses its effect by the circuity of his pleonastic language; his sentences are of endless length, and hence not only altogether unmusical, but not always reducible to grammar."*

With the estimate of the venerable critic we substantially agree; although, were we re-writing it, we might perhaps give larger proportions to our praise, as well as a warmer tone, and from the assertion that his sentences are "altogether unmusical" we must entirely dissent.

Taylor's greatest faults were theological. His denial of the doctrine of original sin, his rare and remote allusions to the central truth of the Christian system, his overweening rever-

* Hallam's "Literature of Europe," part iii., chap. 2.

ence for Romish saints and the later fathers,* and a certain *legal* strain which pervades his writings, give them a complexion very different from the New Testament Epistles, and the writings of our early Reformers.

The truth would seem to be, that fancy and the love of the beautiful were the ruling faculties in Taylor's mind, and that they exerted an influence greater than he himself was aware on his somewhat eclectic theology. To such a mind all antiquity possessed a peculiar fascination. With their noble imagery and exquisite diction, the Greek and Roman classics were irresistible; and the piety of cloistered monks and mediæval fathers had a charm which he failed to recognise in his Puritan contemporaries. To his gentle spirit, all violence was offensive; and in his living time the controversies to which the Reformation gave rise were still waged with noisy vehemence. True, some of the schoolmen and fathers had been as boisterous in their day as any of the Reformers and their followers; but the lapse of centuries had thrown over their asperities a softening veil; and, like many amongst ourselves who read with zest old tales of Rhine or Border warfare, but who would turn away from a street brawl disgusted, Taylor could appeal with fond and submissive reverence to the words of Gregory the Great and ecclesiastical ruffians of a similar type, whilst in all his works there occurs no

* "Taylor's was a great and lovely mind; yet how much and injuriously was it perverted by his being a follower of Laud, and by his intensely Popish feelings of Church authority! He never speaks with the slightest symptom of affection or respect of Luther, Calvin, or any other of the great Reformers, at least, not in any of his learned works; but he *saints* every trumpery monk or friar, down to the very latest canonizations by the modern popes. I fear you will think me harsh when I say that I believe Taylor was, perhaps unconsciously, half a Socinian in heart. Such a strange inconsistency would not be impossible; the Romish Church has produced many such devout Socinians. The cross of Christ is dimly seen in Taylor's works."—"Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge," vol. i. p. 165.

reference to Latimer or Luther, and other sturdy champions who had contended for the faith in their own vulgar modern fashion.

Still, we cannot afford to quarrel with Jeremy Taylor. His works are the greatest luxury in the theologian's library—with their Italian and Spanish proverbs, their classical quotations, their tid-bits from the fathers, their Jewish legends and oriental fables, and their profusion of the richest original poetry, forming a common-place book as amusing as it is instructive, and to which the weary student will often betake himself when his powers of attention have been exhausted by duller though sounder authorship. If the writer cannot claim to be a master-builder in the temple of English theology, he has done for the temple precincts what his friend Evelyn did for the mansions of England, and has left himself without a rival as a landscape gardener. Many a stately tree, as well as many a beautiful exotic, has he been the first to bring in from the pagan wilderness; and even fantastic stumps and broken arches have acquired a picturesque air as they have been grouped or disguised by his cunning hand.

The erudition of Taylor was almost excessive. He read everything, and seems hardly to have possessed sufficient self-denial to withhold on any occasion his vast information, any more than his exuberant diction; but just as his prayers and devotional compositions are frequently injured by florid language and rhetorical figures, so the impressiveness of his arguments and appeals is often impaired by excursive allusions and enfeebling details. For example, in a solemn passage of his sermon on "The Invalidity of a Deathbed Repentance," the following sentence occurs: "He that hopes upon this only, I must say of him as Galen said of consumptive persons, Ὅι πλεον ἐλπιζουσιν, ταύτῃ μαλλον κακῶς ἔχουσι, 'The more they hope, the worse they are;' and the relying upon such hopes is an approach to the grave and a sad eternity.

"'Peleos et Priami transit, vel Nestoris ætas,
Et fuerat serum jam tibi desinere.
Eja, age, rumpe moras; quo te sperabimus usque?
Dum, quid sis dubitas, jam potes esse nihil.'"

The effect of the context would have been much greater without the Greek and the Latin; but to Taylor a quotation from Galen or Martial was a golden apple which was sure to divert his steps even within sight of the winning-post.

The compilers of the new English Dictionary will find rich materials in Taylor. Words like "immorigerous," "compaginations," "castifications," "conspersions," "fontinels," were not pedantic as he employed them; but they are not of the class which become readily naturalised in our division of the old Teutonic tongue.

As an apology for the style of his sermons, so far exalted above ordinary apprehension, and so crowded with classical quotation, it has been urged by one biographer that his audience at Golden Grove must have contained the *elite* of the cavaliers; and by another it has been ingeniously suggested, that, although preached to Welsh peasants and the household of a nobleman, these discourses must have been prepared with an eye to an academic congregation. Judging from his preface to these very sermons, and from his publications issued for general use, we hardly think that the accomplished author could have accepted either explanation. We really believe that in the composition of these sermons there was a certain measure of self-indulgence. He chose a theme, not without an eye to his congregation, and he began to write. Thoughts, epithets, incidents, images, came trooping round with irrepressible profusion, and they were all so apt and beautiful, that it was hard to send any of them away. And so he tried to find a place and use for all,—for "flowers and wings of butterflies," as well as "wheat;"—and if he could not fabricate links of his logical chain out of "the little rings of the vine," and "the locks of

a new-weaned boy," he could at least decorate his subject with exquisite adornments. The passages from his loved Austin and Chrysostom, and not less beloved Seneca and Plutarch, the scholar knows how to pardon. The squirrel is not more tempted to carry nuts to his hoard, than the bookish author is tempted to transfer to his own pages fine passages from his favourite authors. Alas! he little knows how flat and meaningless they are to those who have not traversed the same walks, and shared the delight with which he found great spoil. To him each polished shell recalls its autumnal tale of woods, and groves, and sunshine showering through the yellow leaves; but to the quaint collection "the general public" very much prefer a pint of filberts from a huckster's barrow.

Hitting obliquely at Mr Hallam, Taylor's most enthusiastic and withal tasteful critic, Mr Wilmott, remarks, "It is the custom, even among educated persons, to describe Taylor as a copious and florid writer, in whom the luxuriance and debility of the Asiatic school are conspicuously combined. Thus the affluence of his fancy has helped to impoverish his reputation, and the wing that raised him to the sun furnishes the arrow to bring him to the earth. In every large and fruitful intellect, we undoubtedly trace the predominance of one particular faculty; whether it be sagacity in Thucydides, beauty in Virgil, or harmony in Raffaelle. But this domination of one habit of thought does not imply the extirpation of every other. The historian becomes the rival of Demosthenes, the poet hurls the thunder-cloud over his garden, and the painter towers into the full grandeur and height of passion. We couple Michael Angelo with Æschylus, without remembering that Sophocles may be included in the parallel; or that the pencil which seemed to exult in the creation of magnificent and daring energy, could impart to its design the tranquillity and bloom of Coreggio. And so it is with Taylor. The ruling faculty of his mind was a love of the beautiful, but he possessed, in an

eminent degree, the element of the terrible." Of these sublimer passages, our readers have a specimen in our extract from the sermon on Christ's advent to judgment.

As we have already stated, we cannot agree with Mr Hallam in pronouncing Taylor's sentences "absolutely unmusical." Owing to their amplitude they often lack the antithetic chime, and, beyond most literature of the period, they are free from the alliterative jingle. But they are often rich in melody—the melody, not of a ballad-tune, however, but the rolling fulness and the frequent burst against a grassy beach of a high and sunny sea. This attribute has been well described by an American critic, whose subsequent writings exhibit not a little of Taylor's mental fertility, with a correctness of taste and a delicacy of feeling entirely his own. Alluding to the well-known verdict of Dr Parr—'Ωκηρον μὲν σεβω, θαυμαζωδε Βαῤῥουον, καὶ φιλῶ Ταιλωρον—Dr Nehemiah Adams remarks, "Barrow and Hooker are like streams—deep, full, sounding streams—rolling right onward to the sea. Taylor is a sunny river, that loves the meadows, and stretches forth its arms into the fields, and laughs while the little streams play into its bosom, and wanders where it will, while its hundred brothers hear the voice of the great deep, and plunge into their home. The writings of Barrow and Hooker are like the measured and more stately strains of an organ, governed by an apparent skill. Taylor heeds not the rules or the proportion of music; but, like a great Æolian harp, when you think that its strains are about to cease, the restless melodies of his soul break out in another strain, and still another, till you are absolutely wearied with delight." *

Like most men who have a peaceful conscience, an exuberant fancy, or a large excess of intellectual power, there are frequent gleams of gaiety and sparklets of wit throughout the pages of Taylor; and in his controversial writings the argument

* "American Quarterly Observer," vol. i. p. 149.

occasionally sharpens into sarcasm. In his "Dissuasive from Popery," Coleridge adduces as "an exquisite specimen of grave and dignified irony," the following paragraph:—"The 'spirit of prophecy' is also a pretty sure sign of the true church. . . . I deny not but there have been some prophets in the Church of Rome—Johannes de Rupe Scissâ, Anselmus, Marsicanus, Robert Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, St Hildegardis, Abbot Joachim, whose prophecies and pictures prophetical were published by Theophrastus Paracelsus, and John Adrasder, and by Paschalinus Regiselmus, at Venice, 1589; but (as Ahab said, concerning Micaiah) these do not prophesy good concerning Rome, but evil."

Chequered, and prevailingly mournful, as was Taylor's personal history, within the homestead of his rich and imperial fancy he possessed joys with which no stranger could intermeddle. Perhaps there never was a mind to which the beauties of holiness shone forth so bright and alluring, nor one to which the things "honest" stood out so "lovely."* And although he may not have always succeeded in conveying to others his own composite feeling, there can be no doubt that in his own palatial intellect, the Good, the True, the Beautiful, reigned together in trinal harmony; and his works will do us the highest service, if in ourselves they enkindle corresponding tastes and aspirations. It is surely possible to be classical without being pagan, and a fine fancy need not involve its possessor in religious error. And if genius cannot go on a nobler errand than that which allured the wise men from the East, nor follow a safer guide than the Star of Bethlehem, there is no better use which can be made of its treasures than to leave them in a shrine which consecrates the gift, and which sheds over the spoils of earth the loveliness of heaven.

* Philippians iv. 8.

Christ's Advent to Judgment.

[Our first specimens are from the sermons preached at Golden Grove. To the admirers of Taylor's genius they are abundantly familiar; but we cannot withhold them. They are amongst his happiest and most characteristic efforts.]

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it: for although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened, that (I mean) of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the newborn heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the Divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man

cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever

mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude!

In this great multitude we shall meet all those who, by their example and their holy precepts, have, like tapers enkindled with a beam of the Sun of Righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice. There we shall see all those good men whom God sent to preach to us, and recall us from human follies and inhuman practices; and when we espy the good man that chid us for our last drunkenness or adulteries, it shall then also be remembered how we mocked at counsel, and were civilly modest at the reproof, but laughed when the man was gone, and accepted it for a religious compliment, and took our leave, and went and did the same again. But then, things shall put on another face; and that we smiled at here and slighted fondly, shall be the greatest terror in the world; men shall feel that they once laughed at their own destruction, and rejected health when it was offered by a man of God upon no other condition, but that they would be wise and not be in love with death. . . . .

But there is a worse sight than this yet, which, in that great assembly, shall distract our sight and amaze our spirits. There men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round, when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wine and noises. There shall ye see that poor, perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to

rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness: and when all this is summed up, and from the variety of its particulars is drawn into an uneasy load and a formidable sum, possibly we may find sights enough to scare all our confidences, and arguments enough to press our evil souls into the sorrows of a most intolerable death. For, however, we make now but light accents and evil proportions concerning it, yet it will be a fearful circumstance of appearing to see one, or two, or ten, or twenty accursed souls, despairing, miserable, infinitely miserable, roaring and blaspheming, and fearfully accursing thee as the cause of its eternal sorrows. Thy lust betrayed her weak, unguarded innocence; thy example made thy servant confident to lie, or to be perjured; thy society brought a third into intemperance, or the disguises of a beast; and when thou seest that soul, with whom thou didst sin, dragged into hell, well mayest thou fear to drink the dregs of thy intolerable potion. . . . .

The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate fore-running accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the Divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest

mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents: rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

The House of Feasting.

Said Epicurus, "I feed sweetly upon bread and water, those sweet and easy provisions of the body, and I defy the pleasures of costly provisions;" and the man was so confident that he had the advantage over wealthy tables, that he thought himself happy as the immortal gods; for these provisions are easy,

they are to be gotten without amazing cares; no man needs to flatter, if he can live as nature did intend: he need not swell his accounts, and intricate his spirit with arts of subtlety and contrivance; he can be free from fears, and the chances of the world cannot concern him. And this is true, not only in those severe and anchoretical and philosophical persons, who lived meanly as a sheep, and without variety as the Baptist; but, in the same proportion, it is also true in every man that can be contented with that which is honestly sufficient. All our trouble is from within us; and if a dish of lettuce and a clear fountain can cool all my heats, so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, lust nor revenge, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity; and indeed no men sleep so soundly as they that lay their head upon nature's lap. For a single dish and a clean chalice, lifted from the springs, can cure my hunger and thirst; but the meat of Ahasuerus's feast cannot satisfy my ambition and my pride. He, therefore, that hath the fewest desires and the most quiet passions, whose wants are soon provided for, and whose possessions cannot be disturbed with violent fears—he that dwells next door to satisfaction, and can carry his needs and lay them down where he pleases—this man is the happy man; and this is not to be done in great designs and swelling fortunes.

For as it is in plants, nature makes regular provisions, and dresses them with strength and ornament, with easiness and full stature; but if you thrust a jessamine there, where she would have had a daisy grow, or bring the tall fir from dwelling in his own country, and transport the orange or the almond tree near the fringes of the north star, nature is displeased, and becomes unnatural, and starves her sucklings, and renders you a return less than your charge and expectation: so it is in all our appetites; when they are natural and proper, nature feeds them and makes them healthful and lusty, as the coarse offspring of the Scythian clown; she feeds them and makes

them easy without cares and costly passion: but if you thrust an appetite into her, which she intended not, she gives you sickly and uneasy banquets; you must struggle with her for every drop of milk she gives beyond her own needs; you may get gold from her entrails, and, at a great charge, provide ornaments for your queens and princely women: but our lives are spent in the purchase; and when you have got them, you must have more: for these cannot content you, nor nourish the spirit. A man must labour infinitely to get more than he needs; but, to drive away thirst and hunger, a man needs not sit in the fields of the oppressed poor, nor lead armies, nor break his sleep, and to suffer shame and danger, and envy and affront, and all the retinue of infelicity.

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man, how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthful his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart, they would never admire the noises, and the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the heart of the ambitious. These which you call pleasures are but the imagery and fantastic appearances, and such appearances even poor men may have. It is like felicity that the king of Persia should come to Babylon in the winter, and to Susa in the summer; and be attended with all the servants of one hundred and twenty-seven provinces, and with all the princes of Asia. It is like this, that Diogenes went to Corinth in the time of vintage, and to Athens when winter came; and instead of courts, visited the temples and the schools, and was pleased in the society of scholars and learned men, and conversed with the students of all Asia and Europe. If a man loves privacy, the poor in fortune can have that when princes cannot; if he loves noises, he can go to markets and to courts, and may glut himself with

strange faces, and strange voices, and stranger manners, and the wild designs of all the world; and when that day comes in which we shall die, nothing of the eating and drinking remains, nothing of the pomp and luxury, but the sorrow to part with it, and shame to have dwelt there, where wisdom and virtue seldom come, unless it be to call men to sober counsels, to a plain, and a severe, and more natural way of living; and when Lucian derides the dead princes and generals, and says that in hell they go up and down selling salt meats, and crying mussels, or begging—and he brings in Philip of Macedon mending of shoes in a little stall—he intended to represent that in the shades below, and in the state of the grave, the princes and voluptuous have a being different from their present plenty; but that their condition is made contemptible and miserable by its disproportion to their lost and perishing voluptuousness. The result is this, that Tiresias told the ghost of Menippus, inquiring what state of life was nearest to felicity, "The private life, that which is freest from tumult and vanity," noise and luxury, business and ambition, nearest to nature and a just entertainment to our necessities—that life is nearest to felicity. Therefore despise the swellings and the diseases of a disordered life and a proud vanity; be troubled for no outward thing beyond its merit, enjoy the present temperately, and you cannot choose but be pleased to see, that you have so little share in the follies and miseries of the intemperate world.

Intemperance in eating and drinking is the most contrary course to the epicure's design in the world, and the voluptuous man hath the least of pleasure; and upon this proposition, the consideration is more material and more immediately reducible to practice, because in eating and drinking men please themselves so much, and have the necessities of nature to usher in the inordination of gluttony and drunkenness, and our need leads in vice by the hand, that we know not how to

distinguish our friend from our enemy; and St Austin is sad upon this point—"Thou, O Lord, hast taught me that I should take my meat as I take my physic; but while I pass from the trouble of hunger to the quietness of satisfaction, in the very passage I am ensnared by the cords of my own concupiscence. Necessity bids me pass, but I have no way to pass from hunger to fulness, but over the bridge of pleasure; and although health and life be the cause of eating and drinking, yet pleasure, a dangerous pleasure, thrusts herself into attendance, and sometimes endeavours to be the principal, and I do that for pleasure's sake which I would only do for health; and yet they have distinct measures, whereby they can be separated, and that which is enough for health, is too little for delight, and that which is for my delight destroys my health, and still it is uncertain for what end I do indeed desire; and the worst of the evil is this, that the soul is glad because it is uncertain, and that an excuse is ready, that under the pretence of health, the design of pleasure may be advanced and protected." How far the ends of natural pleasure may lawfully be enjoyed, I shall afterwards consider: in the meantime, if we remember that the epicure's design is pleasure principally, we may the better reprove his folly by considering that intemperance is a plain destruction to all that which can give real and true pleasure.

It is an enemy to health; which is, as one calls it, that handle by which we can apprehend and perceive pleasures, and that sauce that only makes life delicate; for what content can a full table administer to a man in a fever? and he that hath a sickly stomach admires at his happiness that can feast with cheese and garlic, unctuous beverages, and the low-tasted spinach. Health is the opportunity of wisdom, the fairest scene of religion, the advantages of the glorifications of God, the charitable ministries to men; it is a state of joy and thanksgiving, and in every of its periods feels a pleasure from

the blessed emanations of a merciful Providence. The world does not minister, does not feel a greater pleasure, than to be newly delivered from the racks or the gratings of the stone, and the torments and convulsions of a sharp colic: and no organs, no harp, no lute can sound out the praises of the almighty Father so spritefully, as the man that rises from his bed of sorrows, and considers what an excellent difference he feels from the groans and intolerable accents of yesterday. Health carries us to church, and makes us rejoice in the communion of saints; and an intemperate table makes us lose all this. For this is one of those sins, which St Paul affirms to be manifest, leading before unto judgment.

The old age of gluttons is surprised at a feast, and gives them not time to make their will; but either they are choked with a large morsel, and there is no room for the breath of the lungs, and the motions of the heart; or a fever burns their eyes out, or a quinzy punishes that intemperate throat that had no religion but the eating of the fat sacrifices, the portions of the poor and of the priest; or else they are condemned to a lethargy if their constitutions be dull; and if active it may be they are wild with watching. So that the epicure's genial proverb may be a little altered, and say, "Let us eat and drink, for by this means to-morrow we shall die." But that is not all, for these men live a healthless life; that is, are long, are every day dying, and at last die with torment. Menander was too short in his expression, that it is indeed death, but gluttony is "a pleasant death." For this is the glutton's pleasure, to breathe short and with difficulty, scarce to be able to speak, and when he does, he cries out, "I die and rot with pleasure." But the folly is as much to be derided as the men to be pitied, that we daily see men afraid of death with a most intolerable apprehension, and yet increase the evil of it, the pain, and the trouble, and the suddenness of its coming, and the appendage of an insufferable eternity.

Intemperance is a perfect destruction of wisdom. "A full-gorged belly never produced a sprightly mind," and therefore these kind of men are called "slow bellies;" so St Paul concerning the intemperate Cretans, out of their own poet: they are like the tigers of Brazil, which when they are empty are bold and swift, and full of sagacity, but being full, sneak away from the barking of a village dog. So are these men, wise in the morning, quick and fit for business; but when the sun gives the sign to spread the tables, and intemperance brings in the messes, and drunkenness fills the bowl, then the man falls away, and leaves a beast in his room. A full meal is like Sisera's banquet, at the end of which there is a nail stuck into a man's head, or as Porphyry says, "it knocks a man down and nails his soul to the sensual mixtures of the body." For what wisdom can be expected from them whose soul dwells in clouds of meat, and floats up and down in wine like the spilled cups that fell from their hands, when they could lift them to their heads no longer? It is a perfect shipwreck of a man; the pilot is drunk, and the helm dashed in pieces, and the ship first reels, and by swallowing too much is itself swallowed up at last. And therefore the Navis Agrigentina, the madness of the young fellows of Agrigentum, who being drunk fancied themselves in a storm, and the house the ship, was more than the wild fancy of their cups: it was really so; they were all cast away, they were broken in pieces by the foul disorder of the storm. "The senses languish, the spark of divinity that dwells within is quenched; and the mind snorts, dead with sleep and fulness in the fouler regions of the belly."*

So have I seen the eye of the world looking upon a fenny bottom, and, drinking up too free draughts of moisture, he gathered them into a cloud, and that cloud crept about his face, and made him first look red, and then covered him with darkness and an artificial night; so is our reason at a feast.

* Prudentius de Jejunio.

The clouds gather about the head; and according to the method and period of the children and productions of darkness, it first grows red, and that redness turns into an obscurity and a thick mist, and reason is lost to all use and profitableness of wise and sober discourses; a cloud of folly and distraction darkens the soul, and makes it crass and material, polluted and heavy, clogged and loaden like the body, and (there cannot be anything said worse) reason turns into folly, wine and flesh into a knot of clouds, the soul itself into a body, and the spirit into corrupted meat: there is nothing left but the rewards and portions of a fool to be reaped and enjoyed there, where flesh and corruption shall dwell to eternal ages.

But temperance is reason's girdle, and passion's bridle. "Prudence is safe," while the man is temperate: "a temperate man is no fool," for in temperance is "the strength of the soul, the foundation of virtue, the ornament of all good things, and the corroborative of all excellent habits."

Helps to Matrimonial Happiness.

[From "The Marriage Ring."]

Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; and she is more under her sorrow, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply:

> Ah tum te miserum, malique fati,
> Quem, attractis pedibus, patente porta,
> Percurrent mugilesque raphanique.

The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor, wretched person. The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stronger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness: and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies; for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way: Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice: but as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable; so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, (like Eryphile the Argive, "she preferred gold before a good man,") and shew themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives: and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative! the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; "cui sunt eruditi oculi, et stulta mens" (as one said), whose eyes are witty and their souls sensual; it is an ill bond of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other, but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or child-bearing, or care or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower. But it is the basest of all when lust is the

paranymph, and solicits the suit, and makes the contract, and joins the hands; for this is commonly the effect of the former, according to the Greek proverb. At first for his fair cheeks and comely beard, "the beast is taken for a lion, but at last he is turned to a dragon, or a leopard, or a swine." That which is at first beauty on the face may prove lust in the manners. Said St Clement: "He or she that looks too curiously upon the beauty of the body, looks too low, and hath flesh and corruption in his heart, and is judged sensual and earthly in his affections and desires." Begin, therefore, with God. Christ is the president of marriage, and the Holy Ghost is the fountain of purities and chaste loves, and he joins the hearts; and therefore let our first suit be in the court of heaven, and with designs of piety, or safety, or charity; let no impure spirit defile the virgin purities and "castifications of the soul," (as St Peter's phrase is); let all such contracts begin with religious affections.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of

the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires a man to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend. Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on; "everything dissolves their tender compaginations, but when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire or the violence of iron." After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. The little boy in the Greek epigram, that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety by the sight of his mother's pap, when nothing else could entice him to return: and the bond of common children, and the sight of her that nurses what is most dear to him, and the endearments of each other in the course of a long society, and the same relation, is an excellent security to redintegrate and to call that love back which folly and trifling accidents would disturb.

When it is come thus far it is hard untwisting the knot: but be careful in its first coalition, that there be no rudeness done; for, if there be, it will for ever after be apt to start and to be diseased.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted, but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent

enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections, when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint; ever remembering, that discontents proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernable disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things, which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants, never appear before them in white, and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline, when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify, that by fair language and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united: and hard by them, "Suadam et gratias descripserunt," they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance and mutual observance to abide.

Rules for Employing Time.

[From "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living."]

1. In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service;

and at night also let Him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.

2. Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of his employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in any of those times which are usually, and by the custom of prudent persons and good husbands, employed in it.

3. Let all the intervals or void spaces of time be employed in prayers, reading, meditating, works of nature, recreation, charity, friendliness, and neighbourhood, and means of spiritual and corporeal health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our high calling, but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.

4. The resting-day of Christians, and festivals of the Church, must in no sense be days of idleness; for it is better to plough upon holy-days than to do nothing, or to do viciously; but let them be spent in the works of the day, that is, of religion and charity, according to the rules appointed.

5. Avoid the company of drunkards and busy-bodies, and all such as are apt to talk much to little purpose, for no man can be provident of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company; and if one of the speakers be vain, tedious, and trifling, he that hears and he that answers in the discourse are equal losers of their time.

6. Never talk with any man, or undertake any trifling employment, merely to pass the time away; for every day well-spent may become a day of salvation, and time rightly employed is an acceptable time. And remember that the time thou triflest away was given thee to repent in, to pray for pardon of sins, to work out thy salvation, to do the work of grace, to lay

up against the day of judgment a treasure of good works, that thy time may be crowned with eternity.

7. In the midst of the works of thy calling, often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations, and those may make up the want of those larger portions of time which it may be thou desirest for devotion, and in which thou thinkest other persons have advantage of thee, for so thou reconcilest the outward work and thy inward calling, the Church and the commonwealth, the employment of the body and the interest of thy soul. For be sure that God is present at thy breathings and hearty sighings of prayer as soon as at the longest offices of less busied persons; and thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade, and devout, though shorter, prayers, as by the longer offices of those whose time is not filled up with labour and useful business.

8. Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person, and not be a business fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For a man may be very idly busy, and take great pains to so little purpose that in his labours and expense of time he shall serve no end but of folly and vanity. There are some trades that wholly serve the ends of idle persons and fools, and such as are fit to be seized upon by the severity of laws, and banished from under the sun; and there are some people who are busy, but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies.

9. Let your employment be fitted to your person and calling. Some there are that employ their time in affairs infinitely below the dignity of their person, and being called by God or by the republic to help to bear great burdens, and to judge a people, enfeeble their understandings, and disable their persons by sordid and brutish business. Thus Nero went up and down Greece, and challenged the fiddlers at their trade; Æropus, a Macedonian king, made lanterns; Harcatius, the king of Parthia, was a mole-catcher; and Biantes, the Lydian,

filed needles. He that is appointed to minister in holy things, must not suffer secular affairs and sordid arts to eat up great portions of his employment: a clergyman must not keep a tavern, nor a judge be an innkeeper; and it was a great idleness in Theophylact, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to spend his time in his stable of horses, when he should have been in his study or his pulpit, or saying his holy offices. Such employments are the diseases of labour, and rust of time, which it contracts, not by lying still, but by dirty employment.

10. Let your employment be such as becomes a Christian—that is, in no sense mingled with sin: for he that takes pains to serve the ends of covetousness, or ministers to another's lust, or keeps a shop of impurities or intemperance, is idle in the worst sense; for every hour so spent runs him backward, and must be spent again in the remaining and shorter part of his life, and spent better.

11. Persons of great quality, and of no trade, are to be most prudent and curious in their employment and traffic of time. They are miserable if their education hath been so loose and undisciplined as to leave them unfurnished of skill to spend their time: but most miserable are they, if such misgovernment and unskilfulness make them fall into vicious and baser company, and drive on their time by the sad minutes and periods of sin and death. They that are learned know the worth of time, and the manner how well to improve the day; and they are to prepare themselves for such purposes in which they may be most useful in order to arts or arms, to counsel in public, or government in their country; but for others of them that are unlearned, let them choose good company, such as may not tempt them to a vice or join with them in any; but that may supply their defects by counsel and discourse, by way of conduct and conversation. Let them learn easy and useful things, read history and the laws of the land, learn the

customs of their country, the condition of their own estate, profitable and charitable contrivances of it: let them study prudently to govern their families, learn the burdens of their tenants, the necessities of their neighbours, and in their proportions supply them, and reconcile their enmities, and prevent their lawsuits, or quickly end them; and in this glut of leisure and disemployment, let them set apart greater portions of their time for religion, and the necessities of their souls.

12. Let the women of noble birth and great fortunes do the same things in their proportions and capacities, nurse their children, look to the affairs of the house, visit poor cottages, and relieve their necessities, be courteous to the neighbourhood, learn in silence of their husbands or their spiritual guides, read good books, pray often, and speak little, and "learn to do good works for necessary uses;" for by that phrase St Paul expresses the obligation of Christian women to good housewifery, and charitable provisions for their family and neighbourhood.

13. Let all persons of all conditions avoid all delicacy and niceness in their clothing or diet, because such softness engages them upon great misspendings of their time, while they dress and comb out all their opportunities of their morning devotion, and half the day's severity, and sleep out the cares and provision for their souls.

14. Let every one of every condition avoid curiosity, and all inquiry into things that concern them not. For all business in things that concern us not is an employing our time to no good of ours, and therefore not in order to a happy eternity. In this account our neighbour's necessities are not to be reckoned; for they concern us as one member is concerned in the grief of another; but going from house to house tattlers and busybodies, which are the canker and rust of idleness, as idleness is the rust of time, are reproved by the apostle in severe language, and forbidden in order to this exercise.

15. As much as may be, cut off all impertinent and useless employments of your life, unnecessary and fantastic visits, long waitings upon great personages, where neither duty, nor necessity, nor charity, obliges us; all vain meetings, all laborious trifles, and whatsoever spends much time to no real, civil, religious, or charitable purpose.

16. Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time, but choose such which are healthful, short, transient, recreative, and apt to refresh you; but at no hand dwell upon them, or make them your great employment: for he that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, chargeable, and useless. And therefore avoid such games which require much time or long attendance; or which are apt to steal thy affections from more severe employments; for to whatsoever thou hast given thy affections, thou wilt not grudge to give thy time. Natural necessity and the example of St John (who recreated himself with sporting with a tame partridge) teach us that it is lawful to relax and unbend our bow, but not to suffer it to be unready or unstrung.

17. Set apart some portions of every day for more solemn devotion, and religious employment, which be severe in observing; and if variety of employment, or prudent affairs, or civil society press upon you, yet so order thy rule, that the necessary parts of it be not omitted; and though just occasions may make our prayers shorter, yet let nothing but a violent, sudden, and impatient necessity make thee upon any one day wholly to omit thy morning and evening devotions, which, if you be forced to make very short, you may supply and lengthen with ejaculations and short retirements in the day-time in the midst of your employment, or of your company.

18. Do not the work of God negligently and idly; let not thy heart be upon the world, when thy hand is lift up in

prayer; and be sure to prefer an action of religion in its place and proper season before all worldly pleasure, letting secular things (that may be dispensed with in themselves) in these circumstances wait upon the other; not like the patriarch who ran from the altar in St Sophia to his stable in his pontificals, and in the midst of his office, to see a colt newly fallen from his beloved and much valued mare Phorbante. More prudent and severe was that of Sir Thomas More, who being sent for by the king when he was at his prayers in public, returned answer, he would attend him when he had first performed his service to the King of kings. And it did honour to Rusticus, that when letters from Cæsar were given to him, he refused to open them till the philosopher had done his lecture. In honouring God and doing His work put forth all thy strength, for of that time only thou mayest be most confident that it is gained, which is prudently and zealously spent in God's service.

19. When the clock strikes, or however else you shall measure the day, it is good to say a short ejaculation every hour, that the parts and returns of devotion may be the measure of your time; and do so also in all the breaches of thy sleep, that those spaces which have in them no direct business of the world may be filled with religion.

20. If by thus doing you have not secured your time by an early and forehanded care, yet be sure by a timely diligence to redeem the time—that is, to be pious and religious in such instances in which formerly you have sinned, and to bestow your time especially upon such graces, the contrary whereof you have formerly practised, doing actions of chastity and temperance with as great a zeal and earnestness as you did once act your uncleanness; and then by all arts to watch against your present and future dangers, from day to day securing your standing: this is properly to redeem your time—that is, to buy your security of it at the rate of any labour and honest arts.

21. Let him that is most busied set apart some solemn time every year, in which, for the time quitting all worldly business, he may attend wholly to fasting and prayer, and the dressing of his soul by confessions, meditations, and attendances upon God; that he may make up his accounts, renew his vows, make amends for his carelessness, and retire back again from whence levity and the vanities of the world, or the opportunities of temptations, or the distraction of secular affairs, have carried him.

22. In this we shall be much assisted, and we shall find the work more easy, if before we sleep every night we examine the actions of the past day with a particular scrutiny, if there have been any accidents extraordinary—as long discourse, a feast, much business, variety of company. If nothing but common hath happened, the less examination will suffice; only let us take care that we sleep not without such a recollection of the action of the day as may represent anything that is remarkable and great either to be the matter of sorrow or thanksgiving; for other things a general care is proportionable.

23. Let all these things be done prudently and moderately, not with scruple and vexation. For these are good advantages, but the particulars are not Divine commandments, and therefore are to be used as shall be found expedient to every one's condition. For, provided that our duty be secured, for the degrees, and for the instrument, every man is permitted to himself, and the conduct of such who shall be appointed to him. He is happy that can secure every hour to a sober or a pious employment; but the duty consists not scrupulously in minutes and half hours, but in greater portions of time; provided that no minute be employed in sin, and the great portions of our time be spent in sober employment, and all the appointed days, and some portions of every day, be allowed for religion. In all the lesser parts of time we are left to our own

elections and prudent management, and to the consideration of the great degrees and differences of glory that are laid up in heaven for us, according to the degrees of our care, and piety, and diligence.

A Plea for Toleration.

[Bishop Taylor's boldest and most original work is "The Liberty of Prophesying." As a protest against persecution from the protegee of Laud and the chaplain of Charles I., it would have been still more remarkable had it appeared before troublous times began, and whilst the tide was still running against the Puritans. In any circumstances, however, it was a courageous and precocious book, far in advance of the age, and sure to entail on its author a large amount of obloquy. Some of his allegations as to the difficulty of interpreting Scripture are extreme and injudicious, and his chapter on the "Inconsistencies of the Fathers" is curious, as coming from the most patristical of all our divines. But whatever may be our opinion as to his line of argument, there can be no dispute as to the goodness of his remedy—the cultivation of a large and cordial charity. The "Liberty of Prophesying" was published in 1647.]

The infinite variety of opinions in matters of religion, as they have troubled Christendom with interests, factions, and partialities, so have they caused great divisions of the heart, and variety of thoughts and designs amongst pious and prudent men. For they all, seeing the inconveniences which the disunion of persuasions and opinions have produced directly or accidentally, have thought themselves obliged to stop this inundation of mischiefs, and have made attempts accordingly. But it hath happened to most of them as to a mistaken physician, who gives excellent physic but misapplies it, and so misses of his cure. So have these men: their attempts have

therefore been ineffectual; for they put their help to a wrong part, or they have endeavoured to cure the symptoms, and have let the disease alone till it seemed incurable. Some have endeavoured to reunite these fractions, by propounding such a guide which they were all bound to follow; hoping that the unity of a guide would have persuaded unity of minds; but who this guide should be, at last became such a question, that it was made part of the fire that was to be quenched, so far was it from extinguishing any part of the flame. Others thought of a rule, and this must be the means of union, or nothing could do it. But supposing all the world had been agreed of this rule, yet the interpretation of it was so full of variety that this also became part of the disease for which the cure was pretended. All men resolved upon this, that though they yet had not hit upon the right, yet some way must be thought upon to reconcile differences in opinion; thinking, so long as this variety should last, Christ's kingdom was not advanced, and the work of the gospel went on but slowly. Few men in the meantime considered, that so long as men had such variety of principles, such several constitutions, education, tempers, and distempers, hopes, interests, and weaknesses, degrees of light, and degrees of understanding, it was impossible all should be of one mind. And what is impossible to be done is not necessary it should be done; and therefore, although variety of opinions was impossible to be cured (and they who attempted it did like him who claps his shoulder to the ground to stop an earthquake), yet the inconveniences arising from it might possibly be cured, not by uniting their beliefs—that was to be despaired of—but by curing that which caused these mischiefs, and accidental inconveniences of their disagreeings. For although these inconveniences, which every man sees and feels, were consequent to this diversity of persuasions, yet it was but accidentally and by chance; inasmuch as we see that in many things, and they of great concernment,

men allow to themselves and to each other a liberty of disagreeing, and no hurt neither. And certainly if diversity of opinions were of itself the cause of mischiefs, it would be so ever—that is, regularly and universally (but that we see it is not): for there are disputes in Christendom concerning matters of greater concernment than most of those opinions that distinguish sects and make factions; and yet because men are permitted to differ in those great matters, such evils are not consequent to such differences as are to the uncharitable managing of smaller and more inconsiderable questions. It is of greater consequence to believe right in the question of the validity or invalidity of a death-bed repentance, than to believe aright in the question of purgatory; and the consequences of the doctrine of predetermination, are of deeper and more material consideration than the products of the belief of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of private masses; and yet these great concernments, where a liberty of prophesying in these questions hath been permitted, hath made no distinct communion, no sects of Christians, and the others have, and so have these too in those places where they have peremptorily been determined on either side. Since then, if men are quiet and charitable in some disagreeings, that then and there the inconvenience ceases, if they were so in all others where lawfully they might (and they may in most), Christendom should be no longer rent in pieces, but would be redintegrated in a new Pentecost; and although the Spirit of God did rest upon us in divided tongues, yet so long as those tongues were of fire, not to kindle strife, but to warm our affections and inflame our charities, we should find that this variety of opinions in several persons would be looked upon as an argument only of diversity of operations, while the Spirit is the same; and that another man believes not so well as I, is only an argument that I have a better and a clearer illumination than he, that I have a better gift than he, received a special grace and favour, and

excel him in this, and am perhaps excelled by him in many more. And if we all impartially endeavour to find a truth, since this endeavour and search is only in our power (that we shall find it, being *ab extra*, a gift and an assistance extrinsical), I can see no reason why this pious endeavour to find out truth shall not be of more force to unite us in the bonds of charity, than his misery in missing it shall be to disunite us. So that since a union of persuasion is impossible to be attained, if we would attempt the cure by such remedies as are apt to enkindle and increase charity, I am confident we might see a blessed peace would be the reward and crown of such endeavours.

But men are now-a-days, and indeed always have been, since the expiration of the first blessed ages of Christianity, so in love with their own fancies and opinions, as to think faith and all Christendom is concerned in their support and maintenance; and whoever is not so fond and does not dandle them like themselves, it grows up to a quarrel, which, because it is in *materiâ theologiæ* is made a quarrel in religion, and God is entitled to it; and then, if you are once thought an enemy to God, it is our duty to persecute you even to death, we do God good service in it; when, if we should examine the matter rightly, the question is either in *materiâ non revelata*, or *minus evidenti*, or *non necessariâ*, either it is not revealed, or not so clearly, but that wise and honest men may be of different minds, or else it is not of the foundation of faith, but a remote superstructure, or else of mere speculation, or perhaps, when all comes to all, it is a false opinion, or a matter of human interest that we have so zealously contended for; for to one of these heads most of the disputes of Christendom may be reduced; so that I believe the present fractions (or the most) are from the same cause which St Paul observed in the Corinthian schism, "When there are divisions among you, are ye not carnal?" It is not the differing opinions that is the cause of

the present ruptures, but want of charity; it is not the variety of understandings, but the disunion of wills and affections; it is not the several principles, but the several ends that cause our miseries; our opinions commence and are upheld according as our turns are served and our interests are preserved, and there is no cure for us but piety and charity. A holy life will make our belief holy, if we consult not humanity and its imperfections in the choice of our religion, but search for truth without designs, save only of acquiring heaven, and then be as careful to preserve charity as we were to get a point of faith: I am much persuaded we should find out more truths by this means; or, however (which is the main of all), we shall be secured though we miss them, and then we are well enough.

For if it be evinced that one heaven shall hold men of several opinions, if the unity of faith be not destroyed by that which men call differing religions, and if an unity of charity be the duty of us all, even towards persons that are not persuaded of every proposition we believe, then I would fain know to what purpose are all those stirs and great noises in Christendom; those names of faction, the several names of churches not distinguished by the division of kingdoms, the church obeying the government, which was the primitive rule and canon, but distinguished by names of sects and men. These are all become instruments of hatred; thence come schisms and parting of communions, and then persecutions, and then wars and rebellion, and then the dissolutions of all friendships and societies. All these mischiefs proceed not from this, that all men are not of one mind, for that is neither necessary nor possible, but that every opinion is made an article of faith, every article is a ground of a quarrel, every quarrel makes a faction, every faction is zealous, and all zeal pretends for God, and whatsoever is for God cannot be too much. We by this time are come to that pass, we think we love not God except we hate our brother, and we have not the virtue of religion

unless we persecute all religions but our own; for lukewarmness is so odious to God and man, that we, proceeding furiously upon these mistakes, by supposing we preserve the body, we destroy the soul of religion; or by being zealous for faith, or which is all one, for that which we mistake for faith, we are cold in charity, and so lose the reward of both.

Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper.

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books:—When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him, why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? he replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. "Go thou and do likewise," and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

Friendship.

By friendship I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the

noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But, then, I must tell you that Christianity hath new-christened it, and calls this charity. The Christian knows no enemy he hath; that is, though persons may be injurious to him, and unworthy in themselves, yet he knows none whom he is not first bound to forgive, which is indeed to make them on his part to be no enemies; that is, to make that the word enemy shall not be perfectly contrary to friend, it shall not be a relative term, and signify something on each hand, a relative and a correlative; and then he knows none whom he is not bound to love and pray for, to treat kindly and justly, liberally and obligingly. Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest thing in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning glass. But Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills. And I was strangely pleased when I saw something of this in Cicero; for I have been so pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow anybody that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am grown afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with singularity. But therefore I say, glad I was when I saw Lælius in Cicero discourse thus: "Amicitia ex infinitate generis humani, quam conciliavit ipsa natura, contracta res est, et adducta in angustum; ut omnis charitas, aut inter duos aut inter paucos, jungeretur." Nature hath made friendships and societies, relations and endearments; and by something or other we relate to all the world. There is enough in every man that is willing, to make him become our friend; but when men contract friendships, they enclôse the commons; and what nature intended should be every man's, we make proper to two or three. Friendship is like rivers and the strand of seas, and the air, common to all the world. But

tyrants and evil customs, wars and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. But when Christianity came to renew our nature, and to restore our laws, and to increase her privileges, and to make her aptness to become religion, then it was declared that our friendships were to be as universal as our conversation; that is, actual to all with whom we converse, and potentially extended unto those with whom we did not. For he who was to treat his enemies with forgiveness and prayers, and love and beneficence, was indeed to have no enemies, and to have all friends.

So that to your question, How far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity? the answer is ready and easy. It is warranted to extend to all mankind; and the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can, there is no danger in it; only, where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies; it were well if you could love, and if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world. But as all our graces here are but imperfect,—that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory,—so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship, by which we shall love every one as much as one can be loved. But, then, so we must here in our proportion; and, indeed, that is it that can make the difference. We must be friends to all; that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it. Nature and religion are the bands of friendship; excellency and usefulness

are its great endearments; society and neighbourhood,—that is, the possibilities and the circumstances of converse,—are the determinations and actualities of it. Now, when men either are unnatural or irreligious, they will not be friends; when they are neither excellent nor useful, they are not worthy to be friends; when they are strangers or unknown, they cannot be friends,—actually and practically. But yet, as any man hath any thing of the good contrary to those evils, so he can have, and must have, his share of friendship. For thus the sun is the eye of the world; and he is indifferent to the Negro or the cold Russian; to them that dwell under the line, and them that stand near the tropics,—the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean hills. But the flexures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south, respectively change the emanations of his beams; not that they do not pass always from him, but that they are not equally received below; but by periods and changes, by little inlets and reflections, they receive what they can. Some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage; because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so is it in friendship; some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse. Nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others. Society and accident, parity of fortune and equal dispositions, do actuate our friendships, which of themselves, and in their prime dispositions, are prepared for all mankind, according as any one can receive them. We see this best exemplified by two instances and expressions of friendship and charity, viz. alms and prayers. Every one that needs relief is equally the

object of our charity. But though, to all mankind in equal need, we ought to be alike in charity, yet we signify this severally, and by limits and distinct measures. The poor man that is near me, he whom I meet, he whom I love, he whom I fancy, he who did me benefit, he who relates to my family,—he rather than another, because my expressions, being finite and narrow, and cannot extend to all in equal significations, must be appropriate to those whose circumstances best fit me. And yet even to all I give my alms, to all the world that need them. I pray for all mankind; I am grieved at every sad story I hear; I am troubled when I hear of a pretty bride murdered in her bride-chamber by an ambitious and enraged rival; I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, and then put to death by evil men; and I can never read the story of the Parisian Massacre or the Sicilian Vespers, but my blood curdles, and I am disordered by two or three affections. A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well and do good to all mankind in what he can; but though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited, but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges; our hands can reach no further but to our arm's end, and our voices can but sound till the next air be quiet; and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity. Our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach to all; where they can, they must; but where it is impossible

it cannot be necessary. It must therefore follow, that our friendships to mankind may admit variety, as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly. But as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special act of friendship.

Prayer without Wrath.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts—it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and, therefore, is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as

if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Prayer without Doubting.

He that asks with a doubting mind, and a lazy desire, begs for nothing but to be denied. We must in our prayers be earnest and fervent, or else we shall have but a cold answer; for God gives his grace according as we can receive it. If our desires were strong and fervent, our minds would, in the same proportion, be present. We see it by a certain and regular experience; what we love passionately, we perpetually think on, and it returns upon us whether we will or no; and in a great fear, the apprehension cannot be shaken off; and therefore, if our desires of holy things were strong and earnest, we should most certainly attend our prayers. It is a more violent affection to other things that carries us off from this; and therefore, if we loved passionately what we ask for daily,

we should ask with hearty desires, and an earnest appetite, and a present spirit; and, however it be very easy to have our thoughts wander, yet it is our indifferency and lukewarmness that makes it so natural: and you may observe it, that so long as the light shines bright, and the fires of devotion and desires flame out, so long the mind of a man stands close to the altar, and waits upon the sacrifice; but as the fires die, and desires decay, so the mind steals away, and walks abroad to see the little images of beauty and pleasure, which it beholds in the falling stars and little glow-worms of the world. The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment. I deny not but some little drops will turn aside, and fall from the full channel by the weakness of the banks, and hollowness of the passage; but the main course is still continued: and although the most earnest and devout persons feel and complain of some looseness of spirit, and unfixed attentions, yet their love and their desire secure the main portions, and make the prayer to be strong, fervent, and effectual. Anything can be done by him that earnestly desires what he ought: secure but your

affections and passions, and then no temptation will be too strong. "A wise man, and a full resolution, and an earnest spirit, can do anything of duty;" but every temptation prevails when we are willing to die; and we usually lend nothing to devotion but the offices that flatter our passions: we can desire and pray for anything that may serve our lust, or promote those ends which we covet, but ought to fear and flee from; but the same earnestness, if it were transplanted into religion and our prayers, would serve all the needs of the spirit; but for want of it we do "the Lord's work deceitfully."

Signs of Humility.

1. The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but in matters of concernment relies rather upon the judgment of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides.

2. He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will, but in all things lets God choose for him and his superiors in those things which concern them.

3. He does not murmur against commands.

4. He is not inquisitive into the reasonableness of indifferent and innocent commands; but believes their command to be reason enough in such cases to exact his obedience.

5. He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation of singularity.

6. He is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances.

7. He patiently bears injuries.

8. He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and counsels.

9. He is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man.

10. He is modest in his speech, and reserved in his laughter.

11. He fears when he hears himself commended, lest God make another judgment concerning his actions than men do.

12. He gives no pert or saucy answers when he is reproved, whether justly or unjustly.

13. He loves to sit down in private, and if he may he refuses the temptation of offices and new honours.

14. He is ingenuous, free, and open in his actions and discourses.

15. He mends his fault, and gives thanks when he is admonished.

16. He is ready to do good offices to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and detractors, as Christ washed the feet of Judas.

17. And is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so before God he may be really innocent, and not offensive to his neighbour, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest.

A Letter to John Evelyn, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow, not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn: so certain it is that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and, by joining mine to yours, I do but increase the flame. "*Hoc me malè urit,*" is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But, sir, I cannot choose but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you: it is already burning in your heart; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lantern, you have enough within you to warm yourself and to shine to others. Remember, sir, your two boys are two

bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and, amongst other things, one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief; and, indeed, though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For, besides that they are no losers, but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffered for their interest: you would have suffered them to go from you, to be great princes in a strange country; and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you commend your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God; and He that so smites here will spare hereafter: and if you, by patience and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is in some sense chosen, and therefore in no sense insufferable. Sir, if you do not look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider that, of the bravest men in the world, we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons that sound most in story died childless; you will find it a rare act of Providence so to impose upon the worthy a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments and reasonings. If the breach be never repaired, it is because God does not see it fit to be; and if you will be of this mind, it will be much the better. But, sir, you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort; I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving

God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery, and that I may see that God never displeases you as long as the main stake is preserved—I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want —that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of, dear sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant, (Signed) JER. TAYLOR.

Festival Hymns.

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE blessed virgin travail'd without pain,
And lodged in an inn,
A glorious star the sign;
But of a greater guest than ever came that way:
For there He lay,
That is the God of night and day,
And over all the powers of heaven doth reign.
It was the time of great Augustus' tax,
And then He comes,
That pays all sums,
Even the whole price of lost humanity,
And sets us free
From the ungodly empery
Of sin, and Satan, and of death.
O! make our hearts, blest God, Thy lodging-place,
And in our breast
Be pleased to rest,
For Thou lovest temples better than an inn;
And cause that sin

May not profane the Deity within,
And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.

CHRIST'S COMING TO JERUSALEM.

Lord, come away:
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready: and Thy paths, made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.
Ride on triumphantly; behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in the way.
Hosannah! Welcome to our hearts. Lord here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin:
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor:
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane Thy holy place,
Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face.
And then if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones out of Thy temple-wall
Shall cry aloud, and call,
"Hosannah!" and Thy glorious footsteps greet.

A MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Death, the old serpent's son,
Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,
That carried hell and ever-burning fire:
But those black days are done;
Thy foolish spite buried thy sting
In the profound and wide
Wound of our Saviour's side:
And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing;
A thing we dare not fear,
Since we hear
That our triumphant God, to punish thee
For the affront thou didst him on the tree,
Hath snatch'd the keys of hell out of thy hand,
And made thee stand

A porter at the gate of life, thy mortal enemy.
O Thou, who art that gate, command that he
May, when we die,
And thither fly,
Let us into the courts of heaven through Thee!
Hallelujah.

HEAVEN.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star;
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with an holy charity.
What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongues, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone.
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
And above all, Thy holy face
Makes an eternal clarity.
When Thou dost bind thy jewels up, that day
Remember us, we pray;
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou may'st appoint us place,
Within the brightness of Thy face;
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enrol,
That we may praise Thee to eternity.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Tongues of fire from heaven descend,
With a mighty rushing wind,
To blow it up, and make
A living fire
Of heavenly charity, and pure desire,
Where they their residence should take.
On the Apostles' sacred heads they sit;
Who now, like beacons, do proclaim and tell
The invasion of the host of hell;
And give men warning to defend
Themselves from the enraging brunt of it.
Lord, let the flames of holy charity,
And all her gifts and graces slide
Into our hearts, and there abide;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it, unto the element of love;
Even unto Thee, dear Spirit;
And there eternal peace and rest inherit.

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY.

Full of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above;
Thou who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
Thine and the day's, (and that Thine too:)
The lame away his crutches threw:
The parched crust of leprosy
Return'd unto its infancy;
The dumb amazed was to hear
His own unchain'd tongue strike his ear;
Thy powerful mercy did even chase
The devil from his usurp'd place,
Where Thou Thyself should'st dwell, not he.
O let Thy love our pattern be!
Let Thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another;
That copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.—Amen.

SIMILES AND MEMORABLE SENTENCES.

The Atheist.—Who in the world is a verier fool, a more ignorant, wretched person, than he that is an atheist? A man may better believe there is no such man as himself, and that he is not in being, than that there is no God: for himself can cease to be, and once was not, and shall be changed from what he is, and in very many periods of his life knows not that he is; and so it is every night with him when he sleeps: but none of these can happen to God; and if he knows it not, he is a fool. Can anything in this world be more foolish, than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth can come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects and no cause; an excellent government and no prince; a motion without an immoveable; a circle without a centre; a time without eternity; a second without a first; a thing that begins not from itself, and therefore not to perceive there is something from whence it does begin, which must be without beginning: these things are so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must needs be a beast in his understanding that does not assent to them. This is the atheist: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God:" that is his character. The thing framed says that nothing framed it; the tongue never made itself to speak, and yet talks against Him that did; saying, That which is made, is; and that which made it, is not. But this folly is as infinite as hell, as much without light or bound as the chaos or the primitive nothing.

The Progress of Christianity.—So have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning. And Christianity without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation,

without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with tolerations and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christian and persecution into victory.

True Religion Truthful.—He that tells a lie for his religion, or goes about by fraud and imposture to gain proselytes, either dares not trust his cause, or dares not trust God. True religion is open in its articles, honest in its prosecutions, just in its conduct, innocent when it is accused, ignorant of falsehood, sure in its truth, simple in its sayings; and (as Julius Capitolinus said of the Emperor Verus) it is "morum simplicium, et quæ adumbrare nihil possit:" it "covers," indeed, "a multitude of sins," by curing them, and obtaining pardon for them; but it can dissemble nothing of itself; it cannot tell or do a lie: but it can become a sacrifice: a good man can quit his life, but never his integrity.

The Instinct of a Holy Mind.—When Nathanael was come to Jesus, Christ saw his heart, and gave him a testimony to be truly honest, and full of holy simplicity, "a true Israelite, without guile." And Nathanael, being overjoyed that he had found the Messias,—believing out of love, and loving by reason of his joy, and no suspicion,—took that for a proof of verification of his person, which was very insufficient to confirm a doubt, or ratify a probability. But so we believe a story which we love, taking probabilities for demonstrations, and casual accidents for probabilities, and anything creates vehement presumptions: in which cases our guides are not our knowing faculties, but our affections; and, if they be holy, God guides them into the right persuasions, as He does little birds to make rare nests, though they understand not the mystery of operation, nor the design and purpose of the action.

The Wolf at School.—Every man understands by his affec-

tions more than by his reason: and when the wolf in the fable went to school to learn to spell, whatever letters were told him he could never make anything of them but *agnus;* he thought of nothing but his belly: and if a man be very hungry, you must give him meat before you give him counsel. A man's mind must be like your proposition before it can be entertained: for whatever you put into a man it will smell of the vessel: it is a man's mind that gives the emphasis, and makes your argument to prevail.

Ambition.—No man buys death and damnation at so dear a rate as he that fights for it, and endures cold and hunger, the dangers of war and the snares of a crafty enemy.

Pleasures of Sin.—Pleasure is but like centerings,* or wooden frames set under arches, till they be strong by their own weight and consolidation to stand alone; and when, by any means, the devil hath a man sure, he takes no longer care to cozen him with pleasures, but is pleased that men should begin an early hell, and be tormented before the time.

Progress of Sin.—I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way, and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as

* By a curious error in Heber's (or rather Pitman's) text, misprinted "Sentries." See vol. v. p. 291.

we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils: they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

Short-lived Frenzy.—So have I known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and being warm with heat and rage, received from the swords of his enemy wounds open like a grave; but he felt them not, and when, by the streams of blood he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel to-morrow: but when his rage had cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture had checked the emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity. So is the bold and merry sinner: when he is warm with wine and lust, wounded and bleeding with the strokes of hell, and twists* with the fatal arm that strikes him, and cares not; but yet it must abate his gaiety, because he remembers that when his wounds are cold and considered, he must roar or perish, repent or do worse,—that is, be miserable or undone.

Self-deception.—We care not to be *safe*, but to be *secure*, not to escape hell, but to live pleasantly; we are not solicitous of the event, but of the way thither; and it is sufficient, if we be persuaded all is well; in the meantime we are careless whether indeed it be so or no, and therefore we give pensions to fools and vile persons to abuse us, and cozen us of felicity.

* Twists, *i. e.* fights. We have still the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon, "getvistan," in the Dutch, "twisten," to quarrel or dispute.

Courting Temptation.—We read a story of a virtuous lady that desired of St Athanasius to procure for her, out of the number of the widows fed from the ecclesiastical corban, an old woman, morose, peevish, and impatient, that she might, by the society of so ungentle a person, have often occasion to exercise her patience, her forgiveness, and charity. I know not how well the counsel succeeded with her; I am sure it was not very safe: and to invite the trouble, to triumph over it, is to wage a war of an uncertain issue, for no end but to get the pleasures of the victory, which oftentimes do not pay for the trouble, never for the danger.

The Life of Man.—As when the sun, approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cockboat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that if we must not

reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed : and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being: but by that time his soul is thus furnished, his body is decayed ; and then you can hardly reckon him to be alive, when his body is possessed by so many degrees of death.

Death in all Seasons.—Death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy the sea towards the shore to find a grave : and it cast him into some sad thoughts that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return ; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this the end and sum of all their designs : a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm,

and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcase he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed by the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death; which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

The Rose.—But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honour.

Pruning.—For so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the winepress, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the lord of the vine had caused the

dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy bunches, and made accounts of that loss of blood by the return of fruit. So is an afflicted province cured of its surfeits, and punished for its sins, and bleeds for its long riot, and is left ungoverned for its disobedience, and chastised for its wantonness; and when the sword hath let forth the corrupted blood, and the fire hath purged the rest, then it enters into the double joys of restitution, and gives God thanks for his rod, and confesses the mercies of the Lord in making the smoke to be changed into fire, and the cloud into a perfume, the sword into a staff, and his anger into mercy.

The Use of Hope and Fear.—St Lewis, the king, having sent Ivo, bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, sad, fantastic, and melancholic, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant. She answered, "My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God." But this woman began at the wrong end: the love of God is not produced in us after we have contracted evil habits, till God with his fan in his hand hath thoroughly purged the floor, till he hath cast out all the devils, and swept the house with the instrument of hope and fear, and with the achievements and efficacy of mercies and judgments.

Faith.—Faith is a certain image of eternity; all things are present to it; things past, and things to come, are all so before the eyes of faith, that he in whose eyes that candle is enkindled, beholds heaven as present, and sees how blessed a thing it is to die in God's favour, and to be chimed to our grave with the music of a good conscience. Faith converses with the angels, and antedates the hymns of glory; every man that

hath this grace is as certain that there are glories for him, if he persevere in duty, as if he had heard and sung the thanksgiving song for the blessed sentence of doomsday.

Love.—Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for himself is love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. The apostle calls it the *band of perfection;* it is the old, and it is the new, and it is the great commandment, and it is all the commandments, for it is *the fulfilling of the law.* It does the work of all other graces, without any instrument but its own immediate virtue.

Power of Prayer.—Prayer can obtain everything: it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks, till they melt into tears and a flowing river: prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice, Be thou removed hence, and cast into the bottom of the sea; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things, and secret decrees, and unrevealed transactions which are above the clouds and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.

A Prayer.—Let no riches make me ever forget myself, no poverty ever make me to forget Thee. Let no hope or fear, no pleasure or pain, no accident without, no weakness within, hinder or discompose my duty, or turn me from the ways of Thy commandments. O let Thy Spirit dwell with me for ever, and make my soul just and charitable, full of honesty, full of religion, resolute and constant in holy purposes, but inflexible in evil. Make me humble and obedient, peaceable and pious; let me never envy any man's good, nor deserve

to be despised myself: and if I be, teach me to bear it with meekness and charity.

Friendship.—I said, "Friendship is the greatest bond in the world;" and I had reason for it, for it is all the bond that this world hath.

Judge by Actions.—I remember a pretty apologue that Bromiard tells: A fowler, in a sharp frosty morning, having taken many little birds for which he had long watched, began to take up his nets, and nipping the birds on the head, laid them down. A young thrush, espying the tears trickling down his cheeks by reason of the extreme cold, said to her mother, that certainly the man was very merciful and compassionate, who wept so bitterly over the calamity of the poor birds. But her mother told her more wisely, that she might better judge of the man's disposition by his hand than by his eye; and if the hands do strike treacherously, he can never be admitted to friendship, who speaks fairly and weeps pitifully.

The Umpire.—Never be a judge between thy friends in any matter where both set their hearts upon the victory. If strangers or enemies be litigants, whatever side thou favourest, thou gettest a friend; but when friends are the parties, thou losest one.

A Son of Consolation.—But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow;

he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

Matrimony versus *Celibacy*.—Here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre: marriage is the nursery of heaven; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to him: but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. An unmarried man, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies and feeds the world with delicacies; and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Conjugal Love is a thing pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world, for, as some one said, that love that can cease was never true; it contains in it all sweetness, and all society, and felicity, and all prudence, and all wisdom. For there is

nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy; so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife, are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.

The Present Day.—Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day," said Christ, "is the evil thereof." Sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will

be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. To reprove this instrument of discontent, the ancients feigned, that in hell stood a man twisting a rope of hay, and still he twisted on, suffering an ass to eat up all that was finished: so miserable is he who thrusts his passions forwards towards future events, and suffers all that he may enjoy to be lost and devoured by folly and inconsideration, thinking nothing fit to be enjoyed but that which is not, or cannot be had.

Superstition.—Almost all ages of the world have observed many instances of fond persuasions and foolish practices proceeding from violent fears and scruples in matters of religion. Diomedon and many other captains were condemned to die, because after a great naval victory they pursued the flying enemies, and did not first bury their dead. But Chabrias, in the same case, first buried the dead, and by that time the enemy rallied and returned, and his navy, and made his masters pay the price of their importune superstition: they feared where they should not, and where they did not, they should. From hence proceeds observation of signs and unlucky days; and the people did so, when the Gregorian account began, continuing to call those unlucky days which were so signified in their tradition, or *erra pater*, although the day upon this account fell ten days sooner; and men were transported with many other trifling contingencies and little accidents; which, when they are once entertained by weakness, prevail upon their own strength, and in sad natures and weak spirits have produced effects of great danger and sorrow. Aristodemus, king of the Messenians, in his war against the Spartans, prevented the sword of the enemy by a violence done upon himself, only because his dogs howled like wolves; and the soothsayers were afraid, because the briony grew up by the walls of his father's house; and Nicias, general of the Athenian forces, sat with his arms in his bosom, and suffered himself and forty thousand men

tamely to fall by the insolent enemy, only because he was afraid of the labouring and eclipsed moon. When the marble statues in Rome did sweat (as naturally they did against all rainy weather), the augurs gave an alarm to the city; but if lightning struck the spire of the Capitol, they thought the sum of affairs, and the commonwealth itself, was endangered. And this heathen folly hath stuck so close to the Christians, that all the sermons of the Church for sixteen hundred years have not cured them all: but the practices of weaker people, and the artifice of ruling priests, have superinduced many new ones. When Pope Eugenius sang mass at Rheims, and some few drops from the chalice were spilt upon the pavement, it was thought to foretell mischief, wars, and bloodshed to all Christendom, though it was nothing but carelessness and mischance of the priest, and because Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, sang mass of requiem upon the day he was reconciled to his prince, it was thought to foretell his own death by that religious office: and, if men can listen to such whispers, and have not reason and observation enough to confute such trifles, they shall still be affrighted with the noise of birds, and every night-raven shall foretell evil, as Micaiah to the king of Israel, and every old woman shall be a prophetess, and the events of human affairs, which should be managed by the conduct of counsel, of reason, and religion, shall succeed by chance, by the flight of birds, and the meeting with an evil eye, by the falling of the salt, or the decay of reason, of wisdom, and the just religion of a man.

Monopolising God's Mercies.—Let no man appropriate to his own use what God, by a special mercy, or the republic, hath made common: for that is both against justice and charity too; and by miraculous accidents God hath declared his displeasures against such inclosure. When the kings of Naples enclosed the gardens of Œnotria, where the best manna of

Calabria descends, that no man might gather it without paying tribute, the manna ceased till the tribute was taken off, and then it came again: and so, when, after the third trial, the princes found they could not have that in proper with God made to be common, they left it as free as God gave it. The like happened in Epire, when Lysimachus laid an impost upon the Tragasæan salt, it vanished till Lysimachus left it public. And when the procurators of king Antigonus imposed a rate upon the sick people that came to Edepsum to drink the waters, which were lately sprung, and were very healthful, instantly the waters dried up, and the hope of gain perished.

Make the most of Adversity.—If, therefore, thou fallest from thy employment in public, take sanctuary in an honest retirement. If thou art out of favour with thy prince, secure the favour of the King of kings, and then there is no harm come to thee. And when Zeno Citiensis lost all his goods in a storm, he retired to the studies of philosophy, to his short cloak and a severe life, and gave thanks to fortune for his prosperous mischance. When the north wind blows hard and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it and cry, wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, or a good fire and a dry roof: when a storm of a sad mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into some advantage, by observing where it can serve another end, either of religion or prudence, or more safety or less envy: it will turn into something that is good, if we list to make it so; at least it may make us weary of the world's vanity, and take off our confidence from uncertain riches; and make our spirits to dwell in those regions where content dwells essentially.

The Bountiful Provider.—Does not God provide for all the birds, and beasts, and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and he feeds

them? And were it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear the father would give meat to the chickens and the servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to them? He were a very ill father that should do so; or he were a very foolish son that should think so of a good father. But besides the reasonableness of this faith and this hope, we have infinite experience of it: how innocent, how careless, how secure is infancy; and yet how certainly provided for? We have lived at God's charges all the days of our life, and have (as the Italian proverb says) sat down to meat at the sound of a bell; and hitherto he hath not failed us: we have no reason to suspect him for the future.

Covetousness.—Covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want; and yet after all his pains and purchase, he suffers that really which at first he feared vainly; and by not using what he gets, he makes that suffering to be actual, present, and necessary, which in his lowest condition was but future, contingent, and possible. It stirs up the desire, and takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It increases the appetite, and will not content it. It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God: making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor his oil to make his own countenance cheerful: but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable, and, like the dish-makers of China, may leave a greater heap of dirt for his nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass carried wood and sweet herbs to the baths, but was never

washed or perfumed himself: he heaped up sweets for others, while himself was filthy with smoke and ashes.

Hope in God.—His providence is extra-regular, and produces strange things beyond common rules; and He that led Israel through a sea, and made a rock pour forth waters, and the heavens to give them bread and flesh, and whole armies to be destroyed with fantastic noises, and the fortune of all France to be recovered and entirely revolved by the arms and conduct of a girl against the torrent of the English fortune and chivalry; can do what He please, and still retains the same affections to His people, and the same providence over mankind as ever. And it is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent, and can do what He please. Let us rest there awhile; He can if He please; and He is infinitely loving, willing enough: and He is infinitely wise, choosing better for us than we can do for ourselves. This in all ages and chances hath supported the afflicted people of God, and carried them on dry ground through a Red Sea.

The Saviour a Sufferer.—All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with, sufferings: for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated, or attended with afflictions; God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings, than to refresh his sorrows. Presently after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life, and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story, what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he

rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and was adorned with the acclamations of a King and a God, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls of heaven that descended upon Mount Hermon, weeping, in the midst of this triumph, over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow, which God set in the clouds as a sacrament to confirm a promise, and establish a grace; he was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud; in his best days he was but half triumph and half sorrow: he was sent to tell of his Father's mercies, and that God intended to spare us; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower, and of foul weather. But I need not tell that Jesus, beloved of God, was a suffering person: that which concerns this question most, is, that he made for us a covenant of sufferings: his doctrines were such as expressly and by consequent enjoin and suppose sufferings, and a state of affliction; his very promises were sufferings; his beatitudes were sufferings; his rewards, and his arguments to invite men to follow him, were only taken from sufferings in this life, and the reward of sufferings hereafter.

A Prayer before a Journey.—O Almighty God, who fillest all things with Thy presence, and art a God afar off as well as near at hand; Thou didst send Thy angel to bless Jacob in his journey, and didst lead the children of Israel through the Red Sea, making it a wall on the right hand and on the left: be pleased to let Thy angel go out before me and guide me in my journey, preserving me from dangers of robbers, from violence of enemies, and sudden and sad accidents, from falls and errors. And prosper my journey to Thy glory and to all my innocent purposes; and preserve me from all sin, that I may return in peace and holiness, with Thy favour and Thy blessing, and may serve Thee in thankfulness and obedience all the days of

my pilgrimage; and at last bring me to Thy country, to the celestial Jerusalem, there to dwell in Thy house and to sing praises to Thee for ever. Amen.

A Prayer before reading or hearing the Word of God.—O Holy and Eternal Jesus, who hast begotten us by Thy Word, renewed us by Thy Spirit, fed us by Thy sacraments and by the daily ministry of Thy Word, still go on to build us up to life eternal. Let Thy most Holy Spirit be present with me and rest upon me in the reading (or hearing) Thy sacred Word: that I may do it humbly, reverently, without prejudice, with a mind ready and desirous to learn and obey; that I may be readily furnished and instructed to every good work, and may practise all Thy holy laws and commandments, to the glory of Thy holy name, O Holy and Eternal Jesus. Amen.

DR THOMAS FULLER.

THOMAS FULLER was the son of a clergyman, and he was born in the parish of Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his Master's degree in the twentieth year of his age, and where he was for a short time incumbent of St Benet's. Soon afterwards he obtained the living of Broad Windsor, in Dorsetshire, but for his adherence to the royal cause he was sequestered, during the civil wars, by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and, like too many of his brethren, experienced a variety of hardships, including the scholar's most bitter bereavement, the loss of his library. But his kindly and inoffensive spirit, the reputation of his wit and learning, and his substantial orthodoxy, found for him a measure of favour even in the days of Cromwell. He was allowed to preach, and in 1658 was presented by Lord Berkeley to the rectory of Cranford, in Middlesex. Immediately after the restoration of Charles II., he was reinstated in a prebend which he had formerly held at Salisbury, and was appointed chaplain-extraordinary to the king. But he did not long enjoy his better fortune. On Sunday the 12th of August 1661, being in London, he had engaged to preach a marriage sermon for a relative, whose wedding was to take place on the following day. Complaining of a dizziness in his head, his son urged him to forbear from preaching and go to bed. But he replied, that he had often gone into the pulpit sick, but had always come down well again, and insisted on fulfilling his promise. In the pulpit, however, he became more conscious of his danger, and before commencing said, "I find myself very ill, but I am resolved, by the grace of God, to

preach this sermon to you here, though it should be my last." With great difficulty he got through, and was carried home in a sedan to his lodging in Covent Garden, where he expired on the following Thursday, the 16th of August.

Some remarkable feats of memory are ascribed to Fuller. For instance, it is said that he could recite, verbatim, another man's sermon after hearing it once, and that he could do the same with as many as five hundred words in an unknown language, after hearing them twice. One day he undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat, on his return, every sign on either side of the way, in the order of their occurrence,—a feat which he easily accomplished. But, as his earliest biographer relates, "That which was most strange and very rare in him, was his way of writing, which, something like the Chineses, was from the top of the page to the bottom—the manner thus:—He would write near the margin the first word of every line, down to the foot of the paper; then would, by beginning at the head again, fill up every one of these lines, which, without any interlineations or spaces, but with the full and equal length, would so adjust the sense and matter, and so aptly connect and conjoin the ends and beginnings of the said lines, that he could not do it better, as he hath said, if he had writ all out in a continuation."* That he may occasionally have exhibited this feat for the amusement of his friends is very likely, and as an instance of literary legerdemain it is abundantly curious; but that he can have pursued a method so whimsical as his ordinary "way of writing," is utterly inconceivable.

But much rarer and more remarkable than his memory was his inexhaustible fund of wit and humour. In this respect, he has no rival amongst our Christian classics. Samuel Shaw and Bishop Horne were humorists; but, in the "Farewell to Life,"

* The Life of that Reverend Divine and Learned Historian, Dr Thomas Fuller. London, 1661. Page 77.

no one could suspect a writer of comedies, nor in the "Commentary on the Psalms," the author of "A Letter to Adam Smith, Esq., by one of the people called Christians." Even Sidney Smith was seldom jocular in the pulpit, and, although South often jested, he was often and for a long continuance grave. But Fuller overflowed with fun, and no presence, nor any circumstances, could restrain his mirthful propensity. Even the tenderness of his heart, and the genuineness of his piety, could not quench it, but he would be drolling at a funeral, and punning in his prayers, and, with the tear in his eye, the *jeux d'esprit* kept leaping from his tongue. No doubt, this tendency to see every thing through a ludicrous medium was an infirmity, and with less facetiousness he might have done more service as a Christian moralist; for his theology was essentially sound, his heart was right, and, amongst all his coevals, few maintained a spirit so fair and a temper so calm. It is only justice to add, that his wit was as inoffensive as it appears to have been irrepressible. Like the lamp of the fire-fly, it gleamed the instant his mind was in motion, but, like that beautiful light, it never was known to kindle a conflagration.

With their frank and familiar style, their curious fancies, their amusing incidents, and their odd way of narrating graver matters, Fuller's larger works are the most readable folios of the seventeenth century; viz., "The Holy War," "The Holy and Profane State," "A Pisgah Sight of Palestine," "A Church History of Britain," and "The History of the Worthies of England." Of our brief extracts, the first four are from "A Comment on Ruth," and the remainder from "Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and Mixt Contemplations in Better Times."

SPECIMENS.

The Book of Ruth.—[Fuller's was a long-winded generation, but his eminently practical mind was impatient of barren dis-

quisition, and his sententious writings may be regarded as a quiet protest against prolixity. In commencing a course of lectures on Ruth, it would have been natural enough to dedicate a discourse to the usual preliminary topics; but of all these our author disposes in the following business-like introduction.] Before we enter into these words, something must be premised concerning the name, matter, end, author of this book. It hath the name from Ruth, the most remarkable person in it, to whom God vouchsafed His grace, not only to write her name in the Book of Life in Heaven, but also to prefix her name before a book of life in earth. The matter may be divided into these two parts: The first chapter sheweth, that "many are the troubles of the righteous," and the three last do shew that "God delivereth them out of all." One of the ends is to shew the pedigree of our Saviour, otherwise genealogers had been at a loss for four or five descents in the deducing thereof; another end is, under the conversion of Ruth the Moabitess, to typify the calling of the Gentiles, that as He took of the blood of a Gentile into His body, so He should shed the blood out of His body for the Gentiles, that there might be one Shepherd and one sheepfold. The author's name (probably Samuel) is concealed, neither is it needful it should be known; for, even as a man that hath a piece of gold that he knows to be weight, and sees it stamped with the king's image, careth not to know the name of that man who minted or coined it; so we, seeing this book to have the superscription of Cæsar, the stamp of the Holy Spirit, need not to be curious to know who was the penman thereof. And now to the words.

Man's Way.—In prosperity, we are commonly like hogs feeding on the mast, not minding his hand that shaketh it down; in adversity, like dogs biting the stone, not marking the hand that threw it.

Good Company in the Grave.—"And there will I be buried."

As it is good to enjoy the company of the godly while they are living, so it is not amiss, if it will stand with conveniency, to be buried with them after death. The old prophet's bones escaped a burning by being buried with the other prophets; and the man who was tumbled into the grave of Elisha was revived by the virtue of his bones. And we read in "The Acts and Monuments," that the body of Peter Martyr's wife was buried in a dunghill, but afterwards, being taken up in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was honourably buried in Oxford, in the grave of one Frideswic, a Popish she-saint: to this end, that if Popery (which God forbid) should over-spread our kingdom again, and if the Papists should go about to untomb Peter Martyr's wife's bones, they should be puzzled to distinguish betwixt this woman's body and the relics of their saint.

Purgatory.—No wonder if the Papists fight for purgatory. 'Tis said of Sicily and Egypt, that they were anciently the barns and granaries of the city of Rome; but, now-a-days, purgatory is the barn of the Romish court—yea, the kitchen, hall, parlour, larder, cellar, chamber, every room of Rome. When Adonijah sued for Abishag the Shunammite, Solomon said to his mother, "Ask for him the kingdom also." But if once the Protestants could wring from the Papists their purgatory—nay, then would they say, Ask the triple crown, cross-keys, St Angelo, Peter's patrimony, and all. In a word, were purgatory taken away, the Pope himself would be in purgatory, as not knowing which way to maintain his expensiveness.

A Child's Fancy.—When a child, I loved to look on the pictures in the Book of Martyrs. I thought that there the martyrs at the stake seemed like the three children in the fiery furnace; ever since I had known them there, not one hair more of their head was burnt, nor any smell of the fire singeing of their clothes. This made me think martyrdom was nothing. But oh, though the lion be painted fiercer than he is, the fire

is far fiercer than it is painted. Thus it is easy for one to endure an affliction, as he limns it out in his own fancy, and represents it to himself but in a bare speculation. But when it is brought indeed, and laid home to us, there must be the man, yea, there must be God to assist the man, to undergo it.

The Ape and the Infant.—Some alive will be deposed for the truth of this strange accident, though I forbear the naming of place or persons.

A careless maid, which attended a gentleman's child, fell asleep whilst the rest of the family were at church; an ape, taking the child out of the cradle, carried it to the roof of the house, and there (according to his rude manner) fell a dancing and dandling thereof, down head, up heels, as it happened.

The father of the child, returning with his family from the church, commented with his own eyes on his child's sad condition. Bemoan he might, help it he could not. Dangerous to shoot the ape where the bullet might hit the babe, all fall to their prayers as their last and best refuge, that the innocent child (whose precipice they suspected) might be preserved.

But when the ape was well wearied with its own activity, he fairly went down, and formally laid the child where he found it, in the cradle.

Fanatics have pleased their fancies these late years with turning and tossing and tumbling of religion, upward and downward, and backward and forward, they have cast and contrived it into a hundred antic postures of their own imagining. However, it is now to be hoped that, after they have tired themselves out with doing of nothing, but only trying and tampering this and that way to no purpose, they may at last return and leave religion in the same condition wherein they found it.

Goods from Rome.—I read how Pope Pius the Fourth had a great ship, richly laden, landed at Sandwich in Kent, where it suddenly sunk, and so, with the sands, choked up the

harbour, that ever since that place hath been deprived of the benefit thereof. I see that happiness doth not always attend the adventures of his holiness. Would he had carried away his ship, and left us our harbour! May his spiritual merchandise never come more into this island, but rather sink in Tiber than sail thus far, bringing so small good and so great annoyance. Sure he is not so happy in opening the doors of heaven, as he is unhappy to obstruct havens on earth.

The Indian and the Letter.—I could both sigh and smile at the simplicity of a native American, sent by a Spaniard, his master, with a basket of figs, and a letter (wherein the figs were mentioned), to carry them both to one of his master's friends. By the way, this messenger eat up the figs, but delivered the letter, whereby his deed was discovered, and he soundly punished. Being sent a second time on the like message, he first took the letter (which he conceived had eyes as well as a tongue) and hid it in the ground, sitting himself on the place where he put it; and then securely fell to feed on his figs, presuming that that paper which saw nothing could tell nothing. Then, taking it again out of the ground, he delivered it to his master's friend, whereby his fault was perceived, and he worse beaten than before. Men conceive they can manage their sins with secrecy; but they carry about them a letter, or book rather, written by God's finger, their conscience bearing witness to all their actions. But sinners being often detected and accused, hereby grow wary at last, and, to prevent this speaking paper from telling any tales, do smother, stifle, and suppress it, when they go about the committing of any wickedness. Yet conscience (though buried for a time in silence) hath afterwards a resurrection, and discovers all, to their greater shame and heavier punishment.

Rough Wooing.—In the days of King Edward the Sixth, the lord protector marched with a powerful army into Scotland, to demand their young queen Mary in marriage to our king, ac-

cording to their promises. The Scotch refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in Musselburgh fight. One demanding of a Scottish lord (taken prisoner in the battle), "Now, sir, how do you like our king's marriage with your queen?" "I always," quoth he, "did like the marriage, but I do not like the wooing, that you should fetch a bride with fire and sword." It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about by indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done by God's own ways. Otherwise we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereunto.

New Shoes.—I have observed that children, when they first put on new shoes, are very curious to keep them clean. Scarce will they set their feet on the ground for fear to dirt the soles of their shoes. Yea, rather they will wipe the leather clean with their coats; and yet, perchance, the next day they will trample with the same shoes in the mire up to the ankles. Alas! children's play is our earnest! On that day wherein we receive the sacrament, we are often over-precise, scrupling to say or do those things which lawfully we may. But we, who are more than curious that day, are not so much as careful the next; and too often (what shall I say) go on in sin up to the ankles: yea, our sins go over our heads.

The Hour-glass.—Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear, lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas, how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. Teach me to number my days. An hour-glass to turn me, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

Ejaculations take not up any room in the soul. They give liberty of callings, so that at the same instant one may follow his proper vocation. The husbandman may dart forth an ejaculation and not make a balk the more. The seaman nevertheless steer his ship right in the darkest night. Yea, the soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other.

The field wherein bees feed is no whit the barer for their biting; when they have taken their full repast on flowers or grass, the ox may feed, the sheep fat, on their reversions. The reason is because those little chemists distil only the refined part of the flower, leaving the grosser substance thereof. So ejaculations bind not men to any bodily observance, only busy the spiritual half, which maketh them consistent with the prosecution of any other employment.

Eagles' Wings.—God is said to have brought the Israelites out of Egypt on eagles' wings. Now eagles, when removing their young ones, have a different posture from other fowl, proper to themselves (fit it is that there should be a distinction betwixt sovereigns and subjects), carrying their prey in their talons, but young ones on their backs, so interposing their whole bodies betwixt them and harm. The old eagle's body is the young eagle's shield, and must be shot through before her young ones can be hurt.

Thus God, in saving the Jews, put Himself betwixt them and danger. Surely God, so loving under the law, is no less gracious in the gospel: our souls are better secured, not only above His wings, but in His body; your life is hid with Christ in God. No fear then of harm; God first must be pierced before we can be prejudiced.

Unwelcome Society.—Lord, this day casually I am fallen into a bad company, and know not how I came hither, or how to get hence. Sure I am, not my improvidence hath run me,

but thy providence hath led me into this danger. I was not wandering in any base by-path, but walking in the highway of my vocation; wherefore, Lord, thou that calledst me hither, keep me here. Stop their mouths, that they speak no blasphemy, or stop my ears, that I hear none; or open my mouth soberly to reprove what I hear. Give me to guard myself; but, Lord, guard my guarding of myself. Let not the smoke of their badness put out mine eyes, but the shining of my innocency lighten theirs. Let me give physic to them, and not take infection from them. Yea, make me the better for their badness.

Dangerous Flexibility.—I perceive there is in the world a good nature, falsely so called, as being nothing but a facile and flexible disposition, wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such osiers can never make beams to bear stress in church and state. If this be good nature, let me always be a clown; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a churl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul, who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot conceive how he can be a friend to any, who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself.

"*If the Lord will.*"—Lord, when in any writing I have occasion to insert these passages, God willing, God lending me life, &c., I observe, Lord, that I can scarce hold my hand from encircling these words in a parenthesis, as if they were not essential to the sentence, but may as well be left out as put in. Whereas, indeed, they are not only of the commission at large, but so of the quorum, that without them all the rest is nothing; wherefore hereafter I will write those words fully and fairly, without any enclosure about them. Let critics censure it for bad grammar, I am sure it is good divinity.

Envy.—Lord, I perceive my soul deeply guilty of envy. By my good will I would have none prophesy but mine own

Moses (Num. xi. 28). I had rather thy work were undone, than done better by another than by myself: had rather that thine enemies were all alive, than that I should kill but my thousand, and others their ten thousands of them. My corruption repines at other men's better parts, as if what my soul wants of them in substance she would supply in swelling. Dispossess me, Lord, of this bad spirit, and turn my envy into holy emulation. Let me labour to exceed them in pains, who excel me in parts: and knowing that my sword, in cutting down sin, hath a duller edge, let me strike with the greater force; yea, make other men's gifts to be mine, by making me thankful to thee for them. It was some comfort to Naomi, that, wanting a son herself, she brought up Ruth's child in her bosom. If my soul be too old to be a mother of goodness, Lord, make it but a dry-nurse. Let me feed, and foster, and nourish, and cherish the graces in others, honouring their persons, praising their parts, and glorifying thy name, who hath given such gifts unto them.

Have I prayed?—Lord, this day I disputed with myself, whether or no I had said my prayers this morning, and I could not call to mind any remarkable passage whence I could certainly conclude that I had offered my prayers unto thee. Frozen affections, which left no spark of remembrance behind them! Yet at last I hardly recovered one token, whence I was assured that I had said my prayers. It seems I had said them, and only said them, rather by heart than with my heart. . . . Alas! are not devotions thus done, in effect left undone? Well Jacob advised his sons, at their second going into Egypt, "Take double money in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight." So, Lord, I come with my second morning sacrifice: be pleased to accept it, which I desire and endeavour to present with a little better devotion than I did the former.

Personal Preaching.—Lord, the preacher this day came home to my heart. A left-handed Gibeonite with his sling

(Judges x. 16) hit not the mark more sure than he my darling sins. I could find no fault with his sermon, save only that it had too much truth. But this I quarrelled at, that he went far from his text to come close to me, and so was faulty himself in telling me of my faults. Thus they will creep out at small crannies who have a mind to escape; and yet I cannot deny, but that which he spake (though nothing to that portion of Scripture which he had for his text), was according to the proportion of Scripture. And is not thy Word in general the text at large of every preacher? Yea, rather I should have concluded, that if he went from his text, thy goodness sent him to meet me; for without thy guidance it had been impossible for him so truly to have traced the intricate turnings of my deceitful heart.

Unprepared Death.—Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter a while before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.

Forgotten Vows.—Lord, I read how Jacob (then only accompanied with his staff) vowed at Bethel, that if thou gavest him but bread and raiment, he would make that place thy house. After his return, the condition on thy side was over-performed, but the obligation on his part wholly neglected: for when thou hadst made his staff to swell, and to break into two bands, he, after his return, turned purchaser, bought a field in Shalem, intending there to set up his rest. But thou art pleased to be his remembrancer in a new vision, and to spur him afresh who tired in his promise: "Arise, go to Bethel, and

make there an altar," &c. Lord, if rich Jacob forgot what poor Jacob did promise, no wonder, if I be bountiful to offer thee in my affliction what I am niggardly to perform in my prosperity. But, oh! take not advantage of the forfeitures, but be pleased to demand payment once again. Pinch me into the remembrance of my promises, that so I may reinforce my old vows with new resolutions.

Hurtful Kindness.—Lord, I read when our Saviour was examined in the high priest's hall, that Peter stood without, till John (being his spokesman to the maid that kept the door) procured him admission in. John meant to let him out of the cold, and not to let him into a temptation; but his courtesy in intention proved a mischief in event, and the occasion of his denying his Master. Oh let never my kindness concur in the remotest degree to the damage of my friend. May the chain which I sent him for an ornament never prove his fetters! But if I should be unhappy herein, I am sure thou wilt not punish my good will, but pity my ill success.

Comparing Scripture with Scripture.—Lord, the apostle saith to the Corinthians, God will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able. But how comes he to contradict himself, by his own confession in his next epistle? where, speaking of his own sickness, he saith, We were pressed out of measure above strength. Perchance this will be expounded by propounding another riddle of the same apostle's: who, praising Abraham, saith, that against hope he believed in hope. That is, against carnal hope he believed in spiritual hope. So the same wedge will serve to cleave the former difficulty. Paul was pressed above his human, not above his heavenly strength. Grant, Lord, that I may not mangle and dismember thy Word, but study it entirely, comparing one place with another. For diamonds can only cut diamonds, and no such comments on the Scripture as the Scripture.

"*Immortal till the work is done.*"—Lord, I read of the two

witnesses, "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them" (Rev. xi. 7). They could not be killed whilst they were doing, but when they had done their work; during their employment they were invincible. No better armour against the darts of death than to be busied in thy service. Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? No malice of man can antedate my end a minute, whilst my Maker hath any work for me to do. And when my daily task is ended, why should I grudge then to go to bed?

The Favoured Brother.—Lord, I read at the transfiguration that Peter, James, and John were admitted to behold Christ; but Andrew was excluded. So again at the reviving of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, these three were let in, and Andrew shut out. Lastly, in the agony the aforesaid three were called to be witnesses thereof, and still Andrew left behind. Yet he was Peter's brother, and a good man, and an apostle; why did not Christ take the two pair of brothers? was it not pity to part them? But methinks I seem more offended thereat than Andrew himself was, whom I find to express no discontent, being pleased to be accounted a loyal subject for the general, though he was no favourite in these particulars. Give me to be pleased in myself, and thankful to thee, for what I am, though I be not equal to others in personal perfections. For such peculiar privileges are courtesies from thee when given, and no injuries to us when denied.

"*I have prepared a place for you.*"—Lord, I read how Paul, writing from Rome, spake to Philemon to prepare him a lodging, hoping to make use thereof; yet we find not that he ever did use it, being martyred not long after. However, he was no loser whom thou didst lodge in a higher mansion in heaven. Let me always be thus deceived to my advantage. I shall have no cause to complain, though I never wear the

new clothes fitted for me, if, before I put them on, death clothe me with glorious immortality.

Bad Appetite.—Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hands from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swells to many verses, I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness out of my soul; make the reading of thy Word not a penance, but a pleasure unto me; teach me, that as amongst many heaps of gold, all being equally pure, that is the best which is the biggest, so I may esteem that chapter in thy Word the best that is the longest.

David's Logic.—Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure; two propositions he perfected. (Psalm lxvi.)

18. If I regard wickedness in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.

19. But verily God hath heard me, he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Now I expected that David should have concluded thus:

Therefore I regard not wickedness in my heart. But far otherwise he concludes:

20. Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me.

Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged me. I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, and he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogisms, that whatsoever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion.

Agur's Prayer.—Lord, wise Agur made it his wish, Give me not poverty, lest I steal, and take the name of my God in vain. He saith not, Lest I steal, and be caught in the manner,

and then be stocked, or whipped, or branded, or forced to fourfold restitution, or put to any other shameful or painful punishment. But he saith, Lest I steal, and take the name of my God in vain; that is, lest professing to serve thee, I confute a good profession with a bad conversation. Thus thy children count sin to be the greatest smart in sin, as being more sensible of the wound they therein give to the glory of God, than of all the stripes that man may lay upon them for punishment.

Strange and True.—I read, in the Revelation (xiii. 3), of a beast, one of whose heads was, as it were, wounded to death. I expected in the next verse that the beast should die, as the most probable consequence, considering:—

1. It was not a scratch, but a wound.

2. Not a wound in a fleshy part, or out-limbs of the body, but in the very head, the throne of reason.

3. No light wound, but in outward apparition (having no other probe but St John's eyes to search it), it seemed deadly.

But mark what immediately follows: And his deadly wound was healed. Who would have suspected this inference from these premises? But is not this the lively emblem of my natural corruption? Sometimes I conceived that, by God's grace, I have conquered and killed, subdued and slain, maimed and mortified, the deeds of the flesh: never more shall I be molested or buffeted with such a bosom sin: when, alas! by the next return, the news is, it is revived and recovered. Thus tenches, though previously gashed, presently plaster themselves whole by that slimy and unctuous humour they have in them; and thus the inherent balsam of badness quickly cures my corruption, not a scar to be seen. I perceive I shall never finally kill it, till first I be dead myself.

Blushing to be blushed for.—A person of great quality was pleased to lodge a night in my house. I durst not invite him

to my family prayer; and therefore for that time omitted it: thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God whilst it did fear man! Especially considering, that though my guest was never so high, yet by the laws of hospitality, I was above him whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline of my house; if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my home devotion; and sitting at my table, will be entreated to kneel down by it.

Always seen, never minded.—In the most healthful times, two hundred and upwards was the constant weekly tribute paid to mortality in London. A large bill, but it must be discharged. Can one city spend according to this weekly rate and not be bankrupt of people? At leastwise, must not my shot be called for to make up the reckoning?

When only seven young men, and those chosen by lot, were but yearly taken out of Athens to be devoured by the monster Minotaur, the whole city was in a constant fright—children for themselves, and parents for their children. Yea, their escaping of the first was but an introduction to the next year's lottery.

Were the dwellers and lodgers in London weekly to cast lots who should make up this two hundred, how would every one be affrighted? Now none regard it. My security concludes the aforesaid number will amount of infants and old folk. Few men of the middle age, and amongst them surely not myself. But, oh! is not this putting the evil day far from me, the ready way to bring it the nearest to me? The lot is weekly drawn (though not by me) for me, I am therefore concerned seriously to provide, lest that death's prize prove my blank.

A Formidable Antagonist.—A duel was to be fought, by consent of both kings, betwixt an English and a French lord. The aforesaid John Courcy, Earl of Ulster, was chosen champion for the English; a man of great stomach and strength, but lately much weakened by long imprisonment. Wherefore, to prepare himself beforehand, the king allowed him what plenty and variety of meat he was pleased to eat. But the monsieur (who was to encounter him) hearing what great quantity of victuals Courcy did daily devour, and thence collecting his unusual strength, out of fear refused to fight with him. If by the standard of their cups, and measure of their drinking, one might truly infer soldiers' strength by rules of proportion, most vast and valiant achievements may justly be expected from some gallants of these times.

Ambiguous Arguments.—I have heard that the brook near Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, into which the ashes of the burnt bones of Wickliffe were cast, never since doth drown the meadow about it. Papists expound this to be, because God was well pleased with the sacrifice of the ashes of such a heretic. Protestants ascribe it rather to proceed from the virtue of the dust of such a reverend martyr. I see it is a case for a friend. Such accidents signify nothing in themselves but according to the pleasure of interpreters. Give me such solid reasons, whereon I may rest and rely. Solomon saith, "The words of the wise are like nails, fastened by the masters of the assembly." A nail is firm, and will hold driving in, and will hold driven in. Send me such arguments. As for these waxen topical devices, I shall never think worse or better of any religion for their sake.

Sow plentifully.—Alexander the Great, when a child, was checked by his governor Leonidas for being overprofuse in spending perfumes: because on a day, being to sacrifice to the gods, he took both his hands full of frankincense, and cast it into the fire: but afterwards, being a man, he conquered the

country of Judæa (the fountain whence such spices did flow), and sent Leonidas a present of five hundred talents' weight of frankincense, to shew him how his former prodigality made him thrive the better in success, and to advise him to be no more niggardly in Divine service. Thus they that sow plentifully shall reap plentifully. I see there is no such way to have a large harvest as to have a large heart. The free giving of the branches of our present estate to God, is the readiest means to have the root increased for the future.

By Degrees.—See by what stairs wicked Ahaz (2 Kings xvi. did climb up to the height of profaneness.

First, he saw an idolatrous altar at Damascus. Our eyes, when gazing on sinful objects, are out of their calling and God's keeping.

Secondly, he liked it. There is a secret fascination in superstition, and our souls are soon bewitched with the gaudiness of false service from the simplicity of God's worship.

Thirdly, he made the like to it. And herein Uriah the priest (patron and chaplain well met) was the midwife to deliver the mother altar of Damascus of a babe, like unto it, at Jerusalem.

Fourthly, he sacrificed on it. What else could be expected, but that, when he had tuned this new instrument of idolatry, he would play upon it.

Fifthly, he commanded the people to do the like. Not content to confine it to his personal impiety.

Lastly, he removed God's altar away. That venerable altar, by Divine appointment peaceably possessed of the place for two hundred years and upwards, must now be violently ejected by a usurping upstart.

No man can be stark naught at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.

Love and Anger.—I saw two children fighting together in

the street. The father of the one passing by, fetched his son away and corrected him; the other lad was left without any check, though both were equally faulty in the fray. I was half offended, that being guilty alike, they were not punished alike: but the parent would only meddle with him over whom he had an undoubted dominion, to whom he bare an unfeigned affection.

The wicked sin, the godly smart most in this world. God singleth out His own sons, and beateth them by themselves; whom He loveth He chasteneth. Whilst the ungodly, preserved from affliction, are reserved for destruction.

Upwards, upwards.—How large houses do they build in London on little ground! revenging themselves on the narrowness of their room with store of storeys. Excellent arithmetic! from the root of one floor to multiply so many chambers. And though painful the climbing up, pleasant the staying there, the higher the healthfuller, with clearer light and sweeter air.

Small are my means on earth. May I mount my soul the higher in heavenly meditations, relying on Divine providence; He that fed many thousands with five loaves, may feed me and mine with the fifth part of that one loaf, that once all mine. Higher, my soul! higher! In bodily buildings, commonly the garrets are most empty; but my mind, the higher mounted, will be the better furnished. Let perseverance to death be my uppermost chamber, the roof of which grace is the pavement of glory.

Beware, wanton wit.—I saw an indenture too fairly engrossed; for the writer (better scrivener than clerk) had so filled it with flourishes that it hindered my reading thereof; the wantonness of his pen made a new alphabet, and I was subject to mistake his dashes for real letters.

What damage hath unwary rhetoric done to religion! Many an innocent reader hath taken Damascene and Theophylact at their word, counting their eloquent hyperboles of

Christ's presence in the sacrament the exact standards of their judgment, whence after ages brought in transubstantiation. Yea, from the fathers' elegant apostrophes to the dead (lively pictures by hasty eyes may be taken for living persons), prayers to saints took their original. I see that truth's secretary must use a set hand in writing important points of divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits on the precipices of dangerous doctrines. For though they escape by their agility, others (encouraged by their examples) may be brought to destruction.

Suppressing Chapters.—In these licentious times, wherein religion lay in a swoon, and many pretended ministers (minions of the times) committed or omitted in divine service what they pleased; some, not only in Wales, but in England, and in London itself, on the Lord's day (sometimes with, sometimes without a psalm) presently popped up into the pulpit, before any portion of scripture, either in the Old or New Testament was read to the people. Hereupon one in jest-earnest said, that formerly they put down bishops and deans, and now they had put down chapters too. It is high time that this fault be reformed for the future, that God's Word, which is all gold, be not justled out to make room for men's sermons, which are but parcel-gilt at the best.

DR ISAAC BARROW.

THERE was an Isaac Barrow, son of another Isaac Barrow of Spiney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, who held various important offices in the Church of England during the reign of Charles II. He was successively Librarian of Peterhouse, Cambridge; Chaplain of New College, Oxford; Fellow of Eton College, Cambridge; Rector of Downham; Bishop and Governor of the Isle of Man; and died in 1680 Bishop of St Asaph. From the identity of their names, and from their flourishing at the same period, and holding office in the same Church, the Bishop and his more illustrious nephew and namesake have been often confounded together; however, they were not only historically distinct, but we are inclined to believe, theologically different. The Bishop died at Shrewsbury, and was buried in the Cathedral churchyard of St Asaph, where his monument still stands, inviting the passer-by to pray for the soul of the departed prelate—"*O introeuntes domum Domini, orate pro animâ Isaaci Barrow*," &c. We are not aware that it has ever been proved that this Popish inscription was a compliance with any request of Bishop Barrow himself; but he would have been a bold man who, on the tomb of the most distinguished assailant of the Pope's Supremacy, should have put a recognition of the Romish doctrine of Purgatory.

Dr Isaac Barrow was the son of Thomas Barrow, a citizen of London, and linen-draper to Charles I.; and grandson to Isaac Barrow of Spiney Abbey. The exact date of his birth has been strongly contested, and may now be considered a hopeless era in chronology. His executor and biographer, Abraham Hill, says that he was born in October 1630, and this account is apparently confirmed by the doctor's father. But his friend

Dr Walter Pope asserts that he could not have been born either in October, or in 1630; for Barrow used to say, that the 29th of February was the best day of the year on which a man could be born; for whilst his fellow-collegians treated him to a birth-day dinner once a twelvemonth, he required to entertain them in return but once in every four years. Leap-year did not fall on 1630.

He was early sent to the Charter-House School, then recently opened; but during the two or three years of his attendance he made small progress in learning. The only powers which he displayed were pugilistic. "For his book, he minded it not;" and so studiously did he eschew all learning, that his father not only repented his original purpose of making Isaac a scholar, but, in the bitterness of his heart, would express the wish, that if it pleased God to take away any of his children, it might be this good-for-nothing boy.

As the only chance of improvement, Mr Barrow determined on a change of school, and sent his son to Felsted in Essex. Here, under the management of a judicious instructor, his energies were directed into a safer and more useful channel. He soon discovered such talent and trustworthiness, that his master appointed him preceptor to Viscount Fairfax of Emely, then a pupil at Felsted. The sense of responsibility was just the motive which Isaac needed, in order to concentrate his strenuous and vivacious mind on what had hitherto been irksome learning, and to repress that excessive fondness for boisterous sports, which the "little tutor" felt would now be wholly out of character. He became an ardent student, and although the combativeness might not be entirely quenched, it began to assume the less turbulent form of intrepidity and manly courage.

In February 1645, Barrow entered Trinity College, Cambridge; but in those days of civil and religious dissension it required much prudence to live quietly even in a college. The

English Universities were then strictly closed against Episcopalians; and for some years the Thirty-nine Articles were supplanted by the Covenant. This oath, the prelatic principles of Barrow hindered him from taking; but either by his own address, or through the forbearance of the Heads of Trinity, his noncompliance was connived at. He had gained the good opinion of Dr Hill, the Presbyterian Master of his College, who, meeting him one day, laid his hand on his head, and told him, "Thou art a good lad; 'tis pity thou art a Cavalier." On another occasion the young Cavalier was indebted to the good offices of the same magnanimous Puritan. It devolved on him to deliver the Latin Oration in the Hall of Trinity, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason, in 1651; and in the opening of his discourse, he pronounced such a glowing eulogy on the reign of James, that it was construed into a reflection on the times of Oliver. Some of the more impatient spirits among the Fellows were so moved, that they proposed the expulsion of the petulant orator; but they were overruled by the interference of Dr Hill, who told them, "Barrow is a better man than any of us."

In 1649 he was elected Fellow of his college, and immediately resolved on the study of medicine. The reason of this choice was, that he saw no prospect of promotion to men of his persuasion in a Church avowedly antiprelatic. He, therefore, applied himself with his wonted diligence to his medical studies, and soon made distinguished progress in the three sciences which then constituted a physician—anatomy, botany, and chemistry. It may here be remarked, that these are the only sciences to which he had been at any time addicted, of which he has left no express memorial in his works, and of which hardly a trace is discernible in his general compositions. The reason of this may have been, that he only applied to them for a short interval, and then relinquished them for ever. In these studies he had a companion, whose zeal might have gone far to make

Barrow a naturalist like himself. This was the illustrious Ray, whom he had all along "for his *socius studiorum*, and sometimes his fellow-traveller in simpling, and always for his very much esteemed friend." But his medical career soon terminated. In a conversation with his uncle, the future Bishop of St Asaph, he was convinced that his present intentions were incompatible with the oath which he had taken on receiving his fellowship, and by which he was bound to make theology his profession; and with a conscientiousness much to his credit, he at once abandoned what he hoped would be lucrative for what he knew to be right, and resumed the study of divinity.

His return to theology led him to a new path of investigation. Whilst reading Scaliger's Notes on Eusebius, he was struck with the dependence of chronology on astronomy; and as it was not Barrow's way to learn anything by halves, or take on trust what he could ascertain for himself, he procured, as an introduction to astronomy, the "Almagest" of Ptolemy. But finding that this and all other astronomical works depended on mathematics, he laid them aside till he should master Euclid. Once initiated in this noble science, he did not find it so easy to recall from it his eager and vigorous mind; but the Conic Sections of Apollonius, the Spherics of Theodosius, the works of Archimedes, &c., followed in quick succession. At the outset of his geometrical researches, he had for his associate his amiable friend John Ray; but the mathematician soon shot far ahead of the naturalist, and he was left to converse alone with the philosophers of Alexandria and Syracuse. As a proof of the ardour with which he prosecuted a favourite study, his executor mentions that he found written at the end of his copy of Apollonius—"April. 14—Mai. 16. Intra hæc temporis intervalla peractum hoc opus;" and the same gentleman mentions, that "in all his studies, his method was not to leave off his design till he had brought it to effect; except in the Arabic

language, in which he made an essay for a little while, and then deserted it."

It was as a mathematician that Barrow first became known to the public. His edition of Euclid's "Elements" appeared at Cambridge in 1655, and was followed in two years by the "Data." Unlike most editors of Euclid, he has given us the fifteen books of the Elements entire, occasionally substituting demonstrations of his own, or shortening and simplifying those of his author.

In 1654, the illustrious Duport resigned the Greek professorship at Cambridge, and recommended his pupil, Mr Isaac Barrow, for his successor. On this occasion he justified the good opinion of his patron, by a probationary exercise of distinguished merit; but the electors decided in favour of his competitor, Mr Ralph Widdrington. Barrow's friend and contemporary, Abraham Hill, attributes his disappointment to a suspicion on the part of the Parliamentary Commissioners, that he was tainted with Arminian notions; whilst a more recent biographer discovers a likelier reason in Widdrington's relationship to the Speaker of Cromwell's Parliament.

Whatever were the reasons, Barrow lost the Greek professorship, and the disappointment confirmed a purpose of setting out to explore some foreign countries; and, in the month of June 1655, he left the shores of England. In an epistle of Latin hexameters, we have all the details of his voyage, performed—like most poetical voyages—in a crazy vessel, amidst sea-sickness, and retarded by a calm. At Paris he found the exiled court of Charles II., where his father was in attendance, and, like his prince, in poverty. It gratified the generous heart of Barrow, that out of his own slender resources he was able to administer to the wants of his father. The situation of Mr Thomas Barrow gave his son near access to the Court, and favourable opportunities for observing the state of feeling in the high places of France; and in a long Latin epistle to his

college, dated Feb. 7, 1655 (1656 N. S.), amongst other results of his observation, he gives the following character of the deep politician at that time supreme in the councils of Louis XIV. :—

"At the head of affairs is one sprung from the land of the giants (Sicily), who, rising from obscurity to the sacerdotal scarlet, presumed to dispute for the chief authority in the state with princes of royal lineage, and aided by their valour, prudence, and popularity—yet triumphed in the unequal contest. Again, battling with adverse fortune, hurled from his eminence, in exile, and declared the public enemy, he contrived to procure his own return, to regain the helm, to check the triumph of his enemies, to convert some of them into instruments of his own, and drive the others off the field. Now that he is replaced in the seat of authority, he seems to occupy it more securely than ever. By matrimonial alliance, he has bound to himself the chief of the nobility; the governors of the provinces wait upon his nod; and he has filled the frontier garrisons with men of his own creating, and who have nothing to hope except from him. The revenues of the realm flow through his coffers; and by him each appointment in the army, the state, the court, the law, is sold and settled. His word is law, his will the rule of duty, his command the decree of fate. Of course, one who managed to emerge from dust and darkness into such a splendour, who could project or execute such purposes, must have genius and great endowments. But these are all debased by abundance of dross. Whilst accounted powerful and fortunate, he has not yet earned the glory of greatness of soul. A want of good faith dims the lustre of good management, and a craving avarice imparts a meanness to all his grand exploits. Nor can he be popular to the last, who is monopolised by such a love of money. This is the engine which will hurl from its place our Marpesian rock—this Delos, ἀκίνητον περ ἐοῦσαν—which will upset his fortune, so well founded and so strongly propped. Whilst by every device he scrapes together treasure

for himself, along with the gold he pockets the grudges of the people; he is rich in money, but poor in good wishes; and whether his profits be not his loss, time will discover."

Barrow was gratified to find that Protestantism was viewed with some favour at court. During an interview with the queen, the Archbishop of Toulouse had complained of the progress of heresy in his province, and implored her majesty's assistance in putting down these "seditious innovators." The queen instantly replied, that she had tried their allegiance, and had found them more faithful subjects than some who charged them with sedition. One of the marshals of France who stood by affirmed the same. And when the king, who happened to come up, learned the subject of conversation, he closed the discussion by saying, that he quite agreed with them, and would take care to perpetuate to his Protestant subjects every immunity secured to them by his predecessors.

When he had passed some months in Paris, he proceeded to Florence, where also he made a lengthened stay. The chief attractions of this city were the library and museum of the Grand Duke. Besides perusing many of the rarer volumes in that noble collection, he seems to have been much interested by the study of 10,000 medals, which formed a cabinet under the charge of Mr Fitton, an English antiquarian patronised by the duke.

From Florence he wished to proceed to Rome, but was deterred by tidings of the plague. He therefore took advantage of an English vessel in the port of Leghorn, bound for the Levant, to prosecute his journey as far as Constantinople. During the voyage, the courage of the ship's company was tested by an Algerine pirate. They were attacked in the Ionian Sea, but gave the corsair so warm a reception, that he was fain to sheer off, and leave them to continue their voyage. Throughout the engagement Barrow kept on deck, and stood to his gun with the rest of the crew. Talking of this adventure afterwards, Dr Pope asked him, "Why did not you get

down into the hold, and leave the defence of the ship to those whom it concerned?" He answered, "It concerned no man more than myself: I would rather have lost my life than have fallen into the hands of these merciless infidels."*

After touching at Smyrna, he arrived at Constantinople in the close of 1657. Barrow's sojourn of twelve months at Constantinople was more than a mere stage in his travels. It was there that he formed his acquaintance with the works of Chrysostom. How inspiring it must have been to read the Homilies of that prince of preachers, in the city where he penned and spoke them twelve centuries before! And Barrow read the whole—folio by folio, all the sermons of the great father of pulpit eloquence, and transfused their spirit into his own.

During his residence in Turkey, Barrow was also much occupied in studying the Mohammedan religion. It possessed more theological importance in those days than now; and in systems of divinity it usually occupied a place second only to Popery. In the discourses of Barrow, however, it receives a prominence which it did not usually obtain in the pulpit, and which shews that his mind had been specially arrested by its peculiarities. In his miscellaneous Latin works are an epitome of the Turkish faith, and a very long fragment of a poem, "De religione Turcicâ."

* Much earlier than this, Barrow had given a proof not more of great courage than great strength, and more than either, of a highly generous spirit. When a youth, he was on a visit to a friend in the country. Being a very early riser, he had sauntered out into the garden before any of the family had appeared, when a fierce mastiff, which had been released from his chain for the protection of the premises during the night, attacked him with great fury. He seized the animal by the throat, and contrived to throw him down and lie upon him; and whilst matters were in this situation, his first impulse was to despatch his assailant. However, it struck him that it would be exceedingly unjust to kill even a dog for doing his duty, as he himself had no business to be wandering about before break of day. Accordingly, exerting his voice, he called so loud that some of the household were alarmed, and hastening to his assistance, rescued both the student and the dog from their perilous predicament.

After he had spent more than a year in Turkey, he set out on his journey home. He had no sooner landed in Venice, than the ship which conveyed him took fire, and, with all its cargo, was consumed. From Venice he proceeded to England, passing through Germany and Holland, and arrived at Cambridge some time in 1659, after an absence of four years.

Immediately on his return he procured Episcopal ordination from Bishop Brownrigg. In doing so, he gave another proof of his scrupulous conscientiousness. The statutes of Trinity require that every Fellow shall within a certain time enter into orders, or quit the college. At this period, the statute was frequently violated. Many made the depressed state of Episcopacy a reason for not obtaining ordination, whilst they still continued on the foundation; but Barrow's casuistry determined otherwise.

On the restoration of Charles II., Widdrington resigned the Greek professorship, and without any opposition, Barrow was elected his successor. Shortly afterwards (July 1662) he obtained an appointment still more to his liking. This was the professorship of Geometry in Gresham College, London. It was an auspicious time in the history of the mathematical sciences. It was the era of Hooke and Wallis, of Wren and Collins, and the kindred spirits who founded the Philosophical Society at Cambridge, and the Royal Society in London. Although not one of the original Fellows of the latter, to whom the Royal Charter was granted, Barrow was elected, May 1663, in the first choice made by the council.

In that same year, Mr Lucas founded a professorship of Mathematics at Cambridge. Barrow's friend and patron, Bishop Wilkins, had sufficient interest with the trustees to procure the appointment for him. And he deserved it. Not only had he discharged his obligations to Gresham College to the satisfaction of every one, but he had given a striking display of his rectitude and disinterestedness by declining an offer

of rich preferment in the Church, because the condition of teaching the patron's son looked too like a simoniacal compact. The same disinterestedness accompanied him back to Cambridge. He might, without violating any law, and even without manifest injury to his patrons, have retained his place in Gresham College, along with his Lucasian professorship. But as his own exigencies, and still less the interests of science, did not require it, he resigned his appointment in the metropolis and went to live at Cambridge. Knowing, too, how apt such foundations are to subside into sinecures, he stipulated that it should be one of the conditions of the nomination, that both he and his successors should be bound to present the University every year with ten written lectures.

Barrow retained his new professorship for six years only. Before resigning it, he prepared for the press—although they did not appear till 1672—his "Lectiones Opticæ." Among the friends who had urged their publication, was his pupil Mr Isaac Newton. In his preface he mentions, that "D. Isaacus Newton, Collega noster, peregregiæ vir indolis ac insignis peritiæ," had revised the text, and not only suggested some corrections, but supplied some important additions from his own store. The work, however, attracted little notice at the time. After it had been several years before the world, he heard of only two men who had given it a careful perusal. These were Slusius of Liege, and James Gregory in Scotland. The latter had seen the "Lectiones Opticæ," and writes thus to Collins—"Mr Barrow in his Opticks sheweth himself a most subtil geometer, so that I think him superior to any that ever I looked upon. I long exceedingly to see his 'Geometrical Lectures,' especially because I have some notions upon that subject by mee. I entreat you to send them to mee presently, as they come from the presse, for I esteem the author more than yee can imagine." Though he could not but be gratified with the approbation of such a man, he could not

afford to publish for so select a circle of readers; and the general neglect of such subjects tended to produce in his own mind a dissatisfaction with the science itself. For though his edition of Apollonius appeared subsequently to his "Optics," it had been prepared for the press before them; and with the publication of the latter work he seems to have taken leave of mathematics altogether. He resigned the chair in 1669, and at his own request was succeeded by his favourite pupil, the immortal Newton.

The mathematical labours of Barrow have been underrated by some recent writers, but the reader may safely accept the following estimate of their value:—"His 'Lectiones Geometricæ' are filled with profound investigations respecting the properties of curvilineal figures; and in the method of tangents which he has explained in that work, we clearly discover the germ of the fluxional calculus. This ingenious method, which is a great simplification of the rule given by Fermat, differs in nothing but the notation, from the method of finding the subtangent by the differential calculus. The Optical Lectures of Dr Barrow are distinguished by the same original views which characterise his Lectures on Geometry. His beautiful theory of the apparent place of objects seen by refraction or reflection, and the elegant determinations which he has given of the form of the images of rectilineal objects received from mirrors and lenses, entitle him to the highest praise. By pushing these researches a little further, Barrow could not fail to have discovered the caustic or Tschirnhausenian curves."* To this we have only to add the service which he rendered to mathematical science by restoring the works of some of its great fathers. His improved editions of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, and Theodosius, are of themselves sufficient to entitle Barrow to a distinguished place in the history of mathematical learning. Nor should we forget the improvements which he

* Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Art. *Barrow.*

introduced into the language of geometry, by discarding many of the cumbrous circumlocutions which had been considered essential to the ancient strictness, and by the judicious employment of symbols.*

After resigning the chair of mathematics, Barrow gave all the strength of his mind to theology, and for some years lived quietly a Fellow of his College, writing sermons, many of which were never preached. The only preferment in the Church which he obtained, was first a small sinecure in Wales, from his uncle the Bishop of St Asaph; and afterwards a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of Salisbury, from his friend Dr Seth Ward, its bishop. This preferment brought no increase of fortune to the contented holder; for he distributed all the income in charity, and resigned both the one and the other as soon as he reached the summit of his earthly ambition in being created Master of Trinity.

This appointment took place in 1672. No man could be more heartily devoted to his "alma mater," and Barrow illustrated his reign by the erection of an edifice which has ever since been one of the architectural glories of Cambridge, and which has from time to time received, in addition to its other acquisitions, the entire libraries of learned collectors. And here, in that Lodge, famous for its learned occupants, "seated to his ease and satisfaction, a station wherein of all others in the world he could have been most useful, and which he meant

* Pemberton's "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy."—Preface. Pemberton's own opinion of Barrow is, that "he may be esteemed as having shewn a compass of invention equal, if not superior to any of the moderns, our author (Newton) only excepted." On the continent, Barrow's reputation rests entirely on a mathematical basis. "Isaac Barrow, théologien obscur, mathematicien plus connu," is the verdict of the "Encyclopédie Méthodique;" and Montucla, who deems him a poor philosopher for believing in the immortality of the soul and the existence of God, is full of "admiration" and "enchantment," when he speaks of the fertility of ideas and the multitude of new and curious theorems brought to light by this great geometer.—*Histoire des Mathématiques*, tom. ii. p. 88.

not to make use of as a step to ascend higher, he abated nothing of his studies. He yielded the day to public business, and took from his morning sleep many hours, to increase his stock of sermons, and write his "Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy." He understood Popery both at home and abroad; he had narrowly observed it, militant in England, triumphant in Italy, disguised in France; and had earlier apprehensions than most others of the approaching danger, and would have appeared with the forwardest in a needful time." *

The "Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy" he did not live to publish. It is said that the state of his manuscript, preserved in Trinity College Library, indicates the prodigious pains which he had bestowed upon it, chiefly in the compilation of authorities. As it is, no one can open it at any page without being struck by its amazing research. Yet Barrow was not satisfied with what he had already quoted. Many confirmatory passages were still in his mind, for the insertion of which he had left blank spaces at the time: when on his death-bed, he placed the whole in the hands of Dr Tillotson, saying, "I hope it is indifferent perfect, though not altogether as I intended it, if God had granted me longer life." Had he himself not indicated these omissions, no one could have suspected them. "No argument of moment, nay, hardly any consideration properly belonging to it, hath escaped his large and comprehensive mind. He hath said enough to silence the controversy for ever, and to deter all wise men, on both sides, from meddling any further with it." † And what the archbishop has said about its arguments, is equally true of its testimonies. In the words of a modern critic, "We can imagine nothing whereunto to liken the glorious work of Barrow, but the mighty telescope of Herschel—an instrument which brings up, from the abyss of space, a countless multitude of luminaries, which hid themselves from the search of unassisted vision. Even so does

* A. Hill. † Archbishop Tillotson, in Preface.

the gigantic labour of Barrow call up from the depths of antiquity a galaxy of witnesses, which pass over our field of view in perfect order and distinctness, and shed a broad and steady illumination over the path of the inquirer." *

He was in the prime of life, and intent on such labours, when the messenger of death came for him. He had gone to London in April 1677, and on the 13th of that month preached the Passion Sermon at Guildhall. This was the second sermon for which he ever received a pecuniary recompense, and was the last sermon, save one, which he ever spoke in public. It is a long discourse, and in some respects the most remarkable and interesting in his collected works. The exertion of preaching it brought on a cold, which terminated in fever. The following account of his last sickness is from the pen of his affectionate friend Dr Pope :—"The last time he was in London, whither he came, as it is customary, to the election of Westminster scholars, he went to Knightsbridge to give the Bishop of Salisbury a visit, and then made me engage my word to come to him at Trinity College immediately after the Michaelmas ensuing. I cannot express the rapture of joy I was in, having, as I thought, so near a prospect of his charming and instructive conversation : I fancied it would be a heaven on earth ; for he was immensely rich in learning, and very liberal and communicative of it, delighting in nothing more than to impart to others, if they desired it, whatever he had attained by much time and study : but of a sudden all my hopes vanished, and were melted like snow before the sun. Some few days after, he came again to Knightsbridge, and sate down to dinner ; but I observed he did not eat : whereupon I asked him how it was with him. He answered, that he had a slight indisposition hanging about him, with which he had struggled two or three days, and that he hoped by fasting and opium to get it off, as he had removed another and more dan-

* "British Critic," vol. ii. p. 149.

gerous sickness at Constantinople some years before. But these remedies availed him not; his malady proved, in the event, an inward, malignant, and insuperable fever, of which he died May 4, 1677, in the forty-seventh year of his age, in mean lodgings, at a saddler's, near Charing Cross, which he had used for several years: for though his condition was much bettered by his obtaining the mastership of Trinity College, yet that had no bad influence on his morals; he still continued the same humble person, and could not be prevailed upon to take more respectable lodgings."

Dr Barrow was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a marble monument, surmounted by a bust, still records his manifold abilities and virtues, as well as the affection of his friends.

His profile is said to have borne a strong resemblance to the image of Marcus Brutus on the Roman denarii. He was below the middle size, and very thin, but remarkably athletic and strong. He had a fair complexion, and a tranquil countenance, with a penetrating expression; gray and somewhat short-sighted eyes; light auburn hair, naturally much curled.

Of his general habits, little can now be told. He was a very early riser, and, with two exceptions, very temperate in his habits. He indulged greatly in all kinds of fruit, alleging, that if the immoderate use of it killed hundreds in autumn, it was the means of preserving thousands throughout the year. But he was still fonder of tobacco. He called it his *πανφαρμακον*. Probably he had learned the use of it where he found the opium which killed him at last—in Turkey. He believed that it helped to compose and regulate his thoughts. "But, doubtless," as Ward remarks, with some simplicity and more truth, "the sedateness of his mind, close attention to his subject, and unwearied pursuit of it till he conquered all its difficulties, joined with a great natural sagacity and solid judgment,

were the true secret why he thought so justly, and wrote with that great accuracy and clearness."*

The slovenliness in dress for which he was remarkable when a schoolboy, continued with him all his days. A ludicrous example of its effect on one occasion is related by Dr Pope. Dr Wilkins, while rector of St Lawrence-Jewry, asked Dr Barrow to preach for him on a Sunday when he felt indisposed. Accordingly the doctor came, and mounted the pulpit in his ordinary craftsman-looking guise, with a pale meagre countenance, his collar unbuttoned, and his long silky curls dangling in uncombed confusion. "Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar, as if the church were falling, and they scampering to save their lives, each shifting for himself with great precipitation. There was such a noise of pattens of serving-maids and ordinary women, and of unlocking of pews, and cracking of seats, caused by the younger sort climbing hastily over them, that I confess I thought all the congregation were mad. But the good doctor, seeming not to take notice of this disturbance, proceeds, names his text, and preaches his sermon to two or three gathered, or rather left, together, of which number, as it fortunately happened, Mr Baxter, that eminent Nonconformist, was one." Among those who stayed out the sermon was a young man, apparently an apprentice, who accosted the doctor as he came down from the pulpit—"Sir, be not dismayed, for I assure you 'twas a good sermon." Afterwards, when Dr Pope asked him, "What did you think when you saw the congregation running away from you?" "I thought," said he, "they did not like me or my sermon; and I have no reason to be angry with them for that." "But what was your opinion of the apprentice?" "I take him to be a very civil person, and if I could meet with him, I'd present him with a bottle of wine."

Though at one period of his life he had suffered much from

* Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors."

the narrowness of his fortune, he never was infected with the love of money, nor of the luxuries which money can procure. Had he accepted and retained all the lucrative preferments which were offered to him, he would have spent his latter years in opulence; but he never failed to resign such preferment as soon as he could dispense with it; and when he did at last accept an office which many would have coveted for its emoluments, he shewed that he was ambitious of it for better reasons, by relinquishing most of its worldly advantages. Dr Pope once heard him say, "I wish I had five hundred pounds." The doctor answered, "That's a great sum for a philosopher to desire; what would you do with so much?" "I would give it," said he, "to my sister for a portion, and that would procure her a good husband." He soon got the sum; for he received exactly five hundred pounds for putting a new life into the *corps* of his prebend at Salisbury. Almost all the property which he left was his library. It was so well selected, that it sold for more than it cost.

His good nature seems to have been inexhaustible. The easy facetiousness and rich instruction of his ordinary discourse drew many around him, and there is no instance of his having ever vexed or injured any one by a mischievous or unguarded remark. "Of all the men I ever had the happiness to know," says Tillotson, "he was the freest from offending in word, coming as near as is possible for human frailty to do, to the perfect idea of St James his 'perfect man.'" It is the whimsical regret of his executor and biographer, Hill, that he could hear of no enemy and no calumny from which to vindicate him; and there can be no doubt that the happy equability of his spirits, his superiority to selfish considerations, his humility and large benevolence, secured for him an unusual amount of affection and good will.

It was his custom, whatever he began, to prosecute it till he had brought it to a termination. Although he himself

complained of it as his "imperfection, not to be able to draw his thoughts easily from one thing to another," it was in consequence of this "imperfection" that he so speedily completed whatever he undertook. The only exception was his attempt to learn Arabic; and this he abandoned probably from finding that, in his case, it would not repay the labour of acquisition. The morning was his favourite time for study. He kept a tinder-box in his apartment, and during all the winter and some of the other months, he rose before it was light. He would sometimes rise during the night, burn out his candle, and return to bed again.

His executors were Dr John Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Abraham Hill, Esq. It was under the careful revision of the former, and with a biographical preface by the latter, that his Theological Works made their appearance in 1683, in three volumes folio.

In reading Barrow's Sermons there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. He seldom had the advantage of addressing any of them to an actual audience. When a subject appeared to him important, or had long occupied his thoughts, or when he conceived that it would be of advantage to himself to give it special attention, his plan was to select a text and compose a sermon. In choosing this form he had, no doubt, an ulterior view to the benefit of others; but whilst preparing it, the preaching of it was the remote and contingent consideration. Bearing this in mind, we shall be better able to account for many things, which in a sermon immediately intended for the pulpit it would be difficult to justify; such as the excessive length of some, and the portentous learning of others. Had Barrow written these discourses for a congregation whom he was in the habit of meeting from Sabbath to Sabbath, and with whom he was holding week-day converse from house to house—so as to measure their capacity and ascertain their moral and spiritual

wants—his good sense would have suggested many alterations, and would have brought them nearer the form of a popular address. He tells us that "had he been a settled preacher, he intended them shorter, and he would have trusted to his memory." Nor, in such a case, would brevity have been the only improvement. The long paragraphs would have been shortened; the Greek and Latin would have been translated; the scholastic phrases would have been omitted; and perhaps Aristotle and Seneca would have been more sparingly quoted. By this process their value to the scholar and theologian might have been lessened, but they would have become safer models of pulpit eloquence.*

On the few occasions when Barrow did appear in public, he seems to have given his written sermons in their unabridged dimensions. His "Spital Sermon," on "The Duty and Reward of Bounty to the Poor," was delivered at full length; and we can quite believe the assertion, that three hours and a half were consumed in speaking it. When it was finished, and he was asked if he was not tired, he acknowledged "that he began to be weary of standing so long." We are not told whether the patience of the aldermen held out to the close of this long infliction; but occasionally the endurance of his auditory gave way. At one time, when preaching in Westminster Abbey, the hour allowed for the sermon had expired, and a multitude of people had, as usual, assembled for the purpose of viewing the interior. The servants, who saw no prospect of a termination to the service, and trembled for the loss of the customary gratuities, at last could refrain no longer, but "caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had blowed him down."

* There is much truth in the remark of Le Clerc—"Les sermons de cet auteur sont plûtôt des traitez, ou les dissertations exactes, que de simples harangues pour plaire à la multitude."—*Bibliothèque Universelle,* tome iii. p. 325.

In keeping with the hardy frame, the heroic spirit, and the mathematical training of the author, the works of Barrow are distinguished not so much by excursiveness of fancy or tenderness of feeling, as by the courageous bearing of one who fears no evil in the realms of truth—a style of argument at once conclusive and exhaustive, and an air of universal mastery. In the society of such a reasoner, the recruit in the polemical campaign has no need to be nervous. His commander is evidently accustomed to conquer, and with the breadth of his front and the depth of his column—in the overwhelming array of his proofs, as well as the far-reaching sweep and stately march of his language—there is presage of victory; the onset itself is a triumph. This especially applies to his avowedly argumentative treatises, but it is true of all his productions. As remote as possible from the mere bravo or soldier of fortune, he travels in uniform, and his very pastime is taken in panoply, "proving all things, holding fast that which is good;" his rhetoric never runs away with his judgment, and, amidst the glow and impetus of his most fervid passages, he still retains his conscientiousness and caution, and uses none but the words of truth and soberness. "The Sermons of Barrow," as has been remarked by an able critic, "with his Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy, include the whole domain of theology and of morals. There is scarcely a question which is not exhausted, and, by his inimitable copiousness of language, placed in every point of view, and examined with the most conscientious accuracy. Barrow is high above indifference or Pyrrhonism, but his commanding reason can venture to give every fair advantage to the arguments of his adversaries. He is not, indeed, so much a polemic writer as an honest, though devout, investigator of truth. With Barrow we are not haunted with the apprehension that we are following out a partial or imperfect theory; it is all before us in its boundless range and infinite variety; and it is not till we have received the amplest satis-

faction that our assent is demanded to the inevitable conclusion. For this, indeed, and the firm, we trust, inseparable re-union of religion and the highest morality, which had been forced asunder in the reckless contests of fanaticism in all its various forms, we are more indebted to this great divine than to any other single writer. Barrow gave its character of strong sense, solidity, and completeness, to English theology. To some of us he will appear, no doubt, insufferably prolix and unnecessarily multifarious in his divisions. The well-known speech of Charles II., 'that he was not a fair man—he left nothing to be said by any one who came after him,' was no doubt true; and perhaps, we, being accustomed to a more rapid and effective style, may feel some of the impatience of the Merry Monarch; yet we think the station to be adjudged both to his intellectual powers and the influence which those powers have exercised on English literature and English thinking, must set him far apart from most of the writers either of his own or any other period."*

"Exulting and abounding," Barrow's style is like the Rhine among rivers. Full of strength and intentness, the thought rides prosperously on its exuberant current, and, amidst all its copiousness, there is no risk of being stranded in its shallow overflow. No author uses adjectives, and epithets, and synonyms, so freely, but he never uses them unmeaningly; and, owing to the sterling truths and real distinctions which it embodies, his copious diction rolls down with cumulative momentum, where poorer thoughts would have spread out in feeble pleonasm. For example: "Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight,

* "Quarterly Review," vol. lxv. p. 382.

stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil, blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us."

Or, as a still more striking specimen of his command of words, we may recall his well-known description of wit:—"It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious

matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how," &c.

Considering that Barrow wrote his sermons three or four times over, it is wonderful that his sounder judgment did not expunge the low and colloquial phrases which survive in his published writings. Possibly there is some truth in the reason assigned by Coleridge:—"Barrow," says that acute though occasionally fanciful critic, "often debased his language merely to evidence his loyalty. It was, indeed, no easy task for a man of so much genius, and such a precise mathematical mode of thinking, to adopt, even for a moment, the slang of L'Estrange and Tom Brown; but he succeeded in doing so sometimes. With the exception of such parts, Barrow must be considered as closing the first great period of the English language. Dryden began the second." *

Glorying in the Cross.

The willing susception and the cheerful sustenance of the cross, is indeed the express condition, and the peculiar character of our Christianity; in signification whereof, it hath been from most ancient times a constant usage to mark those who enter into it with the figure of it.† The cross, as the instrument by which our peace with God was wrought, as the stage whereon our Lord did act the last part of His marvellous obedience, consummating our redemption, as the field wherein the Captain of our salvation did achieve his noble victories, and

* Coleridge's "Table Talk," vol. ii. p. 387.

† This needs to be somewhat qualified. Neander says—"It was but too easily, however, that men confounded the idea with the symbol which represented it; and the efficacy of the faith in Christ crucified was transferred to the outward sign, and a supernatural, sanctifying, protecting power attributed to this—an error the vestiges of which may be traced as far back as the third century."—*Church History* (Clark's Edition), vol. i. p. 400.—Ed. C. C.

erect His glorious trophies over all the enemies thereof, was well assumed to be the badge of our profession, the ensign of our spiritual warfare, the pledge of our constant adherence to our crucified Saviour; in relation to whom our chief hope is grounded, our great joy and sole glory doth consist; for, "God forbid" (saith St Paul) "that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ."

Let it be to the Jews a scandal (or offensive to their fancy, prepossessed with expectations of a Messias flourishing in secular pomp and prosperity); let it be folly to the Greeks (or seem absurd to men puffed up and corrupted in mind with fleshly notions and maxims of worldly craft, disposing them to value nothing which is not grateful to present sense or fancy), that God should put His own most beloved Son into so very sad and despicable a condition; that salvation from death and misery should be procured by so miserable a death; that eternal joy, glory, and happiness should issue from these fountains of sorrow and shame; that a person in external semblance devoted to so opprobrious usage, should be the Lord and Redeemer of mankind, the King and Judge of all the world: let, I say, this doctrine be scandalous and distasteful to some persons tainted with prejudice; let it be strange and incredible to others blinded with self-conceit; let all the inconsiderate, all the proud, all the profane part of mankind openly with their mouth, or closely in heart, slight and reject it: yet to us it must appear grateful and joyous; to us it is πιστὸς λόγος, "a faithful" and most credible "proposition worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," in this way of suffering for them: to us, who discern by a clearer light, and are endowed with a purer sense, kindled by the Divine Spirit; from whence we may with comfortable satisfaction of mind apprehend and taste, that God could not, in a higher measure or fitter manner, illustrate His glorious attributes of goodness and justice, His infinite grace and mercy toward His poor

creatures, His holy displeasure against wickedness, His impartial severity in punishing iniquity and impiety, or in vindicating His own sacred honour and authority, than by thus ordering His only Son, clothed with our nature, to suffer for us; that also true virtue and goodness could not otherwise be taught, be exemplified, be commended and impressed, with greater advantage.

Since thereby, indeed, a charity and humanity so unparalleled, (far transcending theirs who have been celebrated for devoting their lives out of love to their country, or kindness to their friends), a meekness so incomparable, a resolution so invincible, a patience so heroical, were manifested for the instruction and direction of men; since never were the vices and the vanities of the world (so prejudicial to the welfare of mankind) so remarkably discountenanced; since never any suffering could pretend to so worthy and beneficial effects, the expiation of the whole world's sins, and reconciliation of mankind to God, the which no other performance, no other sacrifice, did ever aim to procure; since, in fine, no virtue had ever so glorious rewards, as sovereign dignity to him that exercised it, and eternal happiness to those that imitate it; since, I say, there be such excellent uses and fruits of the cross borne by our Saviour; we can have no reason to be offended at it, or ashamed of it; but with all reason heartily should approve and humbly adore the deep wisdom of God, together with all other His glorious attributes displayed therein. To whom, therefore, as is most due, let us devoutly render all glory and praise.

On Love to our Neighbour.

"The second" [Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself], saith our Lord, "is like to it," that is, to the precept of loving the Lord our God with all our heart: and is not this a mighty argument of immense goodness in God, that He doth in such a

manner commend this duty to us, coupling it with our main duty toward Him, and requiring us with like earnestness to love our neighbour as to love Himself?

He is transcendently amiable for the excellency of His nature: He, by innumerable and inestimable benefits graciously conferred on us, hath deserved our utmost affection; so that naturally there can be no obligation bearing any proportion or considerable semblance to that of loving Him: yet hath He in goodness been pleased to create one, and to endue it with that privilege; making the love of a man (whom we cannot value but for His gifts, to whom we can owe nothing but what properly we owe to Him) no less obligatory, to declare it near as acceptable as the love of Himself, to whom we owe all. To Him, as the sole author and free donor of all our good, by just correspondence, all our mind and heart, all our strength and endeavour, are due: and reasonably might He engross them to Himself, excluding all other beings from any share in them; so that we might be obliged only to fix our thoughts and set our affections on Him, only to act directly for His honour and interest; saying with the holy Psalmist. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee:" yet doth He freely please to impart a share of these performances on mankind; yet doth He charge us to place our affection on one another; to place it there, indeed, in a measure so large, that we can hardly imagine a greater; according to a rule, than which none can be devised more complete or certain.

O marvellous condescension! O goodness truly divine, which surpasseth the nature of things, which dispenseth with the highest right, and foregoeth the greatest interest that can be! Doth not God in a sort debase Himself, that He might advance us? Doth He not appear to waive His own due, and neglect His own honour for our advantage? How otherwise could the love of man be capable of any resemblance to the

love of God, and not stand at an infinite distance, or in an extreme disparity from it? How otherwise could we be obliged to affect or regard any thing beside the sovereign, the only goodness? How otherwise could there be any second or like to that first, that great, that peerless command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart?"

The Universal Industry.

Industry is commended to us by all sorts of examples, deserving our regard and imitation. All nature is a copy thereof, and the whole world a glass wherein we may behold this duty represented to us.

We may easily observe every creature about us incessantly working toward the end for which it was designed, indefatigably exercising the powers with which it is endued, diligently observing the laws of its creation. Even beings void of reason, of sense, of life itself, do suggest unto us resemblances of industry; they being set in continual action toward the effecting reasonable purposes, conducing to the preservation of their own beings, or to the furtherance of common good.

The heavens do roll about with unwearied motion; the sun and stars do perpetually dart their influences; the earth is ever labouring in the birth and nourishment of plants; the plants are drawing sap, and sprouting out fruits and seeds, to feed us and propagate themselves; the rivers are running, the seas are tossing, the winds are blustering, to keep the elements sweet in which we live.

Solomon sendeth us to the ant, and biddeth us to consider her ways, which provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. Many such instructors we may find in nature; the like industrious providence we may observe in every living creature; we may see this running about, that swimming, another flying, in purveyance of its food and support.

If we look up higher to rational and intelligent natures, still more noble and apposite patterns do object themselves to us.

Here below, every field, every shop, every street, the hall, the exchange, the court itself (all full of business, and fraught with the fruits of industry), do mind us how necessary industry is to us.

If we consult history, we shall there find that the best men have been most industrious; that all great persons, renowned for heroical goodness (the worthy patriarchs, the holy prophets, the blessed apostles), were for this most commendable; that, neglecting their private ease, they did undertake difficult enterprises, they did undergo painful labours, for the benefit of mankind; they did pass their days, like St Paul, ἐν κόποις καὶ μοχθοις, in labours and toilsome pains, for those purposes.

Our great example, the life of our blessed Lord Himself, what was it but one continual exercise of labour? His mind did ever stand bent in careful attention, studying to do good. His body was ever moving in wearisome travel to the same Divine intent.

If we yet soar further in our meditation to the superior regions, we shall there find the blessed inhabitants of heaven, the courtiers and ministers of God, very busy and active; they do vigilantly wait on God's throne, in readiness to receive and to despatch His commands; they are ever on the wing, and fly about like lightning to do His pleasure. They are attentive to our needs, and ever ready to protect, to assist, to relieve us. Especially, they are diligent guardians and succourers of good men; officious spirits, sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation; so even the seat of perfect rest is no place of idleness.

Yea, God himself, although immoveably and infinitely happy, is yet immensely careful, and everlastingly busy; He rested once from that great work of creation; but yet "my Father

(saith our Lord) worketh still;" and He never will rest from His works of providence and of grace. His eyes continue watchful over the world, and His hands stretched out in upholding it. He hath a singular regard to every creature, supplying the needs of each, and satisfying the desires of all.

And shall we alone be idle, while all things are so busy? Shall we keep our hands in our bosom, or stretch ourselves on our beds of laziness, while all the world about us is hard at work in pursuing the designs of its creation? Shall we be wanting to ourselves, while so many things labour for our benefit? Shall not such a cloud of examples stir us to some industry? Not to comply with so universal a practice, to cross all the world, to disagree with every creature, is it not very monstrous and extravagant?

An Innocent Facetiousness.

1. Such facetiousness is not absolutely unreasonable or unlawful, which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation: (harmless, I say,—that is, not intrenching upon piety, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace.) For Christianity is not so tetrical, so harsh, so envious, as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good humour among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society; then is it not inconvenient or unprofitable. If for those ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion; why may we not as well to them accommodate our

organs of speech and interior sense? Why should those games which excite our wits and fancies be less reasonable than those whereby our grosser parts and faculties are exercised? Yea, why are not those more reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason; seeing also they may be so managed, as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it, by good sense conveyed in jocular expression?

It would surely be hard, that we should be tied ever to knit the brow and squeeze the brain (to be always sadly dumpish, or seriously pensive), that all divertisement of mirth and pleasantness should be shut out of conversation: and how can we better relieve our minds, or relax our thoughts, how can we be more ingenuously cheerful, in what more kindly way can we exhilarate ourselves and others, than by thus sacrificing to the graces, as the ancients called it? Are not some persons always, and all persons sometimes, uncapable otherwise to divert themselves, than by such discourse? Shall we, I say, have no recreation? or must our recreations be ever clownish or childish, consisting merely in rustical efforts, or in petty sleights of bodily strength and activity? Were we, in fine, obliged ever to talk like philosophers, assigning dry reasons for every thing, and dropping grave sentences upon all occasions, would it not much deaden human life, and make ordinary conversation exceedingly to languish? Facetiousness, therefore, in such cases, and to such purposes, may be allowable.

2. Facetiousness is allowable, when it is the most proper instrument of exposing things apparently base and vile to due contempt. It is many times expedient that things really ridiculous should appear such, that they may be sufficiently loathed and shunned; and to render them such, is the part of a facetious wit, and usually can only be compassed

thereby. When to impugn them with downright reason, or to check them by serious discourse, would signify nothing; then representing them in a shape strangely ugly to the fancy, and thereby raising derision at them, may effectually discountenance them. Thus did the prophet Elias expose the wicked superstition of those who worshipped Baal; "Elias (saith the text) mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." By which one pregnant instance it appeareth, that reasoning pleasantly-abusive in some cases may be useful. The Holy Scripture doth not indeed use it frequently (it not suiting the Divine simplicity and stately gravity thereof to do so); yet its condescension thereto at any time sufficiently doth authorise a cautious use thereof. When sarcastical twitches are needful to pierce the thick skins of men, to correct their lethargic stupidity, to rouse them out of their drowsy negligence; then may they well be applied: when plain declarations will not enlighten people to discern the truth and weight of things, and blunt arguments will not penetrate, to convince or persuade them to their duty; then doth reason freely resign its place to wit, allowing it to undertake its work of instruction and reproof.

3. Facetious discourse particularly may be commodious for reproving some vices and reclaiming some persons. It commonly procureth a more easy access to the ears of men, and worketh a stronger impression on their hearts, than other discourse could do. Many who will not stand a direct reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubbed, and will patiently bear a jocund wipe; though they abominate all language purely bitter or sour, yet they can relish discourse having in it a pleasant tartness: you must not chide them as their master, but you may gibe with them as their companion; if you do that, they

will take you for pragmatical and haughty; this, they may interpret friendship and freedom. Most men are of that temper; and particularly the genius of divers persons, whose opinions and practices we should strive to correct, doth require not a grave and severe, but a free and merry way of treating them. They scorn to be formally advised or taught; but they may perhaps be slily laughed and lured into a better mind. If by such complaisance we can inveigle those dotterels to hearken to us, we may induce them to consider further, and give reason some competent scope, some fair play with them. Good reason may be apparelled in the garb of wit, and therein will securely pass whither in its native homeliness it could never arrive: and being come thither, it with especial advantage may impress good advice; making an offender more clearly to see, and more deeply to feel his miscarriage; being represented to his fancy in a strain somewhat rare and remarkable, yet not so fierce and frightful. The severity of reproof is tempered, and the reprover's anger disguised thereby. The guilty person cannot but observe, that he who thus reprehends him is not disturbed or out of humour, and that he rather pitieth than hateth him; which breedeth a veneration to him, and imparteth no small efficacy to his wholesome suggestions. Such a reprehension, while it forceth a smile without, doth work remorse within; while it seemeth to tickle the ear, doth sting the heart. In fine, many whose foreheads are brazed and hearts steeled against all blame, are yet not of proof against derision; divers, who never will be reasoned, may be rallied into better order; in which cases raillery, as an instrument of so important good, as a servant of the best charity, may be allowed.

BISHOP PEARSON.

JOHN PEARSON, son of the Rector of Snoring, in Norfolk, was born there, February 12, 1612. Educated first at Eton School, and afterwards at King's College, Cambridge, during the civil war, he held various chaplaincies, private and military, and, in 1650, was chosen minister of St Clement's, Eastcheap, London. Immediately after the Restoration, preferment rushed upon him rapidly, and, in the course of a few months, he found himself Rector of St Christopher's, London, Prebendary of Ely, Archdeacon of Surrey, Master of Jesus College, and Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. In 1662, he was admitted to the Mastership of Trinity College, which he quitted for the Bishopric of Chester, in 1673; and, as we have seen, was succeeded by Dr Isaac Barrow. For personal enjoyment and public service, his latter years were entirely lost, owing to a total failure of his memory. He died at Chester, July 16, 1686.

Almost the only work which Bishop Pearson published in the English language is his well-known "Exposition of the Creed." The substance of it was originally addressed in discourses to his Eastcheap parishioners, and it first appeared in 1659. Plain, solid, and scriptural, remarkably free from idle speculations and irrelevant discussions, and reserving for marginal notes textual difficulties and patristical quotations, it is, in many respects, a model of systematic divinity, and each masterly but unassuming page bears the stamp of an author more intent on expounding his subject than on displaying himself. No wonder, then, that it has held its ground for two centuries, in both the college and the closet, as one of the very best of our theological manuals.

I believe in the Holy Ghost.

Sanctification being opposed to our impurity and corruption, and answering fully to the latitude of it, whatsoever is wanting in our nature of that holiness and perfection must be supplied by the Spirit of God: wherefore, being by nature, we are totally void of all saving truth, and under an impossibility of knowing the will of God; being as "no man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him, even so none knoweth the things of God but the Spirit of God;" this Spirit "searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," and revealeth them unto the sons of men; so that thereby the darkness of their understanding is expelled, and they are enlightened with the knowledge of their God. This work of the Spirit is double, either external and general, or internal and particular. The external and general work of the Spirit, as to the whole Church of God, is the revelation of the will of God, by which so much in all ages hath been propounded as was sufficient to instruct men unto eternal life. For there have been holy prophets ever since the world began, and prophecy came not at any time "by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." When it pleased God, in the last days, to speak unto us by His Son, even that Son sent His Spirit into the apostles —the Spirit of truth—that He might guide them into all truth, teaching them all things, and bringing all things to their remembrance, whatsoever Christ had said unto them. By this means, it came to pass that all Scripture was given by the inspiration of God, that is, by the motion and operation of the Spirit of God; and so, whatsoever is necessary for us to know and believe, was delivered by revelation. Again, the same Spirit which revealeth the object of faith generally to the universal Church of God, which object is propounded externally by the Church to every particular believer, doth also

illuminate the understanding of such as believe, that they may receive the truth. For faith is the gift of God, not only in the object, but also in the act; Christ is not only given unto us, in whom we believe, but it is also given us in the behalf of Christ to believe on Him; and this gift is a gift of the Holy Ghost, working within us an assent unto that which by the word is propounded to us. By this the Lord opened the heart of Lydia, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul—by this the word preached profiteth, being mixed with faith in them that hear it. Thus by grace we are saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. As the increase and perfection, so the original or initiation of faith is from the Spirit of God, not only by an external proposal in the word, but by an internal illumination in the soul; by which we are inclined to the obedience of faith, in assenting to those truths, which unto a natural and carnal man are foolishness.

The second part of the office of the Holy Ghost is the sanctification of man, in the regeneration and renovation of him. For our natural corruption consisting in an aversation of our wills and a depravation of our affections, an inclination of them to the will of God is wrought within us by the Spirit of God. "For according to His mercy He saveth us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." So that except a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. We are all at first defiled by the corruption of our nature, and the pollution of our sins, but we are washed, but we are sanctified, but we are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. The second part, then, of the office of the Holy Ghost is the renewing of man in all the parts and faculties of his soul.

The third part of this office is to lead, direct, and govern us in our actions and conversations, that we may actually do and

perform those things which are acceptable and well-pleasing in the sight of God. If we live in the Spirit, quickened by His renovation, we must also walk in the Spirit, following His direction, led by His manuduction. And if we walk in the Spirit, we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh; for we are not only directed, but animated and acted in those operations, by the Spirit of God, who giveth both to will and to do; and as many as are thus led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Moreover, that this direction may prove more effectual, we are also guided in our prayers, and acted in our devotions, by the same Spirit, according to the promise, "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication." Whereas, then, "this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything, according to His will, He heareth us;" and, whereas "we know not what we should pray for as we ought, the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered; and He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints, according to the will of God." From which intercession, especially, I conceive He hath the name of Paraclete given him by Christ, who said, I will pray unto the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete. For if any man sin, we have a Paraclete with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, saith St John; who also maketh intercession for us, saith St Paul; and we have another Paraclete, saith our Saviour; which also maketh intercession for us, saith St Paul. A Paraclete, then, in the notion of the Scripture, is an Intercessor.

BISHOP PATRICK.

THE best attempt at straightforward Scripture exposition in the seventeenth century, was the Paraphrase on the Books of the Old Testament, which this judicious and well-informed scholar lived to carry on as far as the end of the poetical books. Its value is still recognised, and, with Lowth on the Prophecies, and Whitby on the New Testament, it finds a place in the theologian's library as one of the most valuable of English commentaries.

Of such a work it is hardly possible to exhibit a sample; but the reader will perhaps accept an extract or two from "The Parable of the Pilgrim,"—a work of considerable popularity in its day, but now nearly forgotten. It appeared some years before Bunyan's "Pilgrim," but they are evidently independent productions; and, for genius and theology, it must be admitted that the Bedford tinker has made the better book.

Simon Patrick was born at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, September 8, 1626, and studied at Queen's College, Cambridge. In 1662 he succeeded Dr Manton, as rector of St Paul's, Covent Garden; and here, during the great plague, he shewed a noble example of pastoral faithfulness and self-sacrifice, by remaining at his post and ministering to the sick, when most of his brethren fled to the country. In 1672 he was made Dean of Peterborough, and in 1689 Bishop of Chichester, from which see he was translated to Ely in 1691; and here he died, May 31, 1707.

The Pilgrim's Desire to Reach Jerusalem.

Much time he spent in consultation with himself about the course which would be best to hold in his travel thither.

There was no cost spared, no study omitted to get acquaintance with the nearest way to it; nor did he cease to inquire of those who were reputed the most skilful guides, that he might obtain a true information of every passage in the journey, which he seriously resolved to undertake. For, though the weather was cold, the ways dirty and dangerous, and the journey he was told would be long, and company little or none could be expected to deceive the tediousness of the pilgrimage; yet so great were the ardours which he felt within himself, that he regarded none of these discouragements, but only wished that he might be so happy as to find the right way, though he went alone thither. And that which made his desires the more forward, was, that he had often heard Jerusalem by interpretation was no meaner place than the Vision of Peace—a sight that he had been long pursuing in several forms and shapes, wherein it had often seemed to present itself before him, but could never court it into his embraces. O my beloved (would he often sigh within himself), O my heart's desire! O thou joy of the whole earth! In what corner of it dost thou hide thyself, and liest concealed from our eyes? Where art thou to be found, O heavenly good? Who will bring me to the clear vision of thy face? Art thou company only for the celestial spirits? Art thou so reserved for the angels' food, that we poor mortals may not presume to ask a taste of thy sweetness? What would not I part withal to purchase a small acquaintance with thee, and to know the place where thou makest thine abode? Many a weary step have I taken in a vain chase of thy society. The hours are not to be numbered which I have spent in wishing and labouring to lay hold on thee, and still thou fliest away from me. After all the sweat wherein I have bathed myself, I can find nothing, but only that thou art not here to be found. Thou art retired, it seems, from this poor world, and hast left us only a shadow of thee; for when we think to clasp thee hard

in our arms, the whole force and weight of our souls doth fall upon nothing. O my heart, what ails thee? What torments are these which so suddenly seize upon thee? Ah, cruel pains, the remembrance of which prepares a new rack for me! The arm of a giant would not ache more, if with all his might he should strike a feather, than my heart now doth but to think of the anguish it endured when all the strength and violence of its desires were met with emptiness and vanity. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the only place that can ease us of this misery! the place where the beloved of my soul dwelleth, the vision of peace, the seat of true tranquillity and repose, how fain would I have the satisfaction of being in the sure way to thy felicity! This is all the peace I wish for in the world. No other happiness do I thirst after, as every thing can testify that hath been privy to my thoughts. There is never a room in my house but hath been filled with the noise of my sighs and groans after thee, O Jerusalem! Every tree that grows in my ground hath thy sweet name engraven upon it. The birds of the air, if they can understand, are witnesses how incessantly my soul pants and longs to fly unto thee, O Jerusalem! What charitable hand will guide me in the way to thy pleasures? Who will bring me into that strong city, the retreat of my wearied mind, the refuge to recruit my tired spirits, the only place of my security, my joy, my life itself? Wilt not thou, O God, who hast led me to the knowledge of it, who hast filled me with these desires, and hast brought me into a disesteem and contempt of all other things?

END OF VOLUME II.

INDEX.

ABRAHAM and the Fire-worshipper, 327.
Adam and Michael, 65.
Adams, Dr N., quoted, 297.
Advent, Christ's, to Judgment, 299.
Adversity, 356.
Agur's Prayer, 375.
Ahaz and his Altar, 379.
Alleine, The Rev. Joseph; his "Alarm to the Unconverted," 219; his Industry, 222; Pastoral Visits, 223; Liberal Charities, 224; Imprisonment, 226; Pastoral Epistle to the Inhabitants of Taunton, 226; to his Friends in Luppit, 233.
Ambition, 153.
"American Quarterly Review," quoted, 297.
Ape, the, and the Infant, 366.
Atheist, the, 342.
Augustine, Anecdote of, 153.

BADMAN'S Bankruptcy, 121; Courtship, 118.
Baillie's, Robert, Description of Dr Twiss, 10.
Barrow, Bishop, 382.
Barrow, Dr Isaac, Born in London; Educated at the Charter House, at Felsted, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; Studies Medicine, then Mathematics, and lastly Theology; His Travels; Instances of his Physical Courage; Appointed Professor of Greek at Cambridge, Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and finally Master of Trinity; Friendship with Newton; Last Illness; Treatise "On the Pope's Supremacy;" Appearance and Habits, 382–404; Specimens of, 404–413.
Bartholomew-day, 218.
Bates, Dr W., his Library, 4; Account and Specimens of, 235.
Beast, the Straying, 274.
Beulah, the Land of, 125.
Birds, the, and Dead Hawk, 168; Ensnaring of, 173.
Blackbird, the, taking Sanctuary, 169.
Blindness, Milton's Sonnet on his, 62.
Books and their Behaviour, 51.
Boy, the, and Butterfly, 143.
Boyle, the Hon. R., 2.
Bridge, Rev. W., 242.
"British Critic," quoted, 395.
Brooks, Thomas, 248.
Bunyan, John, Early Adventures and Dangers; Sabbath-breaking and Profanity; Awakened; Begins to Reform; Fearful Conflicts; his Vision; Reads Luther on Galatians; Eventual Relief; Joins the Baptist Church under Mr Gifford, and begins to preach; Imprisoned for twelve years; Popularity in the pulpit; Death, 73–112; Specimens, 113–144.
"Burn, Life of General," quoted, 82.

CALAMY, Edmund, 6.
Calamy's, Dr, "Ejected Ministers," 275, 282.
Channing "On the Character and Writings of Milton," 39.
Charity, a Prayer for, 341.
Charles II., 217.

Charnock, Dr Stephen, 259.
Chateaubriand's "Genie du Christianisme," quoted, 64.
Christ and His Brethren, 23; His Advent to Judgment, 299; His Coming to Jerusalem, 339.
Christiana's Departure, 127.
Christianity, Progress of, 343.
Christmas-day, Hymn for, 338.
Clarendon, Hyde, Earl of, 217, 264.
Coleridge's "Table Talk," quoted, 293, 404.
Covetousness, 357.
Cromwell's Last Words, 17; Patronage of Howe, 179.
Crosby's "History of the Baptists," 268.
Cross, Glorying in the, 404.

David's Logic, 375.
Death, Early, 184; At all seasons, 347; Unprepared, 372; Meditation on, 339; Delightful Certainty of, 187.
Diligent, Be, 285.
Doubting, 247.
Dream of John Howe, 182.

Eagles' Wings, 369.
Ecstasy, Flavel's, 175.
Eden, the Exile from, 70.
"Edinburgh Encyclopædia," 392.
Emblems, 143.
"Encyclopédie Methodique," 393.
England, Hope for, 194.
Envy, 370.
Eve, Description of, 67; Penitent, 68.
Evelyn, John, Friendship with Jeremy Taylor, 291; Letter to, 336.

Facetiousness, an Innocent, 410.
Faith, 349; Confronting Impossibilities, 243; Reason and, 245.
Federal Theology, 17.
Finches Fighting, 172.
Flavel, Rev. John, Memoir of, 145-148; Extracts from, 149-178.
Flexibility, Dangerous, 370.
Following Jesus in the Dark, 186.
Fontenelle, 190.
Friendship, 327, 351.
Frog, the, 144.

Fuller, Dr Thomas, 361; His Memory, 362; His Wit, 363.
Funerals in London, 377.

Gifford, Bunyan's Pastor, 84, 101.
God, Trust in, 236; Love to, 240; Wisdom of, 260.
Golden Grove, 290, 299.
Goodwin, John, 5.
Goold's Edition of Owen, 19.
Goodwin, Dr Thomas, 2.
Gordon, Rev. Dr, 276.
Grace, Market of Free, 284.
Gregory, James, the Mathematician, 391.
Gurney's Recollections of Chalmers, 14.

Hall's, Robert, Estimate of Howe, 183.
Hallam's "Literature of Europe," 292.
Harvest, 160.
Heaven, 340.
Heber's Edition of Taylor, 344.
Hervey's, James, "Theron and Aspasia," 197.
Hill, Abraham, 394, 399.
Hope full of Immortality, 210; In God, 358; and Fear, 349.
Hour-glass, the, 368.
Howe, John, Sketch of, 179-184; Extracts from, 184-203.
Humility, Signs of, 335.
Hymnology in the Baptist Churches, 268.
Hymns of Jeremy Taylor, 338.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost," 415.
Indian, the, and the Letter, 367.
Industry, the Universal, 408.
Instruments, Unlikely, 150.
Ivimey's "Life of Bunyan," 85.

Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," 36.
Junius, Conversion of, 151.

Keach, Benjamin, Account of, 264-270; "Travels of True Godliness," 270.
Keats's Poems, 37.

Laud's Statutes at Oxford, 5;

Patronage of Jeremy Taylor, 289.
Lay Theologians, 204.
Le Clerc's "Bibliothèque Universelle," 400.
Letters of Joseph Alleine, 226, 233; of Jeremy Taylor, 336.
Liberty of Printing, 52; of Prophesying, 322.
Library of Dr Owen, 3; of various Nonconformists, 4.
Linnets and Sparrows, 170.
Loaf, on a Penny, 143.
Longings and Aspirations, 45.
Love, 350; To our Neighbour, 406; of Husband and Wife, 352; and Anger, 379.
Luther on Galatians, 89.

Macaulay on Milton, 37, 63.
Macbride, Rev. Dr, 5.
M'Cheyne, Rev. R. M., 161.
Man, the Life of, 346; Man's Way, 364; Man's Extremity God's Opportunity, 149.
Mansoul, Town of, 133; Siege of, 135; Its Traitors, 138.
"Marriage Ring," the, 310.
Martyr's, Peter, Wife, 365.
Massarene, Viscount, 181.
Matrimony *versus* Celibacy, 352.
Matrimonial Happiness, 310.
Mazarin, Cardinal, 387.
Milton, John, Account of, 33–40; Extracts from, 41–72.
Montucla's "Histoire des Mathematiques," 393.
Morning Exercise, the, 287.
Morning Hymn in Paradise, 63.
Murmuring, 249.
Music, Lines at a Solemn, 61.

Nativity, Hymn for the, 54.
Neander's "Church History," 404.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 391.
Nonconformists, the, 217, 287.
"Notes and Queries," 205.

Offor's Edition of Bunyan, 112.
Old Age, Godliness at the Door of, 270.
Orme's "Memoirs of Owen," 4.
Owen, Dr John, Account of, 1–19; Specimens, 20–32.
Oxford in the Days of Owen, 1, 7.

Palmer's "Nonconformists' Memorial," 276.
Parr's Estimate of Hooker, Barrow, and Taylor, 297.
Patrick, Bishop, 418.
Payson, Dr Edward, 123.
Pearson, Bishop, 414.
Pemberton's "Account of Newton's Discoveries," 393.
Pentecost, Day of, 341.
Piedmont, on the late Massacre at, 62.
"Pilgrim's Progress," the, 109, 123.
Patrick's Pilgrim, 418.
Plague, a Welcome to the, 277.
Pocock, Dr Edward, 1.
Polhill, Edward, 204.
Pope, Dr Walter, 395.
Prayer, 283; Power of, 350; A, 350; Forgotten, 371; of Agur, 175; Without Wrath, 332; Without Doubting, 333.
Preaching, Personal, 371.
Providence in Conversion, 151.
Pruning, 348.
Psalm lxvi., 375.

"Quarterly Review," 402.

Ray, John, 385.
Revelation xiii. 3, 376.
Robin Redbreast, 171.
Rogers' "Life of Howe," 184.
Rose, the, 348.
Russell, Rev. J. S., 243.
Ruth, 363.

Sacrifice, the Great, 205.
Sandwich Harbour, 366.
Scripture, Fulness of, 20; Comparing Scripture with Scripture, 373.
Self-deception, 345.
Shaw, Samuel, Account of, 274.
Sheldon, Bishop, 217.
Sin, Pleasures of, 344; Progress of, 344; Madness of, 345.
Sinner, The Jerusalem, 113.
Skinner, Sonnet to Cyriac, 62.
Sloth, 285.
Society, Bad, 369.
Southey, Dr R., 73.
Substitution, the Doctrine of, 207.
Suicide, the Attempted, Saved, 157.